

Autumn's Peril

By : willetgrome

There is a universal semblance in nature between all things; one story is invariably the story of another if one has the perspicacity to glean and I am lucky to bear witness to one of nature's most symbolic transitions. Just remember as you read that one story is invariably the story of another.



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Autumn's Peril

The leaves,
sable fallen,
depart the trees,
retake the soil.

Autumn's peril approaches,
mocking the dreams of summer
to stay the deathly grip but for a while.

Vainly, the last quests of that fairest clime are undertaken,
beseeching the cruel onset, mercy!
On the brilliance of its long shadow casting days;
when her gains are in the height to prosper,
when her glens and meads are to Eden's envy,
solving a courser sun through the dappled permeations of rays,
shinning though a brighter stage of self evoking,
while the leaves, in mirthful patterns still flicker,
holding fast to a dying dream summer had.

Of contentment that betides the luxury of pacific times.
Of fleeting pearls that in crystal founts freely flowing,
reflect the smiling brightness of that blissful, unwanted age
that is the very serenity of ease,
a careless state is being,

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being in that resting place of sweet green
where comfort's contentment is joy's knowing,
and not lost on wonder,
the grail of providence is a dream of this.

Dreams that summer had,
licking us with the anodyne of lilies placid,
gentle mists streaking amber airs betwixt sylvan shrines,
married to the dappled rays ,
warm and cooling shadows trade as aptly,
shapes and colors fantastic
as phantasms trade in sleep,
visions of the real with images unsound,
and all this wonder, wonders at the illustrious mystery of life so fleeting;
transient grace,
fleeting as all dreams of summer.

The dream of summer reflects on ease
and strays by hours of need.
A brittle movement of frigid air;
voice of the black gospel that withers the plump verdure
of summer's free, unfettered conscience
and strips the trees of their stolid, intractible empire,
scattered careless from the flinty bones of their ashen ruin.

The head of each balding arbor

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like a mind fallen grave to somber season;
and they weep,
tearing up with so many leaves,
sorry for the loss of summer's dream.

Eden's envy anguishes the waning length of days.

The sun blinks faster;
the darkest days keep dormant,
in a mind that is frozen,
a memory of that innocent age that bitter cold
stole from us.

Summer is the brightest,
and we are in the summer of our years,
but winter is the longest season,
and winter always returns to haunt the halls of sylvan palace,
and crowns of highest hills,
to blight on green that is the colour of life's favorite scenes.

For every dream summer has
autumns's peril threatens.

JKM

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