The Rustle of Leaves

Left there slipping ever so gently beneath the stones where it lay un-rested

Time challenges to summon the occasional question but leaves the glimpse always untested

Spoiling in borrowed coats come the many prognosticators thwarting the value to find

Barely to search with the asseveration and affirmation of self but never of that left behind

The Rustle of Leaves

Unused opportunities a-many squandered in senseless frolic of uncontrolled greed

Left the treasure buried in controversy where it lay unprovoked for any to give heed

And in countless cypher and myriadic exchange foolhardy confusion rushes in shame

To make certain the foil of chance to the regal advance and to the count among the name

The Rustle of Leaves

Undaunted of purpose and in fixation to rapture the earth quakes and is silent no more

Upheave the lost from every corner afar, to produce the very essence reached at destiny’s door

Search no longer, the appointment has its root and the branch has of each mystery to solve

Received in the transfer are the acknowledged of fall, glimpsing fully bright in spinning revolve

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