

Small Things

Late Night Alumni

Air transitions, hums tradition, shakes the park upside down.
A curious contrast, a coloring contest, brightly covers the ground.

Small things; they're all involuntary. My colors dim and vary and one by one fall from grace.
To my feet, they cling unintentionally from the front porch to the side street, dying happily, happily.

The sky has stepped out, my shade has come down. My shadow cannot withstand.
The sharp of its face trims my heart with lace. I flutter into the hands of circumstance.

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