



# Near the End of a Year of Death

*In memory of my late sister Kim*

All at once the wind  
hurls thousands of fallen leaves  
skywards from Hyde Park

The wind grabs hold of  
a whole year's shed leaves and flings  
them over Hyde Park

One moment sees the wind  
sweep all this autumn's dead  
leaves across Hyde Park

as if all the fallen  
leaves of London are dancing  
above Hyde Park

This sudden gust and  
all the red leaves of London  
heave up from Hyde Park.

*Rogan Wolf*

*Kim died a few months before this poem was written. Each of these five haiku describes the same moment in Hyde Park, London. Kim always loved a strong wind and would have liked to hear this poem read out very energetically.*

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