3rd September Poem

the first leaf falls
again

not the same leaf

never that

but the sidewalk
knows what to do

receives it
without ceremony

the tree keeps standing

less one green thought
among thousands

and somewhere
a man bends down

not to save it

not to explain

only to see
the small brown stem

the yellowing edge
the dark vein
still carrying

what the branch
could no longer hold

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3rd September Poem

all year
I have mistaken

falling
for message

message
for meaning

meaning
for mine

but the leaf
does not need me

to become earth

and I do not need
to be the voice

for everything
that returns

some stories
are not sent

they are laid down

quietly

where the next rain
can find them

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