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Fall

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Fall

During a solitary shuffle
through mid-autumn,
I could feel the trees
growing around me.
The shrubs stood on end.
Greenery trembled at my footfalls.
Branches reached out,
beckoning me to tend
the forest which had sprouted.

The setting sun drained my
leisure to landscape.
The moon was waning
inspiring a hearty lunacy in me.
I was a maverick in this land
of park rangers and tree huggers,
land-of-the-free-ers and
mother natures.
I was a bastard, with no mother,
no nature, no nurture.

Let the forest fall. Let it shrivel up.
Let it decay into brown and coarse
dry paper leaves. Color them
blood red, rancid orange,
sick, weak yellow.
My rustling steps leave a path of
grand silent collapse and
I walk away to let the woods starve,
smacking my lips on a crisp, ripe, green apple.

Jess Haberman, '06