

Leaves

They fall
Some, before they even turn color
Some, only when they are dried and colorless

There are those who just become matted to the ground from the driving rain
To be trampled upon
And others that fly on the whim of the wind
With no will of their own

My leaves have suffered both fates
My branches left ugly and naked
Wintered by your cold breath
Your distant sun
The clothing of Spring, now in tatters at my feet or swirling away in the air

I am left dormant
Cold
Lifeless
Hibernation or the sleep of death
I cannot tell
No one can tell
Until a warm breath comes to me

You were my sun
My rain
My soil of life
Bringing out the blossoms of my color
The cover of my nakedness
The label of my species
And I swayed in your warm breeze
Full of life
More than bones suffering in stillness

Yet
You left me
To the cold of an indifferent arctic air
And the harsh wind of reality

Down to just me
Once again, barren, soul-less, loveless
Wooden
And dead