

## Autumn Elegy

you know it is autumn when you find  
a leaf more red than you can imagine

near death comes their most brilliant hue, each vein  
splayed out in vain. my mom has a habit of leaving

them tucked between odd pages in books  
for me to find months later and their breathless

corpses sing. the night before her lung surgery  
my mom locked herself in her office room

and wrote a note to her three year old son  
so that I would not forget her.

I weep for the day that I cannot recall the tones  
of my mother's voice, her laugh, when all I remember

are the dim outlines of her love, when she has faded  
from my eye and I will have to find a photo to see her

until the pages are forgot and some of what we leave is lost  
as we flutter through this red and burning future

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