



I fall in love with the whispers; the rustling of the trees.  
The leaves are lemon lime yellow and chartreuse green.  
They are turning colors; not yet burnt orange  
or fire engine red but they'll get there as I wander.  
I am trying to find myself in the creeks and streams.  
My reflection haunting me; I try to wash my face clean  
to show the beauty that lies within the rib cage of this body;  
the body that is from the ground, from the sun, the moon,  
from the trees... Mother nature, please tell me you want me.  
Tell me, I'm worthy.

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