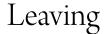
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Leaving

I pass a tree, naked of leaves, On Autumn walk today; Its brother, clad in crimson, grieves As *its* weeds fall away.

One jagged spade weaves a path — Tossed by Spirit of Fall— And gently lands, to float in death On water's mirror pall.

The dry wind harsher blows; -So skeletal seems the tree-Away the bed of dead leaves flows From the Bones-and from me.

Wind, perverse, climbs the bank, Raises a hundred undead; They charge, chattering file and rank Then routed, drifting, spread;

> Each soldier gnarled by death As if by lightning smitten Discolored wrinkled; rattling breath— Parchment too vehemently written

> > Rich Miller RC '92

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