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A carpet of autumn blows back in my face
dancing to the ground like gold dust,
a dazzling raiment to behold, to touch
and explore, delicately.

Red leaf, yellow leaf, thousands unfold
piled so deep, it feels like
a technicolor quilt from heaven
beneath my feet.

The branches of an Oak are bare,
with its cloak now unfurled, except,
one leaf at the top, fluttering,
as if to fall, would declare - winter.

But the old farmhouse looks rich
with its garden so blessed
and outfront, its crowning glory,
a Sugar Maple - still dressed.

—Annette Gallagher

