

# Leaves

by Elsie N. Brady

How silently they tumble down  
And come to rest upon the ground  
To lay a carpet, rich and rare, Beneath the  
trees without a care, Content to sleep,  
their work well done, Colours gleaming in  
the sun.

At other times, they wildly fly  
Until they nearly reach the sky. Twisting,  
turning through the air  
Till all the trees stand stark and bare.  
Exhausted, drop to earth below  
To wait, like children, for the snow.