

Leaves of Life
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They tumble, roll and glide in the strong March wind's blow,
forgotten leaves of autumn past, not unlike my aging soul.
No longer living leaves of bright yellow gold, maple tan
or autumn red, just dark brown...dying or dead!
My life's ending...Oh! What a dread!

Soon , no more bright Spring days,
no more warm Summer nights,
no more Autumn painted leaves,
no more Winter's dark naked trees.

Leaves of life
That's all there is...death in the end!
All things, just dust in the wind.

Jackie R. Kays
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