

Falling

She was there in her innocence of life
Her complexion drenched of youth, soft as clay
Fall on the rise, swept clouds turn day to night
Silken threads of brown and a touch of gray
Breathe on branches sounding off, standing still
One love, only love, say it will not end
Her eyes, her eyes, the day has been fulfilled
Trees are swaying of rollercoaster winds
Grasses graze onto mile markers pass
Frozen timeless moment, warmth of her kiss
Her smile, her touch, of feeling it will last
Days spent together I want, I need, I miss
Tender leaves, twirl turn lasting chance of fate
One love, only love, change of season makes

—*Scott Shirk*