

## Reflections in the Fall

Here I stand, childlike, quiet and still  
Frozen in my morning path, in this autumn chill  
My attention turns to the brittle but delicate sound  
of leaves, dry and crisp tinkling and  
tumbling  
to  
the  
ground.

The chilling breeze might at random instants  
lead the  
waning leaves  
in  
one  
last dance

one last chance to feel the breath  
One last caress as they accept their death.  
They become  
the dance and earthly song  
They are still embraced by Gaea.  
but still, their beauty and life seems gone.

Sadness pulled  
down  
on me with regret  
That I could not take more time and let  
the wonder enable me to write  
That which gives me sweet delight

Sweet mad delight! to write and write  
of every observation and insight  
Delight and desire with such persistence  
To explore and explain

my own  
existence.

The sun on my back melts my sorrow  
And as sure as it will rise again tomorrow  
I will again and again pass these trees  
my daily route of responsibilities.

Then as I am about to say goodbye  
A broken orb in the west catches my eye  
My companion in reflection, the waning moon  
Whose own rebirth I will witness soon.

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