

Leaves

When trees shed
their cover of leaves
why do we shiver
Is it woven in our genes
undeniable tracks
footprints in the snow
Is it the unfamiliar
feelings with a need
for roadmaps and poems
Does the window frame
my world of meaning
guide my actions
Shadows and patterns
forms we all see
yet I remain thinking
thoughts not seen
Ideas matter
to symbol and myth
Our code is our memory
of the Oldland of colors
paintings in the caves
of spouting whales
of ice the rushing waters
Our cipher is the dark side
encoded with passing time
holding on to this thing
we call life
As I think so it is
the falling leaf
the cold.

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