The Prairie Light Review

Volume 33 | Number 1 Article 55

10-1-2011

Autumn Leaves Are Now Aflutter

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Recommended Citation
Hill, James (2011) "Autumn Leaves Are Now Aflutter," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 33: No. 1, Article 55.
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol33/iss1/55

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Autumn

James Magrini

Yellow light radiates
Crimson's glow stretches
Slender arms toward graying sky
Amber scents surround
Permeate

I feel alive
Flowing, meandering
Cold stream downhill
To some pre-destined abode
Home

Summer
Softly, silently
Fades to a memory
Wet streets glisten
Mirrors, reflecting only what is real

Autumn rests in velvet wings
Wrapped around a frightened yearling
Black wings
As we await the coming re-building
Restoration, re-birth

Autumn Leaves Are Now Aflutter

James Hill

Autumn leaves are now aflutter; they flicker in the breeze
Like flames of yellow fire rising from the lovely trees.
Tomorrow when the sky will turn a stoney shade of gray,
The wind will rise and pull the flames and loveliness away.
The flames then scattered on the ground will smoulder all about,
And when the wind blows winter-cold, they'll molder and go out.

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