

Autume Leafs
by Meryana Pedrousyen

Slowly and gently, Twirling
like a ballerina, Always
landing perfectly, There it
goes,
Just a simple leaf,
Finding a place wherever it falls,
And signaling the beginning of this season we love to call fall.

Delicate and unique,
Like ancient papers,
No one can try to lock them up in a
museum, Symbolizing their freedom,
A leaf's freedom to be.

Beautiful and colourful,
Dressed in every mood that feelings behold, Like
splashes of ink spilled carelessly, endlessly,
Through these designs seasonal stories are told.
Like the harmonies blend of the sky's rays,
It's the colour pallet that I call Autume.

And I tape a leaf on my wall,
A single leaf,
While it's still fall.
The leaf's of Autume,
Autumn leaf's,
I hope it never leaves.