

## VEINS

an orange-brown and burnt-red leaf falls  
almost unnoticed at my side, and for just  
a quiet moment gives respite to routine.

held up to a burning sun, its veins are revealed-  
the largest forms a backbone, feeding smaller  
ones, those splitting even further, diminishing  
smaller until fingers and eyes lose all trace.



veins cut off from their host, rootless and falling  
full of form but no longer forming.



exposed, no longer camouflaged in skin,  
highways of growth- some subtle, some unseen  
seamlessly cycling what's essential for life.

systematic veins, full of purpose and promise,  
restless and running in sun or shade, branching  
out then pulling in, reaching up to a swollen sun,  
reaching deep into a shifting earth, its mother,  
reaching out, touching sky and soil and water  
and us...organic networks living and breathing.

timeless, yet fragile and fleeting  
mindless, yet stirring thought  
heartless, yet pumping with life.

veins now etched in a burning sun  
flowing through leaf and fingers, through  
earth and branch and light and flesh  
giving breath to this falling day  
giving life to a fallen form  
dying and growing in circles.

