

Autumn walk
By: I. M. WeasyL

Gliding along,
In the cold, unforgiving breeze
Of the orange, red, yellow, and green
Of the autumn foliage

Bundled in the warm memories
That are the past,
Growing ever so colder in realization.

Looking toward the sun,
Even the lights flowing
From the great star seem to be cold

Then I realize: the sun isn't there

Covered in the thick, gray clouds
Like a cold blanket of wool.
My eyes shift to the withered, dying grass.

Then my head sinks
Into my warm insulated coat.
Even that can't protect me from the cold inside...

My slow footsteps, making a crisp yet slothful sound,
The sound of my self-pity,
Slashing my existence...