

Late Autumn

by Kevin Whalen

**Firewood stacked up
Waiting to warm
Frost on the hay field
Yesterday morn
Hummingbirds have gone away
Sun moves lower every day
Autumn does not have much left to say.**

**Mums in the garden they're
Starting to fade
Most leaves have let go
No longer shade
So, put away the front screen door
Autumn's on her last encore
And winter always wins this tug of war.**

**Fresh days of springtime
They are long gone
High summer sunshine
Has also moved on
Spring and summer now in the past
And Autumn she's fading fast
How long will this final season last ?**