

# AUTUMN

Desperation blows across your limbs,  
Whispering a dirge for seasons of old.  
The sun's light, once warm, grows ever dim.  
Your will, once strong, now begins to unfold.

Your precious green leaves, your gift of breath,  
Submit to the chill of darkening days.  
Once green with life, now stained with cold death,  
You stand undressed before winter's pale gaze.

And thus you will face the scornful winds,  
Upon growing blankets of your lost pride.  
Until the light of truth shines again;  
'till the warm truth again in you resides.

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