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Leaves

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Amy Becker

Leaves

We swung among the shelter of these branches often.
I recall us soaking in some sap of life
One sunny summer morning after the rain.
After the rain we hung together,
When the wind was willing.

Our colors changed with autumn,
Twigs cracked, exposing their
Crazy frayed edges.
Shells cracked, tender nut's
Sweet meat lay broken in the dirt.

Together we gathered leaves,
Piled them thick upon the stubborn roots.
Together we leapt into the leaves.
Some leaves crushed,
Ground deep into the soil.
Some leaves tumbled away with the wind
Past other yards.

Light falls in crystals,
Like stars in a mind-twisting sky,
Or rain. We have our own ways,
Guiding us to separate seasons.
We fall away like leaves,
Kicking and fluttering,
These branches cannot hold
Everything.