

The Truth of Blossoms and Dust
Brian Rihlmann

as I walk
among the fading yellow
and reddening leaves
among those bursting orange
or bleeding black
I remember reading somewhere
that these are actually
the true colors of their flesh
the green merely a ruse of summertime

I think back to spring
with its stunning array
of brief blossoms
the lie of its perfume

then ahead to winter
the stripped bare branches
of Sycamores shivering
against a pale sky

perhaps those bones—
those wind rattled skeletons
in skull grey monochrome—
are the truest color of all

the belief tempts me
but this is not so

each is true in its time—
the buds and blossoms
the green leaves
their shriveled
and shredded remnants

just as we were true
in our season
as we burst open
set the world ablaze
with our brilliance
then withered and pulled apart

and even today
as we bask separately
under the same sun
in the truth of our dust

Brian Rihlmann was born in New Jersey and currently resides in Reno, Nevada. He writes free verse poetry, and has been published in *The Blue Nib*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *Cajun Mutt Press*, *The Rye Whiskey Review*, and others.