## Bright Red Leaf

by Will Shade

Little scoundrel Name of leaf, No one knows He's a thief.

> The shadows stretch, The birds fly south, And summer's a word Of ash in the mouth

When all of a sudden The colors are gone But for a red leaf On a brown lawn.

Pitiful world, Dead so soon! Apocalypse party, Red balloon.

Like a flame Feeds on wood, Like a flea Drunk on blood.

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