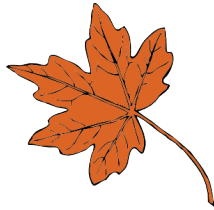


If I Were a Leaf



If I were a leaf on a majestic tall tree
And I had a choice of which I could be
I'd be a maple to turn orange, yellow, gold
When the cool autumn winds turned warm nights cold
I'd want to be high as high could be
So all the world would be open to me
I'd sway with the wind spring, summer, and fall
Up in the maple so big and so tall
Then one moonlit night in October's cold air
A beautiful frost would come paint me with care
All leaves would turn color
To give the world beauty for short days to come
Then if I could choose on which day I would fall
I'd pick late October when winds came to call
I'd choose Sunday morning so bright and sunny
As sun through the leaves flowed golden as honey
I'd pick the sweet moment when the wind was just right
To let go of my limb and float nice and light
Drifting ever so calmly from the place of my birth
Then gently lie down to my rest here on Earth

A decorative border made of small white dots on an orange background, framing the entire page.

Original poem written by

Sharon Pinnick 2002