



The Autumn Leaves:

Grace Nguyen

Bright colors flutter from the sky,
landing gently on the ground, barely making a
sound.
Every step I take- crunch, crunch, crunch
overlap the soft whispers floating freely in my
mind.
Eerie voices give friendly reminders of their
glares, the fear that appears in their eyes.
They have no option but to turn away,
urge a distraction, speed walk to the next exit.
Their glances define me-my label is different.
I take a glimpse around me,
the shadows of trees, now naked,
showing their true features-the rough

branches that seem to be broken the stiffness of
their trunks,
the enormous roots, that are unobserved.
The real picture behind the scenes,
no longer covered by elliptical or cordate
leaves.
What a close resemblance they have with us.
Our scars aren't the only features,
but society perceives and assumes,
not aware of the emotions caged deep within,
or the long, tiring walks we've gone on just to
see a light in the dark.

I've activated the water droplets,
that I try so hard to not release
but they flood my face.

I'm trapped inside a bubble of doubt,
I've entered into an escape room
full of my thoughts, unable to break free.
If they didn't judge,
I wouldn't be a clashing leaf,
in a crowd of ordinary ones.

