

The Last of Autumn's Leaves

By : Mistress of Word Play

Here where Gary and I live the leaves are all but gone. This is something I wrote for Gary.



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All the colored faces of the leaves
floating there atop the silver pools of rain
and the north wind it does sigh and grieves.
It gently sings and softly plays its refrain.

I am here inside this sanctuary of dreams
a passive observer of autumn's last days
dreaming of spring and swollen streams
and the riches of life springtime displays.

Soon winter will topple this season's rule.
Nature will sleep as cold and snow ensue.
Those dark months will seem so cruel
but I can endure them just being with you.

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