

The Downfall of Cousin Leaf

Roslynne Blackburn

August is too early! I just got on the scene.
It wasn't long ago I turned from spring to summer green.

I'll hang on to my twig along with all the rest.
Whenever breezes blow our way, I'll dance and do my best.

I've heard of folks complaining, when gray begins to spread
Above their roots--but look at me! My tips are turning red!

I've never had a reason to blush this way--oh, dear!
And now, I'm losing grasp of things. I fear my end is near.

My kin all went to Mulch, wherever that might be--
Look out, Cousins! Here I come! No more green in me!