

The Leaf

It crept in on a whisper;

No warning, no mercy, no shame.

Panic. Fear. No escape.

A few die, then a hundred, then thousands.

The “If it bleeds, it leads” group kept score.

Brutal.

The science guys gave us “models” so we’d know our fate.

Useless.

The political hooligans told us safe 70 year-old drugs that work could not be used.

No “clinical trial,” you see. Death is a fair price for political advantage, you see.

Criminal.

I wrote hoping to introduce common sense and God. I wrote some more.

Not many listened, some did. Thank you. You know who you are.

I’m all lettered out now.

I told God so.

I asked for answers.

He led me to sit on my front porch...March 2020 was mild, you see.

I watched one lone yellow leaf high on my Poplar tree.

Somehow it survived the winter and hung on tight...till now.

It let go and fell and I watched gravity take over.

When near the ground and certain rot, a stiff breeze

On an otherwise calm day, grabbed hold.

The wind took it higher than it ever was.

The wind took it higher yet till it was out of sight;

And God spoke to me the way He speaks to me:

“I’m still in charge you see,” He said,

“I’m still in charge.”