

Autumn

Susan Berry

*I am beautiful green—fresh and bright
with all my arms reaching towards the brilliant sun.*

*As several months pass
I turn a ravishing red—glamorous and irresistible.*

*A speckle of color floats slowly to my feet
how pretty it looks—so weightless and free.*

*Another gathers courage
downward it flies like a newborn swallow in first flight.*

*After a week of ice-blue chaos
a skirt of crimson now covers my web-like feet.*

*Alas, I am catching cold
my bare arms gather no warmth from the sun.*

*I will not die but sleep
until my green-clothed arms reach once again
to the golden god of life.*

