

The Special Meaning of Autumn

When the leaves turn into a golden shade,
Then fall from the twigs,
On the trees,
To the ground,
There is a crunch,
In our walk,
It is almost,
Invigorating
Birds are humming,
It's Fall.

My joy is contagious as the song is made,
To the beat of the jig,
The autumn breeze,
There is no bound,
To my hunch,
As I gawk,
At the toast,
Vacating,
With the new season coming,
Yes, Fall.
I stand there watching while growing so frayed,
Will the fall give way,
To the winter freeze,
Oh, the sound
Of the rain
And the clouds
Long nights
Indicating,
Last rays of the warmth of sun,
This fall.

Yet I am told that the brightest sun will fade,
Yes, the days of the grey,
Will be none to sneeze.
But I found,
That the pain,
Is what plows
Vivid light,
Awaiting,
When the spring and summer will come.
Then fall.



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