Pine and Maple

his cousin's needles
don't fear autumn's bracing chill,
nor light's fading warmth,

nor winter's fierce wind,
nor snow's pressing weight upon
her sturdy green spines

though our roots run deep,
we reveal our own colors
in life's fourth season

this maple knows his
fate: he's seen autumn's signs he'll
fail December's test

sighing in quiet
acceptance of nature's will,
he bids her farewell



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