Autumn has Arrived

The oak trees stand tall and barren.
Acorns large and small clutter the ground,
As chattering squirrels gather them to store.
The fragrance of mellow ripe apples fill the air.
Autumn has arrived.

Leaves of red, yellow, brown, and gold.
Frolic and rush across the large meadows.
Limp and withered the flowers lie on the ground:
Each covered in coats of shining white frost.
Autumn has arrived.

Dusty cobwebs swing as stringy ropes, in the shadows.
Above the stacks of hay and grain on the hayloft floor.
Cows and their calves seek shelter in the barn stalls.
As the golden bright harvest moon lights their way.
Autumn has arrived.

We laugh and play as we decorate the halls.
With Jack-O-Lanterns, apples and cornstalk shocks.
Then we’ll build a bonfire to frighten the ghosts away.
And sing and dance until the break of day.
Autumn has arrived.

Mary E. West