Leaf and wind

They kinda have a thing

Going on between them

Wind when it blows

Nobody knows

Whence it comes

Whither it goes.

But with leaves

It’s plain to see

The wind gust here

Piles leaves up there

Then shuffles down the street

To catch another leaf.

Likewise the leaf

How noble its greenery.

The cool shade comforts picnickers beneath

Or masks pirates amidst its branches.

And then the turn

The fall of autumnal colored leaves

About the lawn, betwixt the asters

Under the hedge.

Waiting … lying … wistful

For the wind to come again,

Again and again.

Leaf and wind.

Water and rock

How they collide, collude, contrive

To work against, and then together

To make a torrent of a river

How the rocks, so sturdy and strong

Resist the water and guide it along

Showing the way to stream to flow

Down de down down to the bay below.

How the rock weathers storms - -

And storms weather rocks

Rending them, inch by inch, flake by flake

Turning rock into dust, as water erupts

And chases the dust down to sea

And the rock becomes sand

Shaking hands with the land

Forever together apart

Water and rock

The toddler and gravity

They are twins, can’t you see

One without the other

Just wouldn’t be the same.

For as gravity draws and pulls baby down

Toddler gets up, gets her name

From the very same game

What goes up must come down

What drops from her hand

Soon will be found

Down on the ground

“Again!” toddler cries with glee

“Of course”, answers gravity,

Eager to please,

Ever so accommodating as ever could be

Drawing together

Close now forever

Toddler and gravity

You and me

Made for each other

We two as we read

This book, that story, a song and a poem

Together apart, we’re much the same.

Maybe a father and child, you and I.

Or your mom and her sister, your merry Aunt May.

Or maybe two friends, you and me, me and you.

Together we’re different

Apart we’re the same

Working and sharing

Caring and being

Together as friends

You and me