

AN ODE TO THE LEAVES

Dried, washed, blown
Through the cycles of forest life
A full year from their spring
Leaves from last summer's beech, ash and tulip poplars
Lie on the ground
More intimately shading
The roots of their forbearers

This early August day
I walk on them
While skyward
Their heirs
Rally in the breeze
Dappling me with daylight
Until their harvest hours
Fall like gravity
Upon them

Till then
My path is one
Between their falls
A forest denizen
Walking with my shepherd
Off leash
Graced from below and above

Their vibrant vertical
Escher-like flow
Up and down
No seminal season of the past
No expectant season of the future
A cycling ever flow that tunes my heart

I am in this dance cycle
Embracing an end to summer's days
Honoring the sacred and the secular
With an endless story at both its ending and beginning
Told in High Holy Days and harvest feast
Among beloved family
Breaking bread
Eating roasted root vegetables
Such deep reflection tempered with celebration

This is my ever flow
To be dried, washed and blown
Between my own falls
To find the dance of joy
To bejewel the rings at my core
With each year's lessons
Shading my roots
Like a balm to my wounds
Until eventually
I am returned to the earth
And released to the heavens

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