

## **POEM: AUTUMN**

*-Sarah Fathima*

When the sturdy towering trees wear their resplendent cloak of green  
Each leaf lustrous, dainty, and fresh as the dew of dawn  
Vain look the trees; mighty, conceitful, and proud  
They know not that their gorgeous green attire they will eventually moult  
And then there is a change of winds and the seasons somersault  
Without a feeble whisper, the leaves, as if in a spell, magically transform  
Into shades of crimson, red, ochre, and gold  
A blushing deep scarlet, hazel, and caramel brown  
Whilst the pert squirrels in their whims and fancies hide their nuts and acorns  
In nooks and crannies  
Rain down the rustling leaves, crisp reminders  
That, as the trees shed their beautiful leaves to look bare, stark, and gnarled  
All beauty, too, is not a joy forever, but a deceitful season that will inevitably  
Melt into nostalgic reminiscence, numb and solemn, not like it once was.