

FALL AND LEAVES

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They fall.

And fall,

and fall,

and fall.

They are always falling

Nothing can stop them

Not even the sweet *b r e e z e* blowing

Or the warm sunlight glowing

All over their *green, veined* skin.

They just can't help

falling

The ground calls to them

Enticing them to make that last jump

Gravity becomes their mistress

And all they have to do is

fall.

They do not realize the consequences

They do not notice how the colors change

Their priority is only: Falling

How I wish I could join them

Out there flowing incessantly in the *b r e e z e*

Going the takes

 where tide me

My colors changing from green

In the end, we are all falling

Some just faster than others

As the leaves of autumn stack in the gutter,

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Our bodies soon will stack each other.