

## The Wind Asks the Last Leaf of Autumn Why it Stays on the Tree

What are you clinging to?

Your season of giving,  
turning the sun's heat  
into fruit is past.

Come frolic with me.

Let me whisk  
your fire through the  
twilight sky  
hearts dashing in and out of  
passing headlights

a jolt of passion  
before I lay you down  
on sheets of moss.

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