

CHAMISA IN AUTUMN

by Janet Ruth

Chamisa bushes shake golden heads,
toss their tresses along highway's edge,
following autumn's dress code for the season,
in company of gilded sunflowers.

Chamisa tosses petals at a season's edge.
Sunlight paints a yellow sky—
a gilded wash above sunflowers.
Chamisa wafts aromas pungent up the air,

paints yellow smells, luring bees
who bumble, laden heavy with pollen.
Leafy chamisa's incense drifts on the air,
petals crushed to a sacrament of yellow wine.

Bumblebees collect bright loads of pollen,
their faces dusted in shades of gold.
Chamisa stems, woven into baskets,
store ears of corn—that other golden harvest.

Our faces dappled in dusty sunlight,
we cling to the dressing of a season,
storing golden memories against the winter,
as chamisa bushes bow their heads.

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