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Autumn

Mary Ryder-Swanson
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*Leaves falling softly
Now crinkly, crunchy, and then;
The chill of the wind.*

Electa Finley



Ed Cilley

AUTUMN

*Why do you wince
When autumn comes
To take your breath away?*

*Colors splash
In awesome hue
Only momentarily.*

*Enrich your life, by brushes bold
Stroking ever on
Touch your fingers to the paint
And dye your limbs with song.*

*Ingest the scent of red and orange
Clinging to that tree
Mark your soul for change and growth
Submerge yourself in glee!*

*Abominate the pesty past
And shirk the flesh of old
With open pores, absorb the truth
Create a spirit mold.*

*Do not wince
When autumn comes
To take your breath away.*

*The metamorphosis —
Of freedom change
Is yours eternally.*

Mary Ryder-Swanson