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Invention #6

The message encoded by fallen leaves
slickens walkways spruce molt thick underfoot

The message dawdles over the Dakotas
pretty pink front on the weather map trailing yellow umbrellas
and scowling clouds

The message is rewritten
on steamy kitchen panes by clean fingers,
between the last cricket before sleep and
morning's crow caucus

Geese transport the message in the crook of their V

Tires on slushy pavement replay the secret sounds
deserted by chlorophyll
delivered by wind and preserved
between sheets of wax paper