



Image from EyeEm

Frank De Canio

Correspondences

How beautiful those summer leaves
were, blossoming along with your
infectious tugging on my sleeve
while talking. All this was before
I pared your flower from the branch
of self-regard that nurtured it.
Then both of you began to blanch
before my seasoned counterfeit.

Now autumn leaves are falling down,
befuddled by a gusty wind.
It's scathing as my forlorn frown
that's vainly trying to rescind
the wages of my cavalier
response, as more leaves start to sere.

Frank De Canio lives in New York, where he is a regular attendee of the Cafe Philo
New York.