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Autumn Night

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Autumn Night

by Patricia Petros

The chill of fall is on the evening air.
An acrid smell of burning leaves drifts by.
The moon is full; tonight all must take care.

The trees, undressed, now stand there cold and bare;
their branches latticed black against the sky.
The chill of fall is on the evening air.

Of creatures roaming through the night beware!
Black cats on fences howl--their backs arched high.
The moon is full; tonight all must take care.

"As winter now draws close we must prepare,"
a breeze that bends the willows seems to say.
The chill of fall is on the evening air.

Enchanting sights and sounds are everywhere,
but change is coming; we must be aware.
The chill of fall is on the evening air.
The moon is full; tonight all must take care.

