

Autumn Free Verse:

Autumn is the yellow-green half light that washes the streets
And arrays them in garments of gold.
It is the chill breeze that snaps the brittle leaves and
Stirs the scent of pine needles and smoke among the scarlet trees.
Autumn is the dancing tapestry of the sky, woven in
Hues of Spanish yellows and blues.

Autumn is a soup pot of memories —
Other fires on the beach with my grandparents,
Dancing on the sloping driveway with my younger sister
To the rhythm of high-school drums played at football games,
Coffee on the front stoop with my parents as we watch
The squirrels and chipmunks greedily preparing for winter.

Autumn is staying out late in the evenings with friends knowing that
Soon cold will steal our breath, much needed for our soccer games,
Clear away.
It is a rainbow array of colored jackets flapping in the wind
As we bike down the street.
Autumn is raking leaves like mounds of tarnished jewels and then,
Teasing my sister by spilling them like tears in her long hair.

Autumn is Hot Cider around our small backyard fire,
The flames flickering like past sunlight in the dark.
It is the coziness of listening to our mom read poetry to us, while
We sit in the warm splash of lamplight and wear soft flannel or wool
That ripples against our skin formerly darkened by summer sun.
Autumn is bound up inside my heart like all the poems I write —
An unforgettable leaflet of my continuing story.