

Autumn

by Arlene Vidor

Autumn

it is

the time of year when

rust colored leaves

Fall

is an amber haze

of chestnut-smelling

flame and fallen hazelnuts

and biting air

half remnant of winter

is sucked up into my nostrils

and fills my head quickly

spreading to capture

every inch of my body-

this bronze-brisk season

of tranquility soaks the earth

with mellow browns

fiery orange, rust, red, purple.

Please stop

for one moment

and behold

the mildly-miraculous beauty

of this day.

