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the autumn leaf.

by ada carrahan

summer is brief, sighed the autumn leaf,
and my green is touched with red;
I have lived my brief, bright summer days;
and soon I shall be dead.

