

The tree and its leaves

Leaves fall, they fall slow
They feel the pain of letting go
They move swiftly in the wind not knowing where they're
going to go
Then they hit the ground, to wither and di

The tree feeling the hurt, its leaves are now gone
He feels the coldness, and loneliness
The ache of the absence
Since its leaves are no more

But now it has the hope
A heart full of joy
For next spring its leaves
With sprout and fill the emptiness he now has in its heart.