

Signature

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Lone Leaf

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Moments

I'll sing of your beauty, admire your grace
 quietly, as we go strolling through the woods,
 smile at the smile of your radiant face,
 which is ranked as a treasure among Nature's goods;
 knowing that you are kind, that you do care,
 that you've changed for the better since we've met,
 though no one is perfect, for I am quite aware
 of your problems, faults, and mistakes, yet,
 Is not your price above jewels and gold?
 I carve our initials in an ancient oak
 ignoring a breeze chilled with October cold,
 while you seize yourself in your scarlet cloak.
 Colorful leaves fly by us, awed by your charms,
 then, slowly, silently, we lock our arms.

Roger Herrick is a junior English major in the teaching program. He says, "Writing is a source of adventure for me. I am obsessed with it."

Lone Leaf

I passed it just the other night
 and marveled at it the next day
 glancing again, again doubting my sight
 wondering how it hung on that way.

Why did that single leaf on a single tree
 refuse to drop in the twilight dim?
 Did it have some message for me?
 Why is it still part of that naked limb?

His brothers had left, they were all gone
 scattered by the fickle wind were they blown
 carried across the world and the lawn
 to faraway places, destinations unknown.

The lover endures in its suit of gold
 and now I think I finally know why
 because this life, despite all its dirt and its cold
 is worth it, so hang on to the day you die.

Life is too short and life is too dear
 and the sweet, like the bitter, has its due
 and to yield before you have to leave here
 is an insult to Him who made you.

And just today I walked across that lawn
 and there was that stubborn leaf —

—still hanging on.