

## **Autumn Was Her Name**

She was never the thundering type,  
Her temper was invigoratingly strange  
She crept in softly through a closed door,  
In her baggage was nature and change.  
Although her presence is initially dire  
By now summer is only lukewarm  
Popsicles and paradise slipping away  
Replaced with a slow motion storm.  
She paints the leaves in shades of warmth  
And exhales spice scented air  
Cold blows the wind and shy is the sun  
Her cheeks are rosy and fair.  
On her palate she uses shimmering hues  
crimson, rust, scarlet and gold  
Softly she takes your hand in hers  
Your soul no longer feels cold.

She lights up a fire and counts dancing embers  
Kissing the rain that knocks the roof up above  
She swears on October but smells like December  
She knits by the hearth and reads poems she loves

Lighting small candles and brewing mint tea  
She wears peacoats and riding boots, sweaters and leather  
embraces the harvest and laughs with strangers  
Her grin is contagious no matter the weather.  
When she wanders through amber fields,  
the blue sky above holds no fear  
Holding within a young heart and old soul  
She lives in the cozy and clear.  
She is Nature's cosmic catastrophe

She visits town every now and then,  
whenever she whirls in with her fresh breath of life  
everything starts over again.

And so watching from a single window  
As snow clouds the frozen frame,  
Remember who visited not long ago  
Autumn was her name.