

Reflections in the Fall

Here I stand, childlike, quiet and still
Frozen in my morning path, in this autumn chill
My attention turns to the brittle but delicate sound
of leaves, dry and crisp tinkling and
tumbling
to
the
ground.

The chilling breeze might at random instants
lead the
waning leaves
in
one
last dance

one last chance to feel the breath
One last caress as they accept their death.
They become
the dance and earthly song
They are still embraced by Gaea.
but still, their beauty and life seems gone.

Sadness pulled
down
on me with regret
That I could not take more time and let
the wonder enable me to write
That which gives me sweet delight

Sweet mad delight! to write and write
of every observation and insight
Delight and desire with such persistence
To explore and explain

my own
existence.

The sun on my back melts my sorrow
And as sure as it will rise again tomorrow
I will again and again pass these trees
my daily route of responsibilities.

Then as I am about to say goodbye
A broken orb in the west catches my eye
My companion in reflection, the waning moon
Whose own rebirth I will witness soon.

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