

Last Leaf

The crunch of a sad leaf on the ground.

I know how it feels.

Yes, I too once belonged to something.

I suppose I was more like the tree with one leaf,

Trying desperately in the cold to hold on to it...

But the winds of time will never fail to rip it away.

The sound of Jump-ropes is a distant memory now.

The universe will likely be unaffected by me,

For I have left no legacy.

It's been winter too long.

I'm tired of winter.

I sense again something growing-

but I can feel no need to hold on.