

Shades of Autumn



Leaves falling, like silent whispers,
Underfoot lay quiet and still,
Whilst poetic shades of distant sun,
Shadow squirrels, as they fill
Their larders with acorns ripe,
Dropped from majestic oak,
On land which lies a-sleeping,
Beneath a misty cloak.

Mellow moments lay all around,
Caressing near-naked trees,
Nature itself is resting now,
Amongst bronzed latent leaves.
Silence broken, twigs crisply snapped
By walker, underfoot,
In a middle-age of contentedness,
Rests awhile to look.

An inner satisfaction, gleaned,
At all this fruitfulness,
Glowing colours with such vibrancy,
Sheer beauty, at its best.
But all too soon the days grow old,
Dark velvet skies appear,
Shades of autumn gone, forever more,
Until this time next year.

