

# Leaves

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## Poetry

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he got out of the building where he was working,  
he slowed his foot steps in front of a yellow maple,  
he wanted to cross the street to rest on a bench under the maple, but a car stopped beside him honking, he hesitated for a moment before getting in  
at home  
he did all those small chores that he did not even notice anymore thinking about the maple,  
its image  
was lightening his cold, dark home  
he was wiping the dishes, nodding, smiling for himself, he recognized in the branches her round arms, a little curved  
breaking through the small sleeves  
of the yellow t-shirt,  
as she was entering the house, she would hinge on his neck,  
then the t-shirt thrown on the cement in the hallway  
something of that yellow remained in the eyes, on the skin



the next day he took his camera, he left earlier  
he entered the park, he looked for the maple, but he did not find it,  
it did not stand out  
from the other trees anymore, it did not cast  
imposing tubes  
lightened by leafs anymore,  
the light was not adjusted anymore to those metallic, tinny shadows  
such as to make it burn,  
the maple  
was now too naked, only yesterday it had so many leafs such as to appear like this,  
as much as he moved around the park he did not see a thing, only the thick bed of leafs on the ground  
the maple was not there  
just a naked tree among other naked trees,  
he crossed the street and entered the building

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