

# Poetry by Papi

## THE RUSTLE OF LEAVES

Papi - 07.13.07

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

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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

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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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