

## The Leaves

The leaves sway defiantly, to and fro  
Clinging to their benefactor  
Branches determining their graceful movement  
Valiantly fighting the inevitable parting

One by one, periodically, they fall  
As the winter winds bite hard  
With no further purpose, eventually becoming dust  
Only to be replaced by others, without remorse

The tree itself seems unconcerned  
With no regard for those that drop  
Observe then the tree's nakedness  
And think, for once, of those leaves underfoot

16<sup>th</sup> June 1980