

Be Leaves

(Believes)

By Aaron M. Hurvitz ©2021

Fall arrives. Green leaves sing in the morning's light, "Life is color!"

Dew kisses the leaves with drops that say, "I sustain you."

Aware that spring has passed, the wind whispers, "Not forever."

The leaves begin to mirror recent gold, red, yellow, and orange sunsets, ignoring the wind for days on end.

Annoyed, the wind bellows, "Spring has ended. Fall has arrived!" It chills the air, a cold reminder of its menacing role.

This story supports the Wisconsin Parkinson Association in memory of my father who passed away from Parkinson's. Please consider supporting WPA by scanning the code below to learn more.



Leaves shake and shudder yet hang on, ruffling unanimously back at the wind, "We will not fall."

The wind grows more annoyed and gathers

storm clouds, rumbling over and over, "All fall!"

The leaves see the storm approaching from the horizon. The cold wind whooshes and they waver left and right, pondering whether their fall is

near. Many leaves fall. Some dance with the wind, traveling somewhere distant, out of sight, and beyond the veil.

The storm clears, and the remaining leaves hang on despite fall, stubbornly turning deeper and bolder colors than before.

Mild days pass. Loneliness sets in. More leaves fall.

The last leaves see large piles of lost leaves below; a cushion were they to fall. More fall, a final swaying dance to the ground. But, some leaves are willful and headstrong. They turn brighter, angry, and defiant colors. They dance and sing from their twigs, "We will not fall."

Their protest reaches the wind, and it scowls. The wind readies an enormous storm and thunders from a distance, "All fall!" It repeats these words again and again, raising its volume as its storm grows and comes closer and closer for the leaves. Soon, a black storm darkens the sky.

The leaves quake, unable to discern day from night. The storm feels endless. More leaves fall.

An ethereal light pierces the blackness. The moonbeams suggest a haven awaits. Stubborn leaves sense the light and find comfort. More leaves fall, but some persist and hang on.

The wind inks over the moonlight with more dense clouds. Thunder roars, and lightning writes everywhere, "All fall."

Leaves wince and weaken but still hang on. The soft pile beneath them beckons, suggesting comfort.

More lightning strikes, piercing the dark sky with a cold blue all-powerful light. It fractures the deathly cloudscape as the wind thunders, "All fall." The wind's words echo endlessly.

The leaves quiver. Their limbs and veins wither. Their breath slowly rattles as if to silently say, "I am ready, but you must take me." They sit between both worlds, between trees of life and the darkness with its hints of magic welcoming light. Their colors fade, almost lifeless.

The wind bursts and grabs the leaves with cold purpose. It howls with satisfaction, "All fall." Leaves nearly everywhere succumb.

The next day it appears all the trees are bare. The wind gusts, "Wind wins!" and cedes its victorious dark cloudscape to dawn's sun.

The sun rises and feels for the fallen. High in the sky, it scolds the wind, "Take no delight when life falls. Life is beautiful, and you are nothing without me." The sun paints a double rainbow across the sky.

The wind sees the rainbows and becomes introspective. Despite its purpose, it feels melancholy. Through the following day its clouds cry into the ground and dissipate into the air, missing spring, when beginnings mattered, not endings.

Remarkably, the next day, some leaves still hang on to their trees. Their colors faded to earth tones. The trees soothe, "Remember the rainbows? That's your colors. That's home. It's okay to go."

A contemplative wind returns for the remaining leaves with so little life left in them. Their trees, bending to the inevitable, sadly welcome the

wind. The wind gently circles the remaining leaves, embraces them, and massages their tiny limbs connected to their trees. The leaves unhinge and fall.

The wind sees no leaf remains on any tree and rises to the sky, its primary mission complete.

The barren trees bristle toward the sky, silently asking, “Why?”

The wind heavily sighs, “All fall.”

The trees, devoid of color and filled with memories, hope they will see their leaves again. Their branches sway left and mourn. Their branches sway right and think, “Why?”

The wind’s last obligation is to inspect. It finds no leaves hanging. It rises above the landscape and exhales, “All fall.” Then the wind looks down. It no longer sees trees. Instead, it sees a landscape covered with leafless Y’s built upon Y’s built upon Y’s. Wherever the wind looks, it sees Y’s. It hears silent “Whys?” everywhere. The wind descends to the chilly ground. The empty trees grieve. The wind apologizes all over the landscape. It sighs warm regrets, and a moist nourishing fog envelops the land.

Amidst the mist, the earth hums, “There will always be leaves.” The melody floats gently all around the landscape. Whoever listens believes.