

Leaves Falling

By Ted Olsson

I heard the fall behind me,
Leaves striking cold pavement,
Louder than the Autumn tree,
Softer than bereavement.

Searching family photographs,
A few decades, or a century old,
Grays and colors fading off,
Pigments fail, memories hold.

Family faces watching still,
Eyes and countenance there,
Views of thoughts, spirit, will,
Recollection, recognition near.

Thoughts of our living times,
And lost ones' tales gone by,
Reflected in old imaged signs,
Past good times, loss draw nigh.

Seen in faces long gone,
Of those close, or never known,
Their care, love, time passed on,
Much more than could be shown.

Voices call to me nearby,
From those lifetimes dear,
With leaves falling fast beside,
Our tree lives on to hear.



