Sitting in Autumn

 The silent playground

 acts as a freed cage

 where I spread my wings

 and fly to nowhere.

 Elevated on the playground steel,

 gazing at the vast blue sheet

 staring back at me

 with the wide eyes of the sky.

 It sends its regards,

 gusts of wind to greet me

 as I fail to respond,

 and my eyes shift to the scarlet oak tree.

 Grounded, but free

 the golden leaves

 fall to the ground

 and find themselves with me.

 Half-pint clouds roll in,

 obscuring my view

 for a brief moment

 before returning the sky to me.