

Deep into November I'm Not Usually This Lighthearted

by Laurie Rosen
Adult Poetry First Place

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but petunias hang on, confident
against Halloween mums and purple kale.
The sun low and bright, illuminates
browning cattails and faded phragmites
skirting Swampscott's few remaining
wetland ponds.

The sea gleams incandescent and untroubled —
our dwindling shoreline not yet cobbled
with granite stones and cracked shells
typically jettisoned by storm tides
this time of year.

The climate crisis masquerades
as a balmy November, lulls us
into euphoria.
Even the trees seem to relish
this temperate twist,
some still clutching

their leaves, while maple, elm, oak
proudly display naked limbs
like late afternoon walkers
in summery tee's, bare arms
swaying or waving to neighbors.

We loll on the beach or porches
long after street lights switch on,
knowing how wrong this is.
Savoring it anyway.

A lifelong New Englander, **Laurie Rosen**'s poetry has appeared in *The Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Peregrine*, *Oddball Magazine*, *Zig Zag Lit Mag*, *Gyroscope Review*, *The New Verse News*, *The Inquisitive Eater: a Journal of The New School*, *One Art* and elsewhere. She is a member of the Tin Box Poet's in Swampscott, MA and was a recent reader at The Improbable Places Poetry Tour in Beverly, MA.