

AUTUMN

Yellowy green, russet and brown
The autumn leaves have come to town
Choking the gutters, choking the drain,
We all know it's Winter again.

Fires in the parks, the smoke ascends
Whilst to the wind the empty bough bends.
Coats, gloves, scarf and cap
Arm swinging, cheek blowing, and feet do we tap.

Hurrying, scurrying we dare not amble.
To dodge the rain it is a gamble.
Oh for the sun, and the long lazy days
That we see far off in a summery haze.

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