

Just

The mirrored reflection is empty

The geese have gone

Just the squirrel remains

Gathering nuts for the winter

There is no excitement here

As the geese gathered around

Always up to something very clever

An emptiness embarks

On this solitude

Leaves turning color

Shades of wilted yellow

Brownish red and green still hanging on

Hanging on the treads

Where they came from

Having to let go soon

Too soon

Wish they could stay

It will never happen

Destiny takes all of us away

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Published in: "Write On!!"

February 2010

