Autumn, the beginning of the end.

A golden leaf danced down in an invisible spiral of breeze. It shivered slightly, as if it could have been whisked away any time by the grip of the frosty wind, but it continued down it’s twisting course. The wide avenue beamed under the ray of the sun, shining through a thin layer of grey cloud like milk stain on a glass. The trees were not green but were scarlets and gold. The usual bleak concrete sidewalk was decorated with their temporary beauty. In just a few weeks, they will stand naked in the frozen air bereft of their happiness.

Autumn’s sweet breath chilled the sleepy land: a curtain of fog descending upon the hill, the park, the streets.  The air was made cooler by the earthy elixir - bringing to mind a cozy evening with momma’s warm hot chocolate.

        The silence in the outskirts of the park and my lack of connection and communication with other living things, made me appear apathetic on this bench. Nothing was pretty enough to catch my eyes. Millions of colours of paints scattered around on one blank sheet, blended into a brownish mess. Nature’s noisiness, trapped between the boundaries of human and environment, struggled to break free. Crowds of noisy strangers exchanged long, meaningless conversations that headed nowhere; making fake friends, complimenting each other with their mouth but not with their hearts.

        Not red but a small, bright, yellowish blur was in the corner of my eyes. Another dancing leaf? No, it’s something big, moving steadily, just going with the flow. Nature? Art? No its nothing to do with anything like that. It was a human; it was a girl. Not too tall but not too short, 5’0” tall, fit, with an hourglass figure. Her moon shadow black hair cascaded down over her shoulder, absorbing surrounding lights, unlike her bright orange dress that begged for my attention. Her tattered converse around her heels didn’t match her attire but she managed them to look majestic. Thick eyebrows framed her baby blue eyes, soft wisps hair formed a crown on her head. A pair of hipster Ray Bans sat comfortably on the bridge of her nose. The pom-pom on her azure beanie bobbed as she walked down the street. Is this beauty? No, its beyond beauty. I couldn’t help but stop to stare, she took my breath away. I was so into her but she climbed up the stairway to heaven and disappeared into a welcoming room filled with positive energy.

She was alluring. She wasn’t like the girls you see on billboards or magazines; her innocent smile and timid behavior made her adorable. My words, they cannot do justice to her perfect appearance; it’s an enormous understatement to call her human when your eyes could see that she was gifted with the features of an angel. But i didn’t get the chance to talk to her, don’t even know her name, and I knew I would never see her again.

Well I am used to it. I laid back on my bench with lost hopes, staring at the sky and praying that i get to see her again.