

## **Autumn Leaves**

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In the pale moonlight, silent shadows dance on the garden wall,  
and the weeping of the willow can be heard in the cool Autumn breeze.  
The crickets play their last crescendo, as a lonely loon sings its melancholy call.  
Like tiny magic carpets, they glide to and fro as they tumble in colors of bold... red,  
persimmon, and some as yellow as bright shiny gold, where they will forever rest on  
Nature's earthen breast.

Autumn trees

Autumn leaves

Oh! How I love Autumn...  
dressed in her beautiful  
multi-colored gown of Autumn leaves.

Jackie R. Kays

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