



## WISHING LEAVES

By Wayne Visser

We sat upon the bench that autumn night  
And basked beneath the moon's cool silver light  
While waves of traffic lapped the park's green shore  
And squirrel's rushed to fill their acorn store

A gust of wind set off a whispered sigh  
Among the trees that leaned against the sky  
We listened hard to catch their secret words  
Between the chirping chatter of the birds

Then as we turned our faces to the moon  
Our hands entwined, our hearts in sync, in tune  
We felt the fingers of the silken breeze  
And made our wishes on the falling leaves

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