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FOURTH CORNER-STONE

A LEAF'S JOURNEY

Stumbling forward, shoved toward the woods waving tree-branches
while the thunder searches over the area with its clarity strong
for the leaves already adherent the striking rains on battled places

where time skillfully gift each cause with its reasons:

Gaining to continue being far-seeing.

(Trapped ill-beaten. Deciphered are the eyes' journeys.)

I am an aged flake of a leaf's whirling calamity
that has collected these manifold remains
in this torn down guise; a frostbitten learned,
travelling along with the waterfalls stepping,
following down, around the old winding river;
always the ground and skies engaging.

Fetching more wanted aesthetics and well-found sorrow-criticism
out of windcaressed nightsnow, beautifully rested, to be lived:

Worn down paths glisten in a tiresome thaw-weather
for a ready-grieved root - smiling slowly - taking down sorrows' driving forces,
restoring the tree trunk to the ground to end its darkness

and this world has not any might over my dying life.

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