

The Last Leaf

by Neil Carpathios

Who can blame it
for not wanting to let go?

Days of sun on its face.
Days of rain on its tongue.
Memory of another leaf's skin
on its skin.

Does the tree speak leaf,
whisper

All the stars in the sky will be yours

but the tiny fingers and toes
just tighten their grip?

Snow, sleet, hail
don't dissuade it.

Every day I see it,
clinging,
stubborn,

and the tree, like a god,
noticing me watching
shrugs its shoulders,

a little embarrassed,
a little inspired

by something so in love
with life.