

A Proposal Poem

Mitchell Ogden

Autumn leaves cast down, descending shadows of a passing season
Another to commence.

Still winter's hush over frosted prairies,
And snow falls like so many frozen joyful tears.

Breezes bring a bobbing bough, touched with gentle growing.
Lapping waters laughing—free again.

What season now approaches is not known, is not known,
But we anticipate our garden.
And a harvest.

Paces of life. Paces of nature.
Countless days and an eternity
To be in love
with you.