



A YEAR WITH  
MAMA EARTH

For Magdalene

—Rebecca Grabill

For Lori

—Rebecca Green

# A YEAR WITH MAMA EARTH

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Mama Earth rustles her autumn wings  
to cool her hot, tired face.  
She sighs, and the first September frost  
crackles over bowing stalks of corn.  
Pumpkins peek out from under  
wide, yellowing leaves.  
They've been playing peek-a-boo,  
shaded from the blistering heat  
all this time.



Carved and lit from within,  
October's pumpkins grin.  
Mama laughs a chill wind  
that stirs the maple leaves  
into a golden whirl  
while children spin and spin,  
their scarves like twirling maple seeds,  
until they tumble in a laughing heap.



November's stubborn oak holds tight  
to her curling, crinkly leaves.  
Mama Earth sings  
a lullaby to the fat black bear,  
the round woodchuck,  
the woolly caterpillar,  
the infant wrapped in blankets,  
while the busy squirrel packs  
the last few nuts  
into his summer stores.