

Stillness

I sit on the crest of a hill
watching the abundant array of trees
basking in the bright sunlight,
and bending in the crisp March wind.
The silence is disturbed by the rumbling
of dry leaves hanging
by their meek branches.
Not wanting to break and fall to the earth,
a few birds come and take refuge
on the outstretched limbs.
The sun now is quickly disappearing.
My time has come to go.
Still I listen to the faint rumbling
of the leaves.
I too, am reluctant to leave.

Poetry excerpt from *Thoughts From Within*, by Carol Giacomucci