

## Air

October air disintegrating into exit time again  
As the trees stand solid for the arrival of winter  
The leaves bellowing hues of colors ready to descend again  
Cascading down shimmering in the breezy wind  
I feel enveloped in this flurry of boundless activity  
Last remnants of purplish flowers hanging on  
To disappear when it is their turn  
I'm in a trance as the wind furiously calls to all  
My path is designated  
I follow them

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