

## *My Words*

My words are like autumn leaves

They follow the wind

And catch a last ray from the sun

To gather in my garden.

Do I burn them?

Or Let them work their seasonal way

Into the ground, composting,

Fertilizing my thoughts,

Retiring in wintry silence?

The sprouts of spring

In my garden, announce

Flowers, birds, and bees

Words reworded

Lines rewritten

Paraphrased and edited

And I hear, I listen to

The rebirth of poetry.

My words are like the summer leaves

Invincible, solidly attached

Basking in the sun

Washing in the mist

Dancing with the hummingbird:

They have life!

They aspire to be read,

To be the voices in the head

The sticky notes on a door

That give you pleasure.

I give you my words:

They are to be planted

In your garden.