

Autumn Leaves

Out my window, I see only an infinite carpet of autumn leaves, scrupulously covering every part of the nearby rolling meadow.

Golden, orange, yellow, russet, and dark brown, they look like an unused painter's palette, a luscious cacophony of color that delights and cheers me.

So still, and sleeping cozily next to each other, the leaves rest innocently.

Suddenly an invading breeze arises and whisks them into the cool air, sending them scattering to unknown ports, like ships driven before an ocean tempest.

The bravest of the leaves escape the meadow entirely, cartwheeling down the street like boisterous children.

Then the wind wanes, and the leaves drift obediently back down, resuming their steady sleep.

Unannounced, the breeze returns, and more and more leaves are lifted from their somnolence into the freedom of flight.

The leaves swirl and dance and laugh in the streaming sunlight.

I, too, am lifted by the breeze.

It am lifted from my premature torpor into the dangerousness and deliciousness of flight.

My flight resuscitates my joy, reminds me of my freedom, rekindles my true Spirit.

I find myself a blissfully willing passenger, riding this breeze to my very own unknown port.

How deftly and gently the dancing leaves have helped to lift me from my own sleepy meadow into the sunny swirling adventure that life truly is.

