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The Last Maple Leaf

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THE LAST MAPLE LEAF

November's crisp wind whips you in the face.
You've morphed from green to yellow; crimson to brown,
Ever twirling in a bright sun without heat,
Hanging on as long as you can.

Shaken until your tiny bones feel no more,
Knowing there is no relief in sight;
That you'll be supplanted in Spring,
Your fate ever twisting in the wind.

If you let go, you'll be in misery no longer.
Yet you persist, attached to your arbor lifeline,
Not in pain, but numb nonetheless.
You stand in unity with your fluttering brethren.

Steadfast, strong in the autumn of your life,
Unknowing when it will be your turn to fall,
To live until you or the tree let go,
Or until the Maker of all says so.

One day, we will both drop,
To crumble into amber dust
From which new growth renews.

And when that day comes,
Let me be the last maple leaf to fall.