

In Autumn is the August of the Soul

For Wallace Stevens

In autumn, we see things
as imminent:

A sudden loss, slipping away, a
falling into immanence—
as death leaves us bare
and capable of new loves,

As Pan thrusts nakedness
onto the unclothed, immanence
seeking immanence takes
hope away from sorrows—

We find out what we are:
imminence begetting
immanence, unmarked
by thoughts or prose.

In autumn is the august
of the soul: a sinking from
what was, what has been
into immanence rich and bold.



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