

Autumn

I feel my thoughtful eyes being warmly drawn
 inside the parlor where beauty stirs
She sighs in ecstasy, robed with colored flair
 and leads me into the candor of nature's delight
I sense joyous delirium arising from autumnal whiffs
 and inclusions of my world in her autumn dance
My thought turns away from the glory to its meaning
 and my relishing turns to fear
“Are these leaves and their spectacle really dying?”
 “death can not be so lovely”, I thought,
But then relief breathes, for right I was...
 these turnings are not a mellowed death
Rather, fall's rotation is but another stage of life
 a maturity squeezed through leaves once green
Hillsides and valleys in rainbowed crescendo
 exploding gently like a paint store all mixed up
Contents splashing wildly and randomly everywhere
 on these Tennessee hills and winding roads
“Death is not here”, whispers my heart
 Summer's glory meanders through my eyes
Soon the trails and happy skies and trees will rest
 growth's limit this year will snooze in the woods
Work is done, shedding of the harvest draws to a close
 my heart is tugged in the parlor by memory and hope
Winter comes to repose, laughing at those who think of death
 and Autumn's child knows Spring is in her womb

