

Swept away

Written by Karel Nunnink

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I hate leaf blowers, they are loud and just blow debris from one place to another. Back in the half forgotten lobes of my mind lie the fond memories of Autumn afternoons in Vermont raking up huge piles of leaves.

With joyful exuberance jumping into them feeling the softness of the landing and prickliness of the maple leaves, then playfully filling huge garbage bags full and dumping them back in the forest.

Just the journey in the back of the old pickup truck traveling along a winding bumpy dirt road canopied with a multitude of colors beckons feelings of warmth with glimpses of a wood burning stove and frosted window panes.

The dark gray sky suddenly opens up allowing glimpses of blue, shafts of sunlight streak searching then briefly illuminating yellow and red against the darkness of the valley.

The sudden chill, reminding of shorter winter days coming as we dip into a shadowy glade away from the angled rays of the low muted sunlight.

All this is just a faint memory, now we just blow the leaves with a frenzy of noise, from one yard into another, mainly our neighbors and don't think anything of it.

I think it is a metaphor for the way things are different now, like bumper stickers, they tell a story.

The story that in only a few years we've gone from Co-exist to Nuke The Bastards.

Gone from Peace/love, to My Other Ride is your Daughter....

just swept away.

Live long love strong

Karel.