

The Wind Asks the Last Leaf of Autumn Why it Stays on the Tree

What are you clinging to?

Come frolic with me.

Your season of giving,
turning the sun's heat
into fruit is past.

Let me whisk
your fire through the
twilight sky
hearts dashing in and out of
passing headlights

a jolt of passion
before I lay you down
on sheets of moss.

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