

Winter represents death

The tree is standing, but its branches are crooked and its leaves are wilting—orange drops scattered across the sidewalk, yellowing at the edges. The tree is standing, but its head is hung low, like an ashamed grandfather, its fingers thinning into brittle sticks that only are used for holding oolong tea. The tree is standing, but its bark is cracking, skin wrinkling unto itself, shrinking until no one notices its figure. I am also standing, watching its isolation from a distance, bundled in a thick black jacket, which doesn't help the cold. I am also standing, every exhale freezing into white mist, creating empty silhouettes that dance on the window. I am also standing, cheeks reddening into sun dried apples, hands naked in the air like a lost child hunting for someone long after fall has passed. The tree is still standing, but gets tousled by the wind, swaying, almost kneeling, in repentance. I am also still standing, the wind blowing my strands of hair in my eyes, so blinding, so cold, that I wrap my jacket tighter and turn my back away.