

casualties of trees and seasons.

autumn is the season (~~of rot~~).

leaves light aflame, changing to **bright red** and **orange** and **yellow**

blazing **bright**; seeking to be just one (*last*) bit of warmth; one (*last*) light;

*before the trees they love **cut** them off forever
and abandon them to be piled in a carpet of betrayal,*

~~trampled by~~ rain and cheerful ignorant feet.

this autumn, i am a tree.

winter announces its approach in my hollow wooden bones,

(cold pain pooling in my heart as a sign; don't cry; don't cry).

i feel the cold, and just as the trees,

so too i remind myself that the easiest way to survive the cold is to be(come) ~~like~~ it.

my hands are the first to go, *(freezing and shaking and peeling)*

hands crying ~~the tears my eyes won't let fall~~; my palms slick with cold sweat—

skin crumbling and falling apart from the effects of my deterioration ~~and loneliness~~

too weak to contain the cold (that spreads inside of me; the one that you don't see.)

the lake in my chest freezes, solid and gleaming and polished clean

*(so no one will ever see the thin cracks spread just underneath its surface, ~~the me about to~~
~~break~~.)*

this autumn, i am a leaf; *wearing desperation as a sweater (and holding onto you by a pinky);*

sparks ablaze; *wishing to be remembered (oh, to be more than a dusty memory)*

if only i burn bright enough; *will you keep me around if i do?*

only to be cast aside ~~by you,~~

*(to remember that i need you more than you need me) (~~and "forever" was just a promise never~~
~~spoken~~),*

drifting downwards hopelessly, aimlessly

spinning to join the crumpled army below me

another sad soldier in a sea of corpses and decay.