

### Conversation on a theme of leaves and concrete - III

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Look

*what draws the eye*

textural contrast

faded nuance of color

decaying organic matter

crumbling

underfoot.

Walking slowly

talking about language

concrete mixed with coarse pebbles

slivers of slate

concrete concepts

peel outward as the mind's eye fixates

as particulate matter

draws into close focus

grains of fused sand

strokes of rust

glimmers of mica

the fossilized gashes and chips

pressed into revelatory tablets

while desiccated fibers

bits and fragments of fallen brittle

colors lie

helpless delicate shadows of

life on these impenetrable surfaces

underfoot.

Parallel textual contrasts follow

manufactured

human

the narrative is there

if that adds meaning

for you.

A lesson

given hesitantly

as thoughts draw words

as articulation draws concept

not previously expressed cogently.

Later  
parched leaves skate across  
concrete slabs  
lifted from their graves by gusts  
of wind  
crushed by tires  
to pale flakes  
ground to a powder  
mixed with gravel  
with sand  
resurrected as a finer detritus.

Finally drawn  
black lines of tar  
meandering across paint  
across asphalt  
add signature  
with a languid desperate flourish.

- Diane Sophrin  
Vermont (9.23.21)