

# Equinox

*A. Anupama*

Every one flying away sure  
as  
the last robin  
of autumn  
which no one notices, flown away,  
yellow leaves blown away  
or turned  
dry brown, red  
no choice  
change the season  
no choice  
change the season  
to spring  
and bloom until you fall off the  
trees  
tease  
the robin's  
toes with petals.