

## Henry Wolstat

### The Last Leaf

Stark blue sky,  
tree outside my window,  
one solitary leaf  
hanging from its branches,  
the frost covered ground.

Only last spring  
it was hopeful,  
buds waiting to blossom  
to a vibrant green.

Came fall, the green  
turned to hues of yellow  
and orange sparkling  
like gems, the sun  
beaming on the leaves.

The days grew shorter,  
colder, the foliage now  
brown and falling until  
one lonely leaf remained.

I hold on like that leaf  
in the autumn of my life,  
my contemporaries falling  
as withered leaves.

In time, I too, will  
wither and move on,  
but for now,  
I will greet the sun  
and moon each day  
and remain hopeful  
for the next generation.

**Henry Wolstat**, a retired psychiatrist in his late 80's lives in Brookline, MA with his wife. He is passionate about poetry, music, and running. His poems have been published in *Soul-Lit*, *Haikuniverse*, *Scissortail Quarterly* #4, *Sweetycat Press* and *Baseball Bard*.