

From Unbroken #44:

*Spectacular Passages*

Lev Raphael

The Trees Reveal Their Secrets

Who knew that the maple leaves could turn bright scarlet in our pre-war neighborhood? The sassafras leaves would blush like peaches? And the juicy pale green leaves of the giant Ginkgo in our front yard morph to Empire Yellow, dropping all in one day like velvet snow if it was cold enough the night before? Those days, they lie in heaps like treasure piled up around a barbaric sovereign on his throne. The branches of every tree spread out fierce and wide, no longer coated in softness, and as I walk the car-less streets I have entered the world of an early Braque collage, a world most dominated by grays and tans and browns. No matter the tree, its nudity is mute amid the fallen leaves, mute and sculptural. This beauty — unknown to me before — has power to still my restless mind. That is their true secret: they rule these streets. I wish I had the words to speak to them — but this will have to do.