See
the thing about trees is they tell
fake stories. They make you believe
that their change is vibrant and bold.
They whisper in your ears, tell tall tales
of their many leaves. But what they don’t tell you –
is how the fall is actually a metaphor,
for the tree that fell…
that no one heard –
therefore, it didn’t happen.
How the orange and red that paint
their leaves is just a testimony for the hatred
they harbor for the ground and how –
when the fall is done,
and they’re bare and exposed,
they sit in embarrassment of the lies
they whispered in your ears.