

## Flow

Autumn Again  
Leaves as words flowing down  
Ground, paper, leaves, words  
Mixing together statements  
Drifting expressions  
Tracing skeletons bare  
to what we were.

Leaves letting loose to be free  
to swirl and dance upon the wind.  
Once upon a summer  
They tried so hard, reaching in growth to crack the sky.  
Imagine the joy upon colorful bursting to release  
Spiraling finally to be free  
with this last dance to the ground.

Why is it so hard to turn the book about and then read the second poem?  
Changing perceptions and the patterns we live by is never easy.