

## Chill

Brian Allan Skinner

The Adirondack chair,  
plastered with wet maple leaves  
like peeling paint, layered in colors  
no one ever dared to daub them;

Milkweed seeds hitch to the wind,  
trailing one another like puffs of smoke,  
smoke from the old man's pipe,  
the man in the Adirondack chair.

The sun snags in the thicket of naked maples;  
shadows like creeping roots stretch across  
the yard toward the empty Adirondack chair  
half-buried in drifts of frosted maple leaves.