

Dead Leaves

By Glenn Currier

Dead leaves fly low
caress the surface of the back alley
autumn has hold of this earth
made it brown and gold
boldly proclaiming an end
of the things
once new now old
Things I have grasped - so dear, so tight -
things that no longer sing
now a mere whisper.

Transience embraces me
in this season of drifting.

Trees now stark
a million fingers
point me beyond
this precious space and time.

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