**Leaf of an Evergreen Tree**

Mehak Goyal

The wind whispers around me.

“See the beautiful world. Fly with me.

Glorious adventures await you.”

*Please, take me.*

Thunder roars,

“The wind jests. There is no paradise.

You will be reduced to ash by the world.”

*No, no, there must be a way.*

Meanwhile, a raindrop perches on me.

“I don’t want to fall into the ground

and disappear. Carry me.”

*Latch on.*

The branch grips my petiole.

“Curvy margin, swollen veins, blunt blade.

You can’t survive out there.”

*Sway. Sway. Sway. Stay.*

The wind flies away.