

# THE BOOK OF GLITTERING LEAVES

This book is all about leaves.

Leaves don't drop straight but rather slant, wing, skim.

They slip as paper boats.

A boy I once knew built me a canoe out of paper  
birch peel but I wouldn't climb in so he sailed it away.

The verb, *leaf*, means *to make foliage*, or *to turn through pages*  
haphazardly.

I skim love like the book is not about me.

Lately my poems slip in & out of tenses.

I will make foliage I have made foliage I am making  
foliage.

Once, my mother always had to leave.

O, I said to no one. O to the sequins & feathers, oh, I say  
with my eyelids falling,

maybe things are that much more beautiful when you can't exactly  
know them.

Like bark beetles, terpene, sweet woodruff decay.

The moon when the sky grows violent is covered in cold deep purples.

I make a full moon shape with my mouth then cover the hole quick with a mitten so  
no one can peer down inside.

In a dream I see the blue-green Jack pine out front of my childhood.

Snow falling. Silver cones & fascicles.

Where I turned through the window as she was taken away.

In my green velvet shift I look like a leaf.

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