The Mathematics of Autumn

Laura Searles

As leaves fall down and converge in piles,

Arrayed about in different styles,

Transformed in ways that are so precise,

Give thanks that this is without price.

For leaves that blow with accuracy,

That fall down from these massive trees,

Show ordered chaos in indices:

Functions of the blowing breeze.

With maps of limits and derivatives,

Dying leaves fall down from trees that live,

Preparing for winter and for cold,

 With little error in their fold.

With areas of integration

From this positive operation,

The tree steals food from its leaves,

Leaving them with little identity.

With questions of equality,

The leaves discover the color green

Is gone from their extremities

Replaced with red and yellow series.

The leaves though know it won’t last long,

And soon they’ll be free to blow in song

And dance their way through the blowing wind

To differentiate people into a grin.

Autumn in all gives us a call

To work and prepare for the coming stall

In warmth and to make way

For snow later in the coming days.

Do you see the beauty in the trees?

The beauty in the falling leaves?

Take note of all these memories,

And remember all the loving leaves

Who gave you such astounding awe

And prepared the Valley for the end of Fall.