

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.

