

FALLING LEAVES

Fellow leaves have fallen
From the trees we dwelt upon.
Sudden breeze has stolen vital gems.
Gusts of nature's harvest
Caught and twirled them to the ground,
Cutting gracious greenness at the stems . . .

In the spring, I knew them.
We all played beneath the sun,
Dancing 'round and drinking dew and rain!
On life's tree I touched them,
As we jostled in the wind,
Till the changing current blew with pain . . .

Mournful drafts of autumn
Draw the chill of winter on,
Skies of sunlit brightness cloud with gray.
Clinging to the branches
Where God leads our lives to grow,
We are lured to tremble as we pray . . .

Life on earth is fragile:
We pretend to think it strong.
Trees are schools for learning faith and trust.
Friends are precious lessons,
Gifts from God to teach our souls:
Love alone arises from the dust.

— *David L. Hatton, 4/20/1996*