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Volume 18

Issue 1 *Do I Dare Disturb the Universe?* (2009-2010  
Issue)

Article 29

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5-1-2010

## Falling Leaves

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### Recommended Citation

Logan, Monica (2010) "Falling Leaves," *The Promethean*: Vol. 18 : Iss. 1 , Article 29.

Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol18/iss1/29>

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# Falling Leaves

*Monica Logan*

Scuff. Crunch. Scuff. Crunch.

The wind tries to knock me over once again,  
carrying with it stale red and yellow leaves.

Fall is finally here.

Teachers have started lecturing,  
peers have learned your name,  
professors have forgotten it,  
and all the plastic-scented and slippery textbooks  
are receiving their first cracks, tears, and coffee stains.

What is it about these  
kinds of days that makes you want to just  
sit and stare  
out the window,  
enjoying the way  
the trees dance to the wind's howls?

I pull my soft, cotton hood  
closer to my freezing cheek,  
thankful there is no snow on the ground.  
The clouds move with a kind of urgency that I have never seen  
before.

Are they running from the dread of tomorrow as well?

As I sit back in the stiff wooden chair in front of my desk,  
I can hear the faint pitter-patter  
of the sprinkling rainfall outside.  
With my windows open, the fresh, brisk scent of the new rain  
invades my room.

Fall is the metaphor for death,  
yet I see it more as a preparation for winter.

A cleansing for tomorrow.

Winter will be full of more complex subjects, final grades, and  
a harsher cold.  
So, for today, I will enjoy  
the light wind,  
the few raindrops,  
and the harmony of nature  
coming from each step.