

Leaving

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [October 2023](#) issue

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How dutifully Fall's coppery leaves
layer themselves, the earlier fallen having
spread a first carpet over the dry rug of gravel
and October grass. Steep hillsides are flush
with ruddy foliage, the old leaves on the vine maples
preach how senescence may be a lovely thing.

Yet I cry about the losses, the inevitable decay,
and pray, with small remaining fragments of memory,
for my interior loves (like buffing my old
wooden writing desk with soft cloth until
it gleams, smelling of oil).

May what is yet to be borne in memory be,
at least for now, sustained. Here, in this moment,
I yearn to learn the discipline of seeing something
treasured, watching it pass, then letting it go.
Letting it go.