



## Eyes of Autumn

*by Sheri Leidig*

I have seen the auburn eyes of autumn,  
with the light glinting through them  
as they drifted to my feet.

And I have seen the grey eyes of winter,  
that warm my heart, but chill my soul.

I have seen the blue eyes of spring,  
that make me soft yet vital,  
but stay all too briefly.

And then I have seen the hazel eyes of summer,  
that part from me quickly,  
but the memory lingers,  
until again I see  
the hazel eyes of summer.

