

## The Final Symphony

*N Dilepan*

*T*he leaves are falling even as I behold,

*They are dancing in gleeful groups,  
Swaying down in gentle symphony  
To the left, to the right, two by two.  
The wind blows strong but he blows not  
The leaves out of their entrancing concord,  
And the raindrops leave the darkened firmaments  
To join them in mirthful revelry.  
The raindrops trot, the leaves amble;  
Together they strike unison in the tumult  
In their quest for the damp camouflaged earth.  
The leaves, moistened with beads of droplets  
Glisten in a robe with a greener hue.  
The roads bear drops of dead leaves,  
But they appear shorn of their cadaverous look;  
They spare my eyes of the unending black.  
The leaves float down in jocund abandon  
No longer bound by the chains of life,  
O leaf, as you meander in this harmony  
You look more alive than dead.*



*Cactus Flower 2003*

