

## Fall Day

The leaves are blowing,  
Kids run and play,  
A chilly feeling in the brisk air,

A gloomy overcast grows above,  
It gets darker by the minute,  
Shadows stretch and intertwine,

Laughing, and yells  
Bird songs and wind through grasses and trees,  
Frogs croak and insects chirp,  
Then,  
Silent.

What happened?  
Where did it go?  
In the stillness that follows,  
A sense of uncertainty hangs,  
The laughter fades and the yells of joy cease.

I remember the laughs and yells of joy,  
The sadness sets in now that I know its gone,  
Like the weight of clouds before it rains.  
An ache in my chest,  
Time slips away,  
Moments once bright, fade into dull.

Being human means not taking the past for granted.

By Elliot Hodorff