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.