

Poem (10)

Title: Falling Leaves

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Falling Leaves

A flurry of falling leaves,
Unnoticed,
Their vibrant colors melt away,
One more fall comes to a close.

I'm sure it's because they're on the ground
That no one wants them,
And due to the overwhelming stench of death
A plethora of insects draw near.

Bursts of color that are fit to be shown
In a palace courtyard let alone,
A day will come when their roots are moved
And their leaves shed on those who before passed them by.

