



Autumn

The leaves are falling, falling as
from far off,
as though far gardens withered
in the skies;
they are falling with denying
gestures.

And in the nights the heavy earth
is falling
from all the stars down into
loneliness.

We are all falling. This hand falls.
And look at others; it is in them
all.

And yet there is One who holds
this falling
endlessly gently in his hands.



Rosycompany.co.uk