

Fall's Casualty

I emerge
from the dark waters of sleep.
The crisp morning air,
the cool morning dew.
I'm off
to the end of the driveway.

But something has changed,
as I tread
by the old maple tree
trying to wipe
the tiredness from my eyes
I notice
a wrinkled brown leaf,
the first of autumn.

The lonely leaf,
alone
among the grass.
The first of fall's casualties.
The messenger of a new season,
telling me to put on my coat.

Six months
have passed under
its watchful eyes.
Provider of shade,
my fortress
in the air.

I emerge
from the dark waters of sleep.
The crisp morning air,
the cool morning dew.
I'm off
to the end of the driveway.

But something has changed,
as I tread by the old maple tree
trying to wipe

the tiredness from my eyes
I notice
a small green leaf,
making its way out of the branch.

The first of spring.