

FALL

Divya Jain

i.

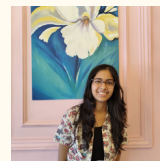
I lounge about with these leaves beside me,
my silent companions from the shade above.
Some flash their deep scarlets streaked with sienna,
while the rest shy away behind their earthy tones.
The rare treasure I gain- A young one yet to let go,
of its share of bamboo green and sunny yellow.

ii.

With this assortment of colours in my sight,
what more do I lack?
When I have the wine of distant spring on my side,
and a feathery drizzle facing my back?

iii.

The birds enjoy their last minutes in the golden sunlight,
for soon it would be time for them to journey south.
Every beat of their wings, reminds me that this banquet's end too, is near.
Alas, I must return to where I should be, for I fear.
That my failure, might cost me this beautiful fall next year.



Divya writes life one line at a time, in the clumsiest handwriting possible. An occasional painter and poet, She loves nothing more than a rainy day and a good song on loop. And cats, because life is a little better with some chaos in it.

