

THE LEAVES WERE FALLING

By Betsy Levels

The leaves were falling

Twirling

Spinning,

Floating,

Dancing autumn leaves in a shower all around

I put down the ball and danced with them.

If I could catch just one the magic would belong to me.

The dogs danced with us, bouncing and wagging their tails.

The setting sun lit up the golden leaves

And everything was good.

No fear,

No pain,

No shame,

Then the sun set and I went in and began to grow up.

And things that hurt took bigger and bigger bites of me.

The dogs passed on and new dogs took their place

But someone had decided I needed to play with people, not dogs and trees.

And friends and loves came and went with the years.

And the magic was gone.

But still the leaves fall--who dances with them now?

Twirling

Spinning,

Floating,

The leaves still fall.

I never asked why.

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