



Poem 1

Somewhere Everything Old is Dying

by Karla Huston, Poet Laureate of Wisconsin, 2017-2018

Cutting back coneflowers
and daisies, tall stalks, brittle
and brown, summer skirts
long fallen. Hostas with leaves
translucent as paper. Sage, ready
to sink under a blanket of snow.

The rose that refused to tender
its stems to the trellis is wild
with the chill of autumn
sending shoots in search of sky.
A few yellow blossoms open
in a final salute to the sun.

Somewhere winter arrives
with its hatchets of ice and cold –
except today in my garden,
this thick green branch,
I'm about to sever, thorns sharp
and vibrant as fire.