

changing with the seasons
you are not the same person you were a year ago

this story starts in november
and so did my freedom
saying goodbye to you was finally shaking free
the most stubborn single leaf from a completely barren tree

what you left was a silhouette
after selfishly hoarding my colors
you only let others look at the dull leaves
that were quick to fall and be disregarded

i lived in fear of a vibrant autumn
turning to to a dull winter
but alas i saw quite the opposite
the second i left you

i was a tree with roots feebly planted
in the unhealthy soil that was mistaken for love
you sheltered me from the sun
so as to keep my dreams from lifting off the ground

i shed you like my coat of leaves
and prepared for the harsh winter to come
i have scars on my heart from the pain you put me through
my branches were feeble
but my structure remained strong

we met on a warm autumn day
and you wore your faded denim jacket
i remember you asked me if i ever looked up at the trees
that others simply walked past
and all i thought
was that finally someone like you existed

we continued our walks that autumn
and i saw a new beauty
not only in the leaves
but in life

the moon would become our canopy
and the wind our gentle guide
i can't remember exactly how the days turned to nights
or the routes we took

but i remember the way you made me feel
and how awakening became slightly easier
this year i see every tree the way i see you
and sometimes i still wonder
how people like you exist