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## And Now it's October

by Barbara Crooker

John

### Listen Online

the golden hour of the clock of the year. Everything that can run to fruit has already done so: round apples, oval plums, bottom-heavy pears, black walnuts and hickory nuts annealed in their shells, the woodchuck with his overcoat of fat. Flowers that were once bright as a box of crayons are now seed heads and thistle down. All the feathery grasses shine in the slanted light. It's time to bring in the lawn chairs and wind chimes, time to draw the drapes against the wind, time to hunker down. Summer's fruits are preserved in syrup, but nothing can stopper time. No way to seal it in wax or amber; it slides though our hands like a rope of silk. At night, the moon's restless searchlight sweeps across the sky.

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