

A Loose Leaf by Jocelyn Osoria

Stuck within a limbo of life
And my freedom is out of reach.
Of all nature, I'm just a leaf,
No self, but safe, and pally strife.

Till eight-teen years do us a-part,
Thus confined to the mother tree.
Summer surrenders, I am free,
Twice born, fallen to realms of naught.

No root to hold thee to the ground,
A storm remits and splashes shame.
Unearthly whips from ghostly chains,
Hopeful spirits are put to drown.

Battered is the heart, and badly torn,
Holes sprinkled, my own faulted stars;
A fate I would of thought bizarre,
All before vowed life was born.

What to give for a petty jest,
How to stomp a dubious thought,
Her wisdom I, the fool, had fought,
What to give for a lengthy rest.

Never before felt voidful space,
Couldn't recover smashed pieces;
Joyous traits of a prior being,
This fleeting life I'll never chase.