

One Fine October Day

One fine October day, I picked a leaf that had fallen upon the lake.
It was a frail skeleton of deliquesced veins and lucid skin,
And upon my hands its weightless body rested
Like crystal carrion, like fragments of forgotten debris,
And with it a thousand other corpses had fallen in tandem
Upon that October day when the wind had become wrathful.

Autumn will oft turn the weather into something so wrathful,
That even the mighty oaks quiver more than the ruffles on the lake.
I know not why Fall infuriates him so, and oft I wonder
If it has to do with the coming of winter, or the parting of summer;
If it is an argument that has bestowed upon him a bitter memory,
Or if simply his character is thus.

Is it a passion we do not fathom, or an act that thus
Must be put so as to declare the coming of a winter so wrathful?
Perchance he is only announcing the next act in a play of four,
In this recital of Seasons his monologue is the crescendo,
The lake his stage, the fragile leaves his fellow actors,
And his voice the most poignant weapon.

But who in war chooses words as bullets and voice as a weapon
Is more liable to kill than to leave dead, for thus
The knife punctures and the blade slashes, the letters imprint permanently.
Blunt armament harms more because it is not a clean cut,
It leaves behind ugly scars, that unlike the blood in the veins,
Do not fade to leave suctioned subways and exoskeletal silhouettes.

It's not the sound that scares me, but it's their silhouettes.
When the wind screams and lashes out the unforeseen weapon,
Wind that we did not expect to blow so strong,
An All Hallow's Eve is less frightful than a lifetime of hollow.
And turning that leaf over in my hands, knowing I could crush it with ease,
Provided no more comfort than to know I too had the power to kill.

Nature destroys out of nature yet it is not in our nature to kill,
Even when the thought has crossed our mind like traces of silhouettes
That linger at the corner of our eye, we pack it away
And store it in a place hoping it will never be found. And if it is,
And if we chose to use it, I can only hope it harms us as much as it harms them.
We are leaves in the Autumn of life, all bound to fall before winter's day.

With that wrathful disposition do our weapons do thus,
Building silhouettes upon which a leaf to kill
Like the one I picked, upon the lake, that one fine October day.