**Red Maple Leaves, White Catkins**

Feiya Zhang

My heart wishes for simpler times,

when we were children, and our eyes

sparkled

- every joy and misery contained

inside a rolling marble,

coloured green,

and yellow.

Now, our hands searching

through the years

cannot delight in simple

pleasures.

Letting go, holding on –

who can say which

is right or wrong?

- - -

Yesterday, I saw you

unknotting your

heart,

your hands red as

maple leaves in autumn,

shaking in the wind.

In the fraying noon

light, your neck

wilting

- a white willow catkin,

unbearable, and slender,

bending

to the ground.

And I wished

for much simpler times,

when we were children

with sparkling eyes.