

autumn equinox



seasonal fruits magazine



ISSUE 1.2
2023

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One Edition Two. Photography and
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Seasonal Fruits Magazine is
published quarterly by the Editorial
Director, and is based in Northern
Ontario, Canada. All
communication should be directed
to: Jillian-Rae Picco – Editorial
Director.

seasonalfruitsmag.wordpress.com

Contents

Kiley Woods, “The Girl Who Spoke to Mountains”

Kiley Woods, “The Life of the New River”

Devon Neal, “On Nick Drake”

Devon Neal, “On Feist”

Jill Vance, “Fall’s Leaves Fly”

Al Mcclimens, “Ode to Autumn 2.0”

Cailey Tin, “thank you for gifting me”

EJ Rivers, “Chilled”

h.d., “The Equinox”

Abdulkareem Adéníji, “Nigeria, Autumn”

Sophia Jamali Soufi, “Escape”

Sophia Jamali Soufi, “Last Survivor”

Natalie Co, “Hieronymus Bosch”

Heloise Flores, “Pink Sunset”

Heloise Flores, “orange sunlit clouds”

Shamik Banerjee, “The Hill During October”

Charlotte Newbury, “BECAUSE
EVERYTHING ROTS EVENTUALLY”

Elisabeth D., “pumpkin pie”

Devon Webb, “This House”

Alexandra Tejeda, “Nature’s Palette:
Autumn’s Artistry”

Charlie Bowden, “West of the Woods”

N.A. Kimber, “Falling Leaves and the
Biting Frost”

The Girl Who Spoke to Mountains

Kiley Woods

The cabin by the lake
Holds a girl who once loved because it was
easy
Draped in ivy
Each window an eye
Into the soul of a girl who longs to go back
To walk across the lake
Sea birds fly above her
In an interpretative dance
That is learned at this point
They've been doing it all their lives
She has a dance of her own
One she keeps secret now
So the wrong ones don't watch
Her soul holds mountains that break her skin
in the right places
Water seeps into her blood

Turning her blood into water
Taking pieces of her bit by bit
Her body fades and for the first time
she allows herself to look like the mountains
not just speak with them
Her body screams and she forgets to turn it
off
her body's exhausted, constantly

Now, forget you heard that
Remember the girl in nature
The girl who walks on water
The girl with the broken heart who cries
deeply
Cries with her whole body
Who sighs with the tides
When the shore pushes the water away once
again

The Life of the New River

Kiley Woods

A river pulls itself between mountains
Fog brushes the surface of the water like
ghost footprints left behind
By those who once lived on the banks
As well as those who walked there yesterday
The river, a body of its own
In the fog, the river looks like hands
Hands collecting the nature of things
Mountains tops are frosted in the chilled
December air
As if a curious child breathed over them
Begging for snow that hasn't fallen for thirty
years
In the space between mountains
A piece of vulnerable land moves silently

Cut by rock healed by the calming touch of a
deer asking for a drink

And I remember the yellow leaves clinging to
their homes

In branches of the aspen forests overhead

Now frozen to the air

Blending in with the nature of things

Ice rests on the surface of the river

I can hear the low shallow whispers of the
water

now the river stands at our feet

Nature's bodyguard

Shaking ice off its surface

Falling into the nature of things

River banks frosted with ice

Snow dirtied by the soft touch of time

That only ticks never making a lasting sound

Or even a note of new music to carry the day
along

Floating into the nature of things

The river is soft to touch

Mimicking the look of water

A piece of silk fabric

Hidden at the base of a mountain

Swallows soar over the water

their reflections distorted

In the hands of the river

On Nick Drake

Devon Neal

His voice is a warm bird
fluttering through the brush of bare treetops
whose acoustic branches
stitch together monochrome clouds
on a late January afternoon
beside an empty one-lane English road
clouded with drying rain.

On Feist

Devon Neal

She's a butterfly undulating through the
house,

winging ragtag and delicate

among the lampshades and fan drafts,

the wrinkled bedsheets and hungover
curtains,

her patterns like a shared secret.

I open the door and she staggers into the sun
and folds among the rosebush thorns.

Fall's Leaves Fly

Jill Vance

Ting-ting-ting the wind-chime,
slow, steady, as a metronome
for a minute waltz,

then dingers crash together
like a falling cymbal-hat.

Hear howls of an angry Aeolus,
keen to huff houses down

and watch heavy splatters of rain,
drumming, thudding, as big
as bouncing tennis balls,
Poseidon sobbing all the seas.

Closer-closer-closer it comes,
lightning and thunder,

no space to count one Mississippi,
it must be wild.

Listen! Sounds of trees creaking,
fences toppling, bins rolling
and the TV playing for I'm inside
on this stormy day.

