

Poem: Autumn

By Sarah Fathima

When the sturdy, towering trees
wear their resplendent cloak of green.
Each leaf is 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
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.

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