

AUTUMN SONG

by Jim Green

Gentle fingers
slip slender straps
from perfect shoulders
and summer
drops her dress
on the damp
woodland trail

Fabric falling to the fertile floor
tumbling russet leaves of poplar
flickering gold and orange aspen
fluttering lemon yellow birch
copper spears of willow
fleeting flash of fireweed
blush of pale salmon
a shimmering shower of delight
as summer
drops her dress

The woods are aflame
with the fiery flush of autumn
ground fires of crimson strawberry
firm budded rose bushes
smolder with a ruddy glow
scarlet tongues of cranberry
flaming stands of dogwood
all bathed in the raw aroma
of heady high bush cranberry
as summer
drops her dress

A kaleidoscope of color
cascading from the blue
mingling with the multitudes
festooning the world
iridescent cranberries
apple red kinikinick
bright orange bunch berries
shriveled saskatoons
bittersweet juniper berries
wizened wintergreen
a cornucopia of riches
a profusion of splendor
as summer
drops her dress

Expectant clouds roll in
grey fog fingers the forest
as summer
drops her dress
and the sibilant snow
begins its silent slide
from the darkening sky

summer drops her dress
drops her dress
and the snow
begins to fall

