

Unity

I have found no joy
in the subtle coax of autumn breeze,
nor in the spirited descent
of multitudes of dying leaves.

I have no love for the sudden
scent of approaching cold,
no endearment to the bundled
children, young and old.

It is the unity of all these things
that weighs wonderfully upon my heart;
the breeze, the dance, the scent of life—
my relation to its parts.

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