



Donna Pucciani

Two Poems

Lost Season

Trees leaped orange today
where mere blue looked on, windstruck.
The lawn shone green and tangerine.

Autumn has deplaned.
Gold exhales brown. The peacock summer
Spills into the fox's den.

Soon grey-veined winter will burrow
into the violet heart of things,
camouflaged behind the shed

filled with garden tools. The ground
smells cold as an airport floor.
Jet fuel gathers in the throats of those

checking schedules, watches, cases.
One entire season has vanished
in a month's absence. Homecoming

witnesses the work of the wind
gathering up the gold, sugaring
the cold vague aura of the moon.

Liverpool Airport

Zip up fat cases on a speckled floor.
The departure board reloads

as minutes swivel a rain-wracked
week past cloudbread and journeys

of hills. The cousins' eyes green
as gardens in the rain, their treevoices

endure autumn's golden sword,
and in the gray exhaust outside

reclines a yellow submarine.
Mostly planes don't fall on Bergamo

over the North Sea and the Alps,
medicine numbing the engines.

Separation and its nemesis, gratitude,
are for all seasons.

Even a perfect landing is
empty after the last embrace.

Donna Pucciani, a Chicago-based poet, has published poetry in the U.S., Europe, Australia and Asia in such diverse journals as *International Poetry Review*, *The Pedestal*, *Shi Chao Poetry*, *Spoon River Poetry*, *Journal of the American Medical Association*, and *Christianity and Literature*. Her work has been translated into Italian, Chinese and Japanese. Her books include *The Other Side of Thunder*, *Jumping Off the Train*, *Chasing the Saints*, and *To Sip Darjeeling at Dawn*. A four-time Pushcart nominee, she has won awards from the Illinois Arts Council, the National Federation of State Poetry Societies, and Poetry on the Lake.