

The Tale of a Leaf

A swift, chapping breeze runs through the maple tree,
Making a soft rustling noise like gentle waves in the sea,
The leave of my majestic tree are crinkly and browned,
And I, the oldest, gently detach and twirl towards the ground.

As I near the musty forest floor covered in red, orange, and yellow,
The king buck of the forest emits a loud bellow,
A swift breeze pulses through the peaceful air,
Sending shivers down a gray squirrel's soft tufts of hair.

And me, the aged, brown, pockmarked leaf,
I fly high above my maple tree, above rooftops, above an eve,
The taste of crisp, fresh air surrounds me as I rise into the sky,
And sail oh so very high.

Ah, me, the ancient, frail leaf, in this epic flight,
I sigh as it travel into a spectrum of rubies and orange sapphires, and
amazing sight,
The stories I will tell of my daring escapade and a new sprit I have found,
For here I twirl 'round this breathtaking sunset, the truest joy of fall,
'round, 'round, 'round.