

Shel Silverstein

in the beginning,
it's all green.
everything is potent—
from the smells,
to the light.
it feels like this age of youth
will never fade.

as time passes,
i grow quickly.
everyone around me grows too,
so quick, that i feel i'm behind.
my roots have spread
and i feel solid,
sturdy,
permanent.

before long,
i am tired.
i begin to shed;
and while people tell me
i am more beautiful than before,
i have never felt so weak.

the cold has entered my bones.
i am falling—
into people,
into homes,
into pieces.
i have no color anymore,
and my life is done.