

The Leafdance

Old leaf! Blade brandished by the autumn air,

Who darts in grand jetés with posture true.

His ruby belly heeds wind's tacit prayer

And charts fresh course in jagged cut anew.

Who guides his dance? The zephyr's quiet sough?

(Nay — gravity with draw eternal sure,

For even when so far from ground below

His joyous song is born in earth's allure.

I marvel at his faith in soil's call,

To be inspir'd to launch from sheltered berth.

The beauty of a lover in his fall,

A silent ballad sung twixt leaf and earth.

And soon they'll meet, a longing to fulfill

With Newton's kiss then both, now one, will still.