

## Poem: Autumn

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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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