

Autumn Memories

By : Mistress of Word Play

Autumn is a beautiful yet tragic season. I was inspired years ago to write this on a sunny fall day.



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Pensively stands the once green corn,
and she hangs her head as though to mourn,
forgotten springtime and the summer,
the loveliness which was taken from her.
Think not on those by-gone days,
the cherished, yet forsaken ways.
Dream instead of tomorrow,
when there will be no more sorrow.

Silently the trees in autumn weep,
for through the winter they must sleep.
Come again warm winds of spring,
to those bare branches new life will bring.
Grieve not for your yesterday,
those sweetly scented fields of hay.
Believe instead that today is fair,
and you need never have a care.

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