

Leaves

spinning gold,
 falling,
dancing, waltzing

the soft glimpse of bronzed relics

letting go, drifting away
slowly, softly, silently

wanderers

by Haley Post

The division

Like veins
pumping water

Chords of soft light reflect off the slightly slanted human figure
The mirror image disrupted by the constant ripple sent outward
The chalky rocks stained by