

Leaves

by José Chiquito

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Leaves rejoice when the passing of the Wind is smooth and gentle. Wind can carry leaves and have them fly and see branches, trees, and beings that never occurred to a leaf. A leaf only sees endless seas of leaves and branches. The Wind will show a leaf the beauty of the World to ease it into another life.

In the beginning, my body unfurled
I was born in mid-air.
In mid-air, I feel the Sun's golden light filter through me.

In mid-air, I met the Wind
She is many spirits, they say.
The Wind has no memory,
But elder trees, do.

When the Wind is playful, I play.
When the Wind is bored,
Leaves endure her rough games.
When the Wind is gone, we worship.
We worship the Sun, our provider

Sometimes the Wind is restless and violent.
Elder trees remember and young leaves know.
So we all speak loudly, we try to remind her.
But the Wind cannot hear leaves nor trees.

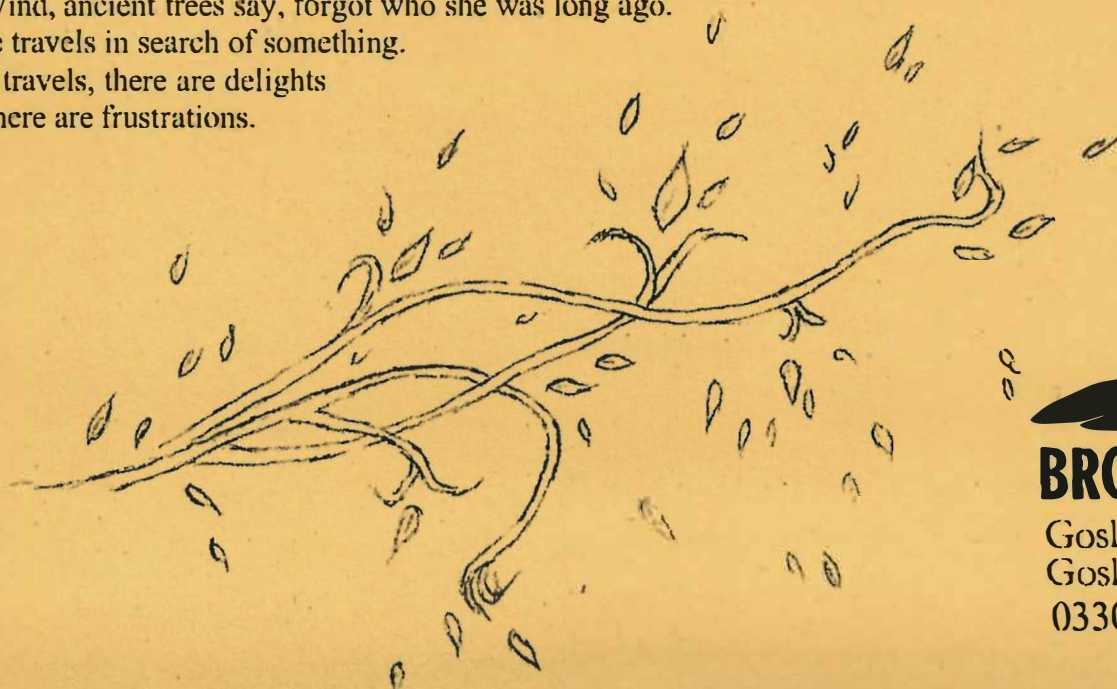
The Wind, ancient trees say, forgot who she was long ago.
So she travels in search of something.
In her travels, there are delights
And there are frustrations.

One day, her force will deafen her.
As I will weaken with colder days
As golden light becomes scarcer
My endurance will be beyond challenged

But I want to be taken by the Wind
Who is both a friend and a demon,
And many things in between.

One day, if she takes me in her spirits,
I will pray that her many spirits,
Who were once ancient trees,
Who are now boundless,
Realize their gifts of seeing the world.

I, on the other hand, will be content with
giving my frail body
I will be thankful for the spirits that carry
my body to the Earth,
Thankful that I will become more life.



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