

# LEAVES

*by* Tim G. Young

In Central Park  
I saw black birds  
Fall from trees  
Like leaves  
Large and  
Flying  
Trying to  
Put on the brakes  
Walking on  
The earth  
Like insects  
Crawling on  
Enchanted wings  
Not singing  
But sending  
The collective  
Birdbrain  
To all  
Brothers and sisters  
Splashing like a storm  
Shiny feathers  
Well worn  
Exactly in place  
All the same  
Face  
Until a curse  
In the wind  
And they all move  
Again.

