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Fall Away

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Gangas: Fall Away

Fall Away

Patricia Gangas

What artist drew the autumn's portrait and hung it outside my door? Summer's fire now gone—the red, the rose, and playful plum have hemmed their frocks and danced away. Shades and tints of deeper hues browns and magentas turn upon the earth.

Horizons glow with gold and glean the soft skinned face of fall. Falling leaves scatter everywhere, to announce the monotonous days—
The dying seed today is nature's pain and grief, yet, it will soon be back to feed tomorrow's life.

Past and present swirl about the earth;
Does the flower regret the end of summer
and the butterflies feel metal-cold
beneath the howl of autumn's gale?
Yet, who still remembers the distraught, fallen flower?

Sorrow of the season can only kill small joys, like fresh brewed tea, a glass of wine, or friends that put fire in the heart, to ease the world's sorrowing clouds.

Though plants and blossoms wither all too soon the human heart has miles and miles of fruitful fields. So, as sunshine dims, uproot weeds allow the heart its quiet night to nurture wisdom's wind-girt flowers.