

Ruby Kelley

Change

Aged verdant pines waving sharply in the wind
framed against the gray and threatening winter skies.
Ancient oaks, bare and knobby, weakly waving arthritic limbs
as bare persimmon trees give up their last leaves,
shuddering in the sharp winter wind,
defeated by nature and the inevitable change of season.

Brown crunches where once there was verdant grass,
trod upon and nibbled by creatures large and small,
seeking nourishment to warm the belly against the cold.
They sense it coming, see the trees denuded by the winds,
and know the longer nights and colder days are upon them,
so they eat now, while it is available, and store what they can.

All will be renewed in time, but now all nature simply rests
knowing instinctively that change will come.
Only by shedding the old can they become new.
So it is with all things and all people.
Change can come only when the old is put aside,
shaken off and removed from our sight,
Left behind forever.