

## Leaves

Two leaves, desiccated veins protruding, rustle in their slow twirling dance,  
Pause and lie motionless by chance.

Fear comes, coursing through the cold, suffocating as it wraps around.

My resolve slides unnoticed to the ground.

The sun, weak from winter's scourge, gently warms and I straighten boldly,  
Slip silently among the shadows coldly.

I step forward, through the wide portal, morphing seamlessly into the dank air within.

I'm defenceless, naked, thin.

I edge forward, joining those shadowy forms, retreat no more a choice.

My hand is dealt. I have no voice.

A single smile floats before me and I nod, too fearful to respond or recognise.

A fear that worldly folk despise.

The leaves twirl in the grey tarmac of my mind pushing focus far beyond my reach.

I clutch at fragments of their leafy speech.

I must stand firm and concentrate, though fate decrees the card I'll play,

My leaves are strength. I'll have my say.

Then frantic scribbles, anxious frowns. Torpor that once was is gone.

We stop. We know it's now game on!

Expectant eyes all turn to me. I squirm and wriggle where I sit.

Six no trumps? Not me! Oh sh.....t!!

by Gill