

Weightless

The leaves hung like empty chrysalis.
Once the hosts of so much life,
Left dry and weightless,
Swinging softly in the wind.

I sat and stared, envious
Of their unencumbered forms:
One long line of shells
Suspended from a branch
All spine and ribs,
Skin thin as paper.

How might it feel?
Not to cling
But to be suspended by
One single string?
Small yet strong enough
For wind and snow and rainfall.

And when blown eventually,
As leaves are prone to do,
They would not break but float
Softly, to a firmer ground.