

Gedichte  
(zum Mitnehmen)

## “My Autumn Leaves” – Bruce Weigl



I watch the woods for deer as if I'm armed.  
I watch the woods for deer who never come.

I know the hes and shes in autumn  
rendezvous in orchards stained with fallen  
apples' scent. I drive my car this way to work  
so I may let the crows in corn believe  
it's me their caws are meant to warn,  
and snakes who turn in warm and secret caves

they know me too. They know the boy  
who lives inside me still won't go away.  
The deer are ghosts who slip between the light  
through trees, so you may only hear the snap  
of branches in the thicket beyond hope.  
I watch the woods for deer, as if I'm armed.

By Bruce Weigl