Ode to Autumn 2.0

Al Mcclimens

You know the season's on the turn when the
blackbirds stop
singing in the morning. Oh, they're still out
there, on the hop
for invertebrates. Now and then you'll see
one on a chimney
pot or TV aerial giving it the full sunset
cocktail while the sky
puts its feet up and the moon and stars get
ready for a shift.

But the signs are there in the park – the
brambles in a drift
to flower and fruit and butterflies opening up
like a book
you'd love to read if you but knew how.
The Romantics took

the lepidoptera route, one-hit wonders,
flitting from bloom
to berry, never settling long enough to let the
blossom

ripen. September tomorrow. Out on the tops
the new heather
stains the moor. Bilberries blink from the
undergrowth where
adders rest. Another week or so and all of
this will be gone –
first the fern dies, then the ragwort, thistle,
Keats, Shelley, Byron.

thank you for gifting me something
i won't make art with

Cailey Tin

if anything, I was a puzzle board of a flower /
missing its stomata / in human form, with
only a

brain for a heartbeat / I can spell each / gap
between my words / like a missing tooth / I
haven't

stomached any other form of creativity / but
I can taste its vacant space / with the
decaying

thread from the time there was / a loose
tooth / I requested for a scissor to stick into
my mouth /

and cut it off / instead you passed me a box /
so bending, I peered in / chest collapsing
inward /

no; I didn't hold my stature / frail bones and
sagged spine / when the lid snapped shut. /

now I'm
trapped with curiosity / and darkness. / but
oh! / this gift feels like a lung, two lungs /
feels like
mockery / it's my stomata / the missing piece
/ the placeholder of the vacancy above my
ribs but
I can't swallow / it's too different from
tasting / and this, too small / inexact as felt
by my
remaining teeth / my bones have expanded /
to fill in every hollow room / all the pieces
cling
together and hold each other's hand / I,
growing & growing / thank you for gifting
me a
mismatched piece / misfitting lungs / this
prank taught me lessons of a lifetime that one
/ art is
made from nothing / and two / this tightly
shut box instructs me / to keep breathing /
nevertheless.

Chilled

EJ Rivers

i'm fal-
ling l-
ike a l-
eaf that l-
ost sunl-
ight so chl-
orophyl-
l exposes yel-
lows and col-
ours or warmth; a l-
ively distraction from l-
ow bl-
ues soon to fal-
l upon us again

the equinox

h.d.

i.

jazz is all about the notes you don't play.
i decided long ago that lying is fun. now
i sing off-key and i fear my daughter will
be disappointed in me. she will growl and
leave during the full moon. hades told her
not to look back and she is wiser than me.

ii.

i still ask about her. don't you know she is
dead now? dramatic and authentic, lose your
strength and your heart. i never said they fell
off the flat earth. the teeth fall on the knees
and crunch the trees in your core. please
change into warmer familiarity. they accept
apologies with a smile. disgrace the sea and
poseidon's fish will trust you. they know you

won't see them the way they see themselves.
reject temptation and send my regards to
forbidden fruit. stronger than you, now.

iii.

tripping upwards is the embarrassing part.
collapse and i won't forget about you. retreat
and meet expectations. gaunt cheeks are too
sweet for summertime. roasted garlic

and pulmonary valves. next month calls for
bad memories and internal gloating. i am not
above you, but you feel salvation. choirs
sound like evacuations. burn. get that order
in writing.

iv.

absorb degrees into palm lines and oracle
readings. it will always come back,
eventually. it is a game of the uncanny and
grotesque mockery. late-blooming
is irrelevant. you are irrelevant. i still

remember her laughter. you are so far gone
and heads will roll. put on scabbed
headphones and listen to pavement. desire
and froth at depths. la clef de soi et la
souffrance. cry. attend the funeral. regret.
learn. forgive. live despite it.

Nigeria, Autumn

Abdulkareem Adéníji

Everything falls, the boughs upon the weeping willows are naked and the leaves dance in the breeze. Through the colours of nature, we learned night terrors and even a fly could cause chaos. Mosquitoes are bloody suckers. So many wonders, the whistling wind, that gently takes the grass off the water. Its kindest way to tell the world: Paradise exists on earth. Just make yourself vulnerable to joy as mom's thrilling stories ameliorate the cardiacs. I suppose some moments should be unsacred for one to carry unruly blades around in order not to mistakenly serve blood instead of water to mother earth. Each fall the earth gives its gift bountiful, imagine the blood mixed with the water. I'd call that—one hell of a

fruitless season. Here we are at home, no one could tell the dangling of dying flowers is as hymns that must be heard—no death is worse than life without living stir, that hope is to burn in fire and whirl with the wind; some boys are born to bear unholy signs on their foreheads and they are perfect spells of evil suggestions. Gloss flowers plant into fruitful fields unsure whether they'd sprout nice. and still, they say autumn, a time of reflection, to be reborn into warm hues of gold into an ethereal star in a starless sky but seems home is a perfect portrait of unfaithfulness, I guess. If you believed the brightness of the sky why don't you take a tour of my home where the sky is clouded without a wisp of light.

