Fall

Should I love Fall at all?

Flowers drying, dying

air less soothing, cooling.

Fall is ends–but it depends

how you see it as you flee it.

Winter and snow soon will show

the power of nature to unnurture.

Play then destroy, a child’s toy.

A warning? (to change before reborning?)

or is it a friend with an invitation to live again?

We call it Fall for the leaves and all

which once soared high and now defy

winter’s duller with a burst of colour.

I accept Fall though I don’t know it at all

but why be forlorn–soon we are reborn.

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