

FALL DRAPES THE RIVER

Fall drapes the river.

The sun sets early behind hills

On which golden leaves struggle

Against the greater strength of wind and gravity.

The water is flattened by a breeze bearing snow,

Hardened into a mirror which bears the reddish rays

Of tribute, drawn from clouds by the parting sun.

Not all leaves are golden.

Green ones shut their eyes in the face of winter,

Dreaming of warm winds and gentle rains,

Pretending that the sun rules the world,

And will return to judge the courage of the faithful.

The golden ones accept their fate,

Seeing their end in the cold and bitter wind,

They pour into their final moments

All the color that filled their hopes and dreams,

And give those colors to the reflections of the stream.