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A Love That is Autumn Itself

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We exist only in autumn.
Every year, when the leaves begin to change color,
We become just as vibrant.
We are fiery reds, brilliant oranges, bright yellows.
Together we are strikingly beautiful.
We dance like leaves in the wind,
Circling,
Spinning,
Kissing,
Through the crisp fall air.
And every year,
When the leaves begin to dry,
And the air grows colder,
We begin to lose our color.
We are as dry as the debris on the ground.
We exist only in autumn,
Because we never last
Through winter.

A Love that is Autumn Itself | DANIELLE PIERCE