

Post Horae

The leaves will turn, flame out to brilliant delight,
and wither away,
shades.

The snows will come, frost shining on dark boughs,
and all will melt,
ghosts.

The trees will bloom, flash lace and emerald jewels,
and the rains will cease,
shells.

The kids will shout, from heat-streaked playgrounds,
and their voices will age,
wraiths.

Nothing lasts longer than .