

## Autumn Leaf

by stylus Wednesday, Apr 18 2012, 9:53am

international / prose/poetry / literature



i once quipped  
to a disgruntled lover,  
*"i'll write you a love poem  
on an autumn leaf."*

(autumn, was intentionally  
selected).

i took a leaf  
from the ground  
freshly fallen,  
resting on top of  
a carpet  
of fallen leaves

i studied its  
shape and form  
its stunning syntax;  
half dried half moist,  
its pronounced veins  
tracking across its surface  
mapping its beauty,  
once feeding every cell  
and breathing pore

its serrated edge gave  
it character, an identity  
uniqueness,  
one of a kind  
like no other before  
or after --  
nature ensures difference,

originality,  
only foolish man  
clings pathologically  
to uniformity, routine --  
and the 'safety' of  
the known,  
so foreign to nature's  
designs.

they whipped me  
as a child  
for being different  
instinctively i recoiled  
from the given.  
then they tortured me  
as an adult  
for daring to cut  
my own course

not content with abuse  
and torture  
they jailed me  
hoping to rehabilitate  
me and make me a  
'productive' member  
of their (dead) society.

my lover pulled me  
to the ground  
attempting to draw my focus  
away from the exquisite beauty  
which had captured  
my attention

she could feel i was going,  
freeing myself from the tedium  
of the unreasonable

i had learned long ago  
how to enter nature's  
secret chambers  
and insulate myself  
from the unreasonable,  
the senseless horror  
the needless pain  
and futility of man's  
uniform, petty ways

she had learnt  
to go for my cock  
on these occasions,

her deft hands quickly releasing  
my phallus and placing it  
in her mouth  
in one movement  
she began her rhythmic  
motions  
moving her crotch  
against my body  
while she engaged in her art

but i had already departed  
tho my cock remained behind  
and obliged her desires

i remained transfixed,  
on the complexity  
and beauty of that leaf,  
which nature so easily creates  
and discards  
and began to laugh  
at man's 'great' works  
of art housed in galleries  
and museums around the world,  
a tragic legacy  
of an aberrant, vain  
and arrogant species

all humanity's achievements  
shamed by a leaf!

my lover smiled  
the semen in her mouth  
prevented her from  
speaking.