The Autumn of My Days

The days grow short,
they're cold and bleak;
the year comes near its end.

I look outside my window now
and watch thick, gray clouds
driven by the wind.

Leaves swirl around the trees,
diminutive cyclones of faded brown.

Sparse remnants can be found
of autumn's early palette;
life prepares for its whitened slumber.

Dreams, like leaves,
have faded and fallen –
compost for the pile.

What bloomed and spread in longer days,
now lost,
a fugitive memory.
No time left for triumphs,
great or small;
life becomes an aching struggle,
meeting demands unreasonable.

Who understands?
Escape:

fantasized, but not possible;

> unrealistic <

now with plastic chains I'm bound,
their burden onerously oppressive;
they bond my good behavior.

All will wither with the impending frost.

*by Al deAprix*