

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **The Way of Leaves**

By Barbara Siegel Carlson

The leaves hang together,  
but each falls alone.

Yesterday a leaf fell  
among many, unheard.

While it was falling  
it swayed—for that moment.

Somewhere now  
a leaf lets go.

And another, one  
by one all over the world,

leaving the same color stain,  
the same earth scent,

the same wordless lament  
for their passage.