[Summer Lover - Harbor & Home]

Biked home in the pouring, frigid, Fall rain this evening.

Got soaking wet.

Came home and stood on my porch, watching the wind and rain ravage the trees around me.

[American Beauty - Drew Holcomb]

These leaves took so long to intentionally and mindfully grow on the branches of these vastly intricate mother trees.

Months and months of subtle, slow progress.

And in a single instant, a small rain drop catches their edge on a wet Fall evening…

And just like that..

The leaf detaches, and begins its journey to its resting place.

It’s easy to wonder if all of that work was worth the speedy detachment from this mother tree.

The rapid journey of the leaf descending through the air to the ground feels like a disservice to all of the work that went into the creation of the leaf in the first place.

Hundreds, thousands, millions of leaves are detaching as I speak. Making their journeys away from their mother trees. Dying their subtle deaths.

Will anyone remember the leaves?

It feels so sad… and yet. It feels so glorious.

The trees do not need these leaves. The trees stand tall with or without them. Merely changed in form.

Every year, many forms. And today, a quick undressing into the next form.

The leaves may be gone, but they are appreciated for the time they spent with their mother tree.

I watched the leaves for a few minutes. I felt the cold, chilly rain pouring on my already drenched face.

The darkness of the evening quickly began to descend.

I laughed.

I cried.

It’s moments like this that make me feel *alive*.

I’m not sure why…

And I’m not sure I need to know why either.

~ Jess

Age: 25