

## **A chill in the air**

The sky reflects the umber hues to come,  
early autumn brightness warms our skin,  
soon the chill of night will be upon us,  
a portent that the dark times soon begin.

I walk through once green passages now changed  
the gold of Fall, a present in its passing,  
the tones of tree and bower rearranged  
the filtered light set motes of dust to dancing.

An early shed has left the path amassed  
with leaves now dead and in the act of drying,  
a crunch beneath our feet and squeals of joy,  
the puppies dart, their paws a whirl while flying.

And has the harvest all been taken in?  
The berries plump and heavy on the bough,  
what hangs too high for foragers will serve  
ss feast time for the birds in Winter's maw.