

Autumn Leaves
By Jeff Varanyak

Autumn leaves fell
Crimson, amber, ochre
in a broken cadence.
Cascaded to terminus
forest floor, blanketed,
like shrouds of fallen tin soldiers

Autumn leaves, a tapestry
On nature's crumbled earth,
crushed by deer who used them.
Paths followed about in all kinds
of weather, fair or foul.
Nature pressed on, patiently.

We raked Autumn leaves;
piled them in nature's billows
When dry, we were playful.
When wet, we hurriedly bagged
that sopping mess. We collected
them. Each one divine.

At the end, we collected
twigs and dry leaves. Upon
building a fire, we placed
potatoes, wrapped in foil,
Waited as they baked.
What a treat!

Autumn leaves fell no more
The first flakes of Winter
Suddenly appeared...