

AUTUMN

THE AUTUMN LEAVES,
DO SALUTE THE TREES,
AND BID A FOND FAREWELL,
AS DO THE WEAKEST BRANCHES AND TWIGS,
AS KINDLING,
ON FOREST FLOOR THEY NOW DWELL,
THE GOLDEN COLOUR BRIEF LINGERING,
A TREAT FOR ALL TO SEE,
FEAR NOT FOR YOUR MEANDERINGS,
FOR IN SPRING YOU WILL SEE,
A FOREST FLOOR THAT'S READY MORE,
A SHOW THAT IS FOR FREE.

By

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