

*Survival: It's an Annual Affair*

Telegraph wires resonate  
unscored symphonies  
a stave of hope to weary feet  
homeward bound  
we are muddled survivors  
of a day's long roaming.

Russet, the leaves  
scent the forest with decay.  
Nature has shed her skin of covering  
a dance of foliage, dusted in wind  
renewal is come.

There is change afoot in the world  
and we are its only witnesses:  
passive of its beauty  
helpless to its renewal  
guests at its rich buffet.

*(Finalist – Globe Soup Micro Writing Competition 2020 – Survival)*

*Amanda Hurley*