

Falling Leaves
By Maunikha Rasineni

Grief in the wind, loneliness in the air,
dried leaves weighed by more than can bear,
One by one, they flutter free,
falling to the ground as all warmth flees;
Swirling in the air, sinking into the deep.

None remained, but the last, a small leaf,
one who felt the time had been too brief.
How to fall, knowing you would die?
Yet a cold wind sweeps, the end draws nigh;
a shaft of green drops, cut from its ties.

You will never know the world, says the river,
You fall to your doom, the branches whisper,
And the leaves are carried, on the breeze,
a dance of loss that no one sees.
As white covers the last of autumn's pleas.

Warmth in the earth, sun shining clear,
Thrushes sing away the cold and fear.
On its bare perch, a small leaf uncurls,
To a new season, a new year, a new world.
Life smiles softly after the tears.