

AUTUMN

Autumn, or as some say, Fall,
Seems to paint in sunset hues—
Yellows, oranges, scarlets—all
Echoing the cyclic news:
Summer's done! It's winter's call!

Leafy arbor garb is tossed
Down on dying grass and ground.
Summer's verdant vesture lost,
By brisk thieving breezes found.
Morning sprays them all with frost.

Chirping ceases; feathers flee.
Autumn drives the beasts away
Into sleep or poverty
To await another day,
Springing forth with growth and glee.

— *David L. Hatton, 2/8/2016*