

# Poetry by Papi

## *When Leaves Fall and Roll Away*

Papi – November 20, 2011

**O**n some days one will find them floating as butterflies carried by the force of the passing wind  
**E**ffortlessly ... gracefully - gliding individually, as a dove descending willfully upon freedom's fall  
**F**rom bondage ... they release themselves, just as the season scouts days multiple, to find their end  
**E**minent determinations dictate the day - trust compels them to rest, just where, they hear the call  
**F**luttering suddenly ... as a single congregation - these participants scurry to join the bevy below  
**L**ike birds of the same feather each follows another and none clearly understand the events of day  
**W**as the wind kind ... was it harsh ... was it too quick or too late - does it order them stay ... or go  
**F**rom lofty summits they fall - devolving into an abyss to unconsciously roll this way or that way  
**T**hen ... the rain ... with or without the wind showing its lead ... makes the rest lose their final grip  
**A**nd this combined gravity reveals a partial source; the prevailing high power issues a new demand  
**O**nward they go in the circle of cycle, and the rotary wheel catches and releases them at its very tip  
**Y**et some seem to show up again and again - falling and falling and falling until ... they understand