

THE CHANGE

MADISON WILLIAMS

I start off small like a penny peanut.
And as I grow people have amazement,
Looking at my green beauty.
I am home to chattering birds,
Soaring squirrels, and detective insects.
The birds bring bickering chants.
The soaring squirrels bring excitement.
The detective insects bring new adventures.
This brings me much joy to know I am needed.
But then one day it happens,
I watch it all disappear.
Into autumn gold's that float down,
To the cold grown below.
Once those fall I have nothing at all.
The birds chant in warmer places.
The squirrels hide from sharp cold winds.
The insects find warmer crevice to adventure.
I feel empty, useless the joy I had is gone.
The people with amazement stares stay away from me now,
In fear of my silent destruction I don't mean to cause.
This is my first memory of this happening,
And I don't enjoy this emptiness.
So I just think back to the better days,
And wait for my green beauty
To return back to me.