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The Elves' Sadness

Kyle Conner

With the musty loam cracking back at my every step,
and the cool clouds of elven mist,
the wood greeted me in its vulnerability and its
strength.

Stately elephant-like trunks exploding from the piles
of this season's glow.
Limbs reaching to hold onto the last leaves of the year.
Like a teardrop falling on a old wrinkled face,
the red tear lets go,
and rides the waves of the air to the moist earth.

There, covering the emerald peach-fuzz,
protected near an ivory toadstool mottled with age,
it lay slowly losing luster, color, beauty.

As the waxing sun exhales through the wood, the leaf
is not alone.
Like the breaking of a cloud,
gold, auburn and fire fills the air,
as the elves scatter to their hiding spots amidst the
rustle.

There in this moment,
an owl alights on an decrepit arm above me
and looks,
Locked in an embrace,
I know,
he knows,
that this is a mystical union.
He huddles against the tree
as I turn and press my feet into the soil.
Onward away from the sun,
and through the shared sympathies of the wood.