



The Autumn Leaves:

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*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.*

