

Fractals

Calvin Olsen

Dwarfed by other forms of life, the leaves fall
into this world without cadence that changes colors
each time it kisses something goodbye.

Adieu—to God—that is the type of farewell
we all seek in our own way.
You are new in my life, measure how you will.

One day you will be older than everyone,
assuming nothing invisible calls your name early.
Until then, I will teach you my language.

The trick is not guessing where the leaves will land;
the trick is deciding where they started
before the drying spot they left has time to forget.

Apologies: this poem only illuminates
the paradox of poems: write them down
and the feeling is gone, wait

and the feeling is gone. I stopped
to eat, it crept down the stairs
to blow away in the wind. I hope

the holes will slow it down.
In the fuss of these half-colored fragments of trees
your eyes are the only blue.