

A Leaf Falls

Up on the top of a fall colors decked tree a solitary leaf holds itself in serene majesty.

The riotous colors dressing the entire maple tree are shocking and seductive.

Little did the tree know in spring and summer one day it will be raided by an army of colors,

Transported to another realm and stunned into an exotic appearance.

Does it know that its symphonic gaiety will soon be over and it will go through

The ignominy of nudity for several month long winter interlude?

Fall is the consummate of all seasons as it mirrors the human personality.

It has the flaming splendor, tantalizing exuberance, and gay abandon;

But it also has the sadness and stillness, shyness and reclusiveness of a human being.

Behind its robust grandeur lie the fault lines of the impending doom of the approaching winter.

Fall is an irony written in a climate, a verse of nature enigmatic and still eloquent.

Spring announces itself with a shriek, summer a loud mirth, but fall is a melancholy wrapped in celebration.

In the beginning was God, who later gave birth to nature -

Before man came and before his intellect evolved.

For millions of years the mystery and power of nature awed man

But as science emerged nature receded from his mind.

Today it is just a mystic, grey background to man's existence:

Ununderstandable, un-connectable, inhuman.

Fall or spring, summer or winter, each has unique spirit and style, beauty and charm.

Nature's seasons are the backdrop to human existence: inalienable and indispensable.

Without the colossal majesty of nature around us we would not be what we are.

It is the nature we deny in us that haunts us in endless ways.

Technology has helped humanity greatly but it has no humanity in it.

The leaf at the top of the hallowed tree falls to ground but no one cares to look at it.