

Mills Park on Marion Street

Little Tommy took fright
When a sudden breeze gusted
And mustered a battalion
Of hickory leaves,
Rattling them over the grass in our path.
Wide-eyed he witnessed the grim transformation
Of his peaceful park landscape
To a suddenly hostile, malevolent world
Where docile leaf litter could rise up with menace
And assail him in chattering terror.
“Don’t be afraid,”
I called out, demonstrating
How to stamp down the dry leaves,
Halting the flutter of their steady advance.
So one at a time
Tommy stomped them to bits,
Crunched the leaves into flakes that just winnowed away.
Now Tommy’s a man
And he’s bigger than me
And he’s not very fearful of much,
But he wears the same aspect of childish delight
When he tromps down his troubles and smiles.
Me - I panic a little to hear the leaves skitter,
See them rise up in my way,
And I can’t stop the onrushing windstorm of days.
Though I tramp ever desperate amid the wild flurry
The leaves just keep tumbling by.