



The leaf

When I was young, I was **bright**, a home to others.

Multiple bright lights flashed at me as I stand **proudly** to their **compact digitals**.

I was living my **HIGHEST**, spreading **šmíleš** and faces of **awe** to people.

But, the hand on clock's face **never** stops ticking by.

Days pass by, then weeks.

I was getting **old**.

I lost my **vibrant** colours.

I felt vastly **weak**.

I felt **excluded**.

When its finally time, I **wither** d

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n.

Admiration became a thing that happens in the **past**.

Still I yearned for some day, people would realised how each and every is **unique**.

