The Last Leaf
By Siham

As the last leaf of the biggest tree falls,
Another scrap appears in the landscape that all creatures have abandoned.
Leaving a huge, quiet place for the ogre..
Where the Olympus gods,
The planets and elves
Keep judging him..
The last leaf is
Now the final piece of the
Long gone elves’ hole
Where all the trees show only your deepest thought and conflict
Where you lose the right path, just as the ogre did.
Soon arrives the sweet, cold wind.
It blows on the
Huge wide eyes of the creature, leaving him breathless with the
Short, silly thought:
Hope
To escape his dilemma.
But the journey has just began
All of Olympus is watching, waiting for the first sight as the ogre walks through the
Scratched mirror of another world..
Through the hewn tree, where the others used to consecrate.. now just discarded wood.
Suddenly, the last leaf becomes dust,
Dust to guide the lonely creature
On his journey..
For the Olympians who put a quest upon his fragile head.