

AUTUMN

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As summer draws its final breath
to prepare its curtain call
the monarchs begin their epic trek
to usher in the fall

The northern wind breathes out its chill
as songs begin to hush
and paints the trees upon the hill
with its artist's brush

From green to red, orange and brown
the trees discard their masks
and lay them gently upon the ground
for us to begin our tasks

Autumn makes way for winter's reign
we bid farewell old friend
till summer's warmth begins to wane
and fall returns again