Escape

Sophia Jamali Soufi

Like the landing of yellow leaves

Sadness sits in my eyes

Pain explores my being

And the wounds get hot

I am full of escape

Full of longing that takes root in me

I take the suitcase

I give my heart to the rounds

The anger of the sky bursts on my face

My eyes tremble

I repeat in my mind

Someone will find me from the trail of tears...

Last Survivor

Sophia Jamali Soufi

the roses withered

the roofs collapsed

The alleys came to a dead end

The butterflies sank into the cocoon of death.

it's not heavenly anymore

it's not solar

no smile

bring a candle

close your eyes

come with me to the cemeteries

I am the last survivor...

Hieronymus Bosch

Natalie Co

I am exhausted,
it is late afternoon
when I look outside at the leaves swaying in
the wind and try to know that there is good
in the world and that there is good in me.
There is light that catches the tips of the
leaves
and the slants and domes of the church.

I have felt my hair
weaken and lose grip,
drifting down as if my head
is now a tangle of energy
that ensnares itself,
where before it tethered feathers.

I am exhausted,

it is night

when I resume my sleepless ritual. I learn by
the blue light of a screen. That a life of this
kills, did you know, did you know? Dead at
55, cancer, wondering how she'd tell her
husband, dead at 50, 40, dead at young,
dead in time because our cells collapse under
weight. That Hieronymus Bosch watched his
home burn, the flames licking up the
wooden bones of the town.

And now I am the colourless

outer panels of a triptych,
awaiting the explosion of colour
that must expel implosion.

I am in a loop of lapse
and wonder where in time
to place the Fall.

I lie awake at night
and stare awake into the day,

willing the church to
glow orange in the late afternoon,
afame like a letter,
and the leaves to lose it, lose it,
the trees biting into their own
bitter bark all in a tangle,
and fall
down,
down,
down.

Pink Sunset

Heloise Flores

Close your eyes and don't cry.

A deep breath should suffice.

Once August ends, October will be kind.

Let's forget about September's plans,
skip to the part predicted by fate's strands.

Clouds blend in perfectly, hiding the
heavens.

With a brush that stained the sky red by a
silent clement.

Yet the mighty angels paint it lighter
as a pink hue emerges to make things better.

Burning with the desire to live

I lust for the willingness to survive.

Oh, how I lust for a better life.

The season of love never seems to end
for humans are so intrigued by the fall.

I never thought we would make it this far

after all.

From the mountain top, the sunlit city glows
in smokey pink
as you hear the sound of champagne glasses
clink.

orange sunlit clouds

Heloise Flores

Sweet candy, I'm yearning for more.

"Yellow," you say? We fell in love with the fall.

"Red," I responded. Our fingers interlock forevermore.

Autumn is a gothic spring, it's full of longing and mystery.

There goes our little spark, fading in the shadows.

From the sunlit clouds, I am mesmerized by how we humans make hollow vows.

For a simple peck on the lips is considered as love.

In one fairy autumn night, the Dune's ghosts were summoned.

We were invited to the Eclipse's tea party and drank all the mead till there was none.

The moon was quite a snob.

After the feast, she thought I weighed a ton.

We are completely clueless of our unknown
future

yet we rely on the orange tinted clouds for
some kind of closure.

From the old toad's pond, we wait for the
sun's magical rays.

After all, you're here right now and I think
you will stay.

The Hill During October

Shamik Banerjee

Rowed brambles on the hill are gay—
They fancy welcome daylight song;
Come has not winter, so today
They stand with brightness all-along,
Along the path to the hilltop's ground
Each bend and slope is filled with them;
And filled is too the corner mound
Whose columns, the road's border hem.
Here roves not yet, the winter-fog
And fevers cold of it don't scowl,
So dapperly men's feet now jog
And rests on tree, immotile owl;
The wind now more comfortment has
Than what in torrid summer blew;
More bubbly is the sword of grass
And milder than the sleety dew.
The heat of light too gently wraps,

O'er all who on this hill reside;
One still can hear the birdie-flaps
Ere they in the hiemal season hide!
I'll stroll and breathe in wakeful trance
If yearlong stays such atmosphere;
To stay in its fabled romance
And never return from this sphere.

BECAUSE EVERYTHING ROTS EVENTUALLY

Charlotte Newbury

watch me make wine from the fallen berries
of my body. Nothing lasts

beyond the pulping. Wasps in the figs,
worms in the ripened apples

and this drunken ageing dance
still loops. In the orchard

I watched a finch fit beaks together
with its young, feed them

the already-digested meal -
so tender, that sound

the clack of bone and retching. We gathered
the fallen fruit, a harvest

of the bruised and rotting, feathers,
a cracked egg, the pit

of an apricot in my throat, its roots
unyielding through my soft heart, oh

watch it kill me (watch it
try)

pumpkin pie.

Elisabeth D.

Her mother always baked
a pumpkin pie
on the first autumn day.

She would wait for her daughter to come
home,

and then they would eat it together.

It was their tradition,

and her mother made it every year,
with all of her love.

One year,

on the first autumn day,

her mother prepared a pumpkin pie.

She waited

for hours,

but her daughter never came.

She left the pie untouched

and let it dry
in the kitchen.

Days later,
when the police came to her door,
the pie still was on the counter.
They told her,
with a low voice and a saddened look,
that her daughter would never come home.

She still bakes the pie
to this day,
because now all that is left
of her beloved daughter,
is that pie
as the only
memory of her.

This House

Devon Webb

My mother says my room smells musty
I think it smells like books, & comfort, &
home
every room in this house has a smell
the bathroom, ceramic tiles & cleanliness
the kitchen, toast
outside, grass & fire & wasps & breeze
("wasps don't have a smell,"
my mother would say if she read this poem
& I would say no, it's not literal
just nostalgic associations
not that I'm nostalgic for the wasps
they just cling to me)

Alone in this house,
everything is a quiet quiver like
birdsong

I roam this house
padding softly in slippered feet
at night, the light ignites me like
a fish in a bowl
(I'm not used to curtains that close)

When I am not alone in this house
I cut myself into corners
away from all the noise
there is noise everywhere
there is more noise, everywhere else
but this is the noise I grew up with
which makes it simultaneously
familiar,
& all too much

Alone now I am a silent echo
bouncing softly off the walls
like an entirely soundless pinball machine
I have conversations with the cat
Sorry to interrupt
Sorry to get up

Sorry it's not your dinnertime

The cat follows me like she knows my routine

like she never forgot

feline memory

my initials in the dust

my fingerprints on paperbacks

untouched these past ten years

build a pillow fort from a book collection

turn the tv off

make one bottle of cleanskin last five days

go to sleep at ten pm

she'll wake you up at six

me & the cat two quiet companions

watching the days drip...

drinking them in.

Nature's Palette: Autumn's Artistry

Alexandra Tejada

Leaves falling, in golden flight,
Parade of colors on our knees
Autumn every changing art
Red, green, brown, a work of heart,

Soft winds embrace, a tender touch,
Like a mother's love, they mean so much

Crispy wind in our hair, so wild and free,
Fluttering leaves perform a symphony.

As night falls, the moon begins to glow,
Dancing shadows in autumn's show.

Autumn's canvas, colors aglow,
Nature's masterpiece, it's time to go.
Leaves may fall, but memories stay,

In our hearts, an autumn bouquet.

West of the Woods

Charlie Bowden

West of the woods lies

the membrane of the earth-

the end of everything I know.

The veins rush past but the blood runs cool,
seeping through the blinding darkness.

The mirage of power has always tempted me,
yet the grit of my soul - the hardening of my
heart -

kept me stationary.

West of the woods is (not)

where the wild things are-

the interlopers, ventriloquists of light

who play wicked games with their wicked

lips.

Don't you dare leave my sight in this naked
place,

they'll stalk you like salamanders

and come hell or high water,

I can't let them wash you away.

West of the woods is where I am headed.

The purple dawn is my compass, gentle
zephyr my pilot;

I cannot suffer this pockmarked truth
anymore.

The ashes of yore scatter in the velvet wind-
your basal fear was nigh-on vaudevillian.

I trek through this warm hallowed ground
without care,

for you cannot tether me.

I relish in the mirage, for you cannot taste it.

Fallen Leaves and the Biting Frost

N.A. Kimber

Autumn brings the promise of so many
things;

the celebrations of births blended
with the anniversaries of death.

Blissful holidays now host with empty chairs.

How strange it is to feel so much joy
mixed with heavy grief.

I wonder if this is how the tree feels
when its leaves let go.

Celebrating the colours of life,

yellow, orange, red, and so,

before they wither to the ground below.

The tree remains,

housing memories of lives lost,

but still alive and thriving

even at the arrival of the frost.

So grateful to be alive

even for all it has left behind.

Yes, I think I understand it

as I blow the candles out.

Another year older,

another leaf lost,

but I am still standing,

even with the biting frost.