

Dancing in the Tears

Dancing in the downpour
of autumn's glorious splendour.
Twirling and swirling in the hues:

Oh, c'est ce que j'adore!

Laughing in the golden light,
revelling in the crunch beneath.
My feet pirouetting across the stage,
the birds my adoring fans.

A whisper breaking my trance.
A low melody rising up from below.
My fingers brushing every tree,
Straining my ears to hear.

A ballad with no words;
just deep emotions spilling forth.
Filling a hole I didn't know I had,
touching something in my heart.

The trees sing of the joy of spring,
the soothing hum of bees around.
Of boughs laden with crisp fruit,

their offering to the ground.

Of seeing new life being born again,

the long, lazy summer days.

Of drinking deep on hazy mornings

and watching children play.

A smile lights up my face.

Hearing their joyful tales,

soaking up the soft refrain,

feeling their emotions as they sing.

The gentle harmonies turning minor,

their voices suddenly sad.

Another season has finally come:

the dreaded time of loss.

Their hymns now full of heartache,

remembering those that fell.

Lamenting the ones that had not lived

to see another spring.

A flurry of colour comes tumbling down.

The bright leaves all around

are each a symbol of their suffering;

Of the dangerous time to come.

I finally understand.

This time is not a time of joy.

Treasure the time you have,
for it may not be very long.

All the trees are weeping,
shedding colourful tears.

Red orange yellow brown.
All grieving and in mourning.

I weep with the forest,
for all the fallen tears.
For the season of life passing,
for the storms not far ahead.