

# Lights and Shadows

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## Autumn Leaves

Larry W. Adams

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## *Autumn Leaves*

Larry W. Adams

Hanging on until hope is gone,      We spin and spiral,  
drifting through the space of a universe,  
seeking the security of the solid earth.

No! We won't go!      The land of "what's next" we fear to enter,  
But go we must, we dare not linger,  
forced to leave by that unseen finger.

Pushed by a whirlwind of coming winter,      we do no more than has been done.  
Time after time, and one after another,  
we go the way all others have gone.

Who are we to break the cycle?      In a perfect plan we must not meddle.  
Let's leave our fate in hands so gentle,  
now that the course is run.

The final flinging, the wrenching leaving,      frightens us beyond believing,  
and yet believe we must.  
What once was living, caring, giving,  
is drawn beneath to turn to dust.