

Fairy Tale

by Jason Curlin

The Wind Whirls around
through the Leaves Lifting them
Throwing them, and Twirling down
like lost Children in a large World
their formless Mouths crying,
But they fall down.

the Trees,
heedless of their Fates,
happily Ponder
little Things.

the Others,
spared from the Wind,
Turn away,
Hiding from their fallen Friends

And the Wind
Blows away
to another Forest
in another Land.

