



**A Leaf**

**I ponder a verse on Autumn or Fall—  
My mind is a blank, no insights at all;  
Thoughts are all scattered like leaves in the wind—  
All rustling around—no beginning or end.**

**A brown maple leaf drops down at my feet—  
Has it come here to mock my verbal defeat?  
Once it was vibrant and verdant on high  
Twirling aloft twixt the earth and the sky.**

**Its beauty enhanced with Summer's demise,  
Rustic apparel a feast to the eyes,  
Lush green morphed to yellow, bright orange, then red,  
But it fell, turned to brown and now it is dead.**

**It lies at my feet, its purpose is past;  
I feel a touch sad that such charm doesn't last;  
All have their seasons, their reasons and time  
Playing their part in the Master design.**

**A dead Autumn leaf was enough to ignite  
Some thoughts for my pen, some verses to write;  
Some things that might seem incidental and vain  
God sends to inspire and revive us again.**

*Vincent Lyons.*