



## Clean

**By Jenny Rawlings**

With its perfectly straight veins,  
The leaf knows when to change,  
That it cannot remain  
On the tree to which it is chained.

As it falls, it forgets, the thin mist  
Obscuring all but one important detail—  
Knowledge, complicated, but beginning to untwist.  
Drifting gently into the water, red turns pale;  
Then it is gone.