

# Upon Leaves Falling

Unprocessed

And everyday again  
Streams of violence  
The coves of conversance  
Hollowed by waves of fear  
Wet with tears  
And the bud melts in embers  
In the despondent flames of its birth

And he endures it  
And hopes for the end  
That will choke the blaze  
In which his sores burn

Senseless  
Is his childhood's sorrow  
Timeless  
Are the throes of her frantic strokes. (Senseless strokes)  
Upon Leaves Falling