

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.

