



Night Poetry

George Freek¹

Leaves descend cheerfully,
and circle fraternally,
then fall into snug beds
when they're dead.
The sun disappears each night,
as the moon takes its place
but it's a phoenix-like fate.
Tonight night is a placid sea,
which overwhelms me.
It has no shore.
It doesn't roar,
But it creates shadows,
which, like lizards,
crawl along my floor.
They're a kind of poetry,
and poetry reflects life,
but I find there's no grief,
when they exit my back door,
leaving with the wind,
as it blows away dead leaves.

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