

## Autumn

It is the time of the spiders  
A waiting time

On webs of fragile woven steel  
Freighted by dew  
Rippled by wind

A time of casual perfection  
Of burnished, glowing conkers  
Scattered across the path

One by one they must have fallen  
In the night, or dawn, or day—  
Did no one hear? Was no one there?

Leaves curl, and crisp, and fall  
The colours crying change.

It is the time of the starlings  
A wheeling time  
A time of murmured rumours in the sky  
As sunset embers burn the edge of day.

Below, the dusk is smudging out the land.  
The light fades.  
Silence echoes in the air.  
The moon  
huge  
weightless  
rises.

*Gillian Somerscales*