

November leaves

Kick through the leaves!
Scatter them over the pavement.
Leave them strewn, untidy, disordered.
On to the next step, uncaring.
Just leave them for the wind to sweep.

Kick through the leaves!
Leave mild chaos as you step.
A release from being tidy, organised. Filed.
And step to the next pile
Like a child to the next toy.

Kick through the leaves!
Create accidental art as you go
Wild bright colours with every step
Before the leaves turn to mud
In dull layers on the cold ground

Kick through the leaves!
Create unruliness and confusion.
That's all that's left in the November of time.
The next step is the end.
Kick through the leaves while you can!



Peter Martin