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Category: Poetry

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## **Fear, Warmth, Leaves, Deep**

### **Fear**

Night.

A broken voice mutters  
through an old radio.

Wind howls,  
thunder rumbles.  
A crackling voice.

A disconcerting fate,  
unavoidable,  
looms.

The wind feels  
no mercy  
for those who fear.

### **Warmth**

Wildflowers are blooming.  
Tall grass sways in the warm breeze.  
The birds sing songs to one another.  
Trees stand in the distance.

Lazy bees drift over the grass.  
The flowers reach for them with  
fragile petals, glowing in the light.

Dragonflies graze the surface  
of the shimmering puddles  
left by a heavy rainfall.

The land is nurtured by the sun,  
which casts its golden rays upon the earth.  
As long as the sun's strength remains,  
winter will be kept at bay.

## **Leaves**

Red, gold, and orange,  
flicker like flames,  
drift across dying grass.

They scatter themselves  
on a breeze,  
fluttering like butterflies.

They rest in heaps,  
blanket the ground  
in fiery colors.

When the wind returns,  
it will carry them.  
Like birds, they will fly.

## **Deep**

Cold wind drifts through unseen cracks,  
long, low shrieks, sad and forgotten.

Snow falls, thick and heavy,  
obscures the far-off trees,  
covers the long-dead grass.

Sorrow sets in.  
Scarves and blankets  
cannot keep out the chill.

The wind stops.  
Icicles drip.  
Fathomless silence.

The snow drifts down in crystal flakes.  
Emptiness consumes them.