

Autumn Show

Green degenerates to brown.
Days of dullness, rain and mud
Trudge one by one all through October.
Roses moulder in the bud.

Then pumpkin-like, the blazing sun
Transmutes drab brown to gold and flame.
Late Autumn promises a show
Tomorrow, when we walk the lane.

Frost has struck and stripped the trees.
Odd leaves hang awkward. But below,
Our feet sink deep in thick piled gold,
A grounded, walk-in Autumn show.