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.