

Once I had a dream.
It was fall and I was
not me but a tiny seed
suddenly swept away
by the wind and rain of
the season. I was taken
to a place far away from
my home and other familiar
comforts that I had always known.





This was not a bad place, but one that was strange and sometimes scary. It was a place of certain solitude and one where I would be alone for quite some time.

Through the fall and winter, I made a nest for myself in a secluded nook, carving out a place of rest among the fallen leaves and branches. I lived from day to day, weathering the changes of the seasons and lonely times as best I could.





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Thank you!

Felicia Brown

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