



# **(sonnets for the fall)**

(poems)

(by Nate Pritts)

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:: || ::

The now        both that it is here

& what that means    each leaf  
                          is my self  
rainy grey & there is no dawn

chill in the air & it's making me

lose myself                    breathing in just this sky

                          & whatever else is left

the darker gaps against  
the rainy grey & there is no dawn

I'm not a tree

                          these branches    each one

I'm making up

these last fall leaves  
& their falling one less me in me

:: III ::

This is my self

some things are supposed to be

& then the whole world                      bursting new

all those complications & what matters

is the chill in the air & how it's making  
one less leaf in me

one cloud      this one bird

I want this to be the first time  
the whole world brand new again

I'm myself & I'm unsure  
through the long night of  
the way things are supposed to be

an already dark sky  
& the whole world brand new again

:: IV ::

One less leaf in me  
I'm losing leaves

& branches & each one  
is one less leaf in me

these last fall leaves

blink to rainy grey & there is no dawn  
& me & you naming everything

one cloud      this one bird

I'm not a tree

I'm just this sky & whatever's left

whatever rainy grey & no dawn  
& I'm just this sky & whatever's left

each leaf in the chill air

making me





:: VII ::

Each leaf  
an original relation

I'm lost to myself  
this is my self

as if you could see  
into a deeper night

& these last fall leaves  
nothing at all but something

branches each one

making up  
one cloud this one bird

these distractions  
waking up

this is my self  
full of distractions my self waking up

:: VIII ::

& me & you naming everything  
all those complications growing darker

the last fall leaves

I'm speaking from the middle ground  
slipping from me & I'm just  
in it myself I'm not sure

the way things might someday be  
an original relation

the whole world brand new again

chill in the air & it's making me  
one cloud this one bird

darker gaps against

& me slipping  
from me

:: IX ::

an original relation

        a rigid reminder  
an already dark sky

        chill in the air & it's making me  
        chill in the air & what it's making me

the sun is bright

        slipping from me      I'm just this

        the stale sunlight              the harsh

        slipping from me  
I'm speaking it

I'm myself & I'm not sure

        I want this to be the first time

        & me & you naming everything  
        & me & you naming everything

:: X ::

The way things are supposed to be  
I'm not a tree  
are darker gaps against going  
the sun is bright  
the sun is bright

& the world brand new again

& me & you naming everything  
one cloud one bird

I want this to be the first time  
these last fall leaves

these last fall leaves

one less leaf in me

if you could see the branches each one

I'm losing leaves

:: XI ::

I'm lost to myself                    breathing  
I'm losing leaves  
I'm speaking from the middle ground  
          I'm losing leaves  
I'm losing leaves  
I'm lost to myself                    breathing  
          I'm just this sky & whatever's left  
I can't see  
I'm not a tree

this is my self

          me again                    a piece lost  
the sun is bright  
          at all but something  
it's making me  
          I'm myself & I'm not sure



:: XIII ::

I'm speaking from the middle ground

these last fall leaves  
are darker gaps against

the way things are supposed to be

as if you could see  
into a deeper night

slipping from me I'm just this

I'm making up

as if you could see  
all those complications & what matters

there's a chill in the air & it's making me  
& me & you naming everything & it's making me

I'm not a tree  
I'm a deeper night

:: XIV ::

I want this to be the first time

the now          the here

I'm lost to myself  
breathing

these last fall leaves

an already dark sky          I'm making up my self  
me again          a piece lost

the stale sunlight          the harsh outside

I'm not a tree

& the now          that it is          going

an already dark sky &  
the whole world brand new again

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## **A note about (*sonnets for the fall*)—**

This sequence is, like my earlier chapbook/poem WINTER CONSTELLATIONS (horse less press, 2005), part of a shepherd's calendar in progress entitled THE WONDERFUL YEARE. Each sonnet in this sequence was composed through an old-fashioned collage process (scissors, tape) applied to three sonnets & one "song" that I wrote sometime in the fall of 2005. After assembling each sonnet I revised them, which accounts for the variations & echoes in wording & the differences in spacing that occur throughout & which are meant to mimic the hesitations & uncertainties of the speaker's thought process.

**Nate Pritts** is the author of SENSATIONAL SPECTACULAR (BlazeVOX) as well as several chapbooks. His poems have appeared widely in print & online in journals such as Southern Review, Conduit, DIAGRAM, Forklift & Cimarron Review. His essays & reviews have appeared in New Writing (UK), Octopus, Midwest Quarterly & Rain Taxi. He is the editor of H\_NGM\_N, an online journal of poetry & poetics.

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