

Ah, a blustery day with kites a-flying and flags a-flapping. The poetic verses almost write themselves! And, of course, the leaves (WHITE OAK, MAPLE, ELM & GINKGO – you know them by leaf shape; you know them by name) all flitting their way for a spell willy-nilly to the earth below – always heading down – or if not down, at least down-wind. What could serve as a better symbol of this glorious season? But before you write some afore-mentioned verses with your pen flitting its way across this page, consider what you might win if you were to bet someone a good sum of money that four such leaves might all land on the exact same spot.

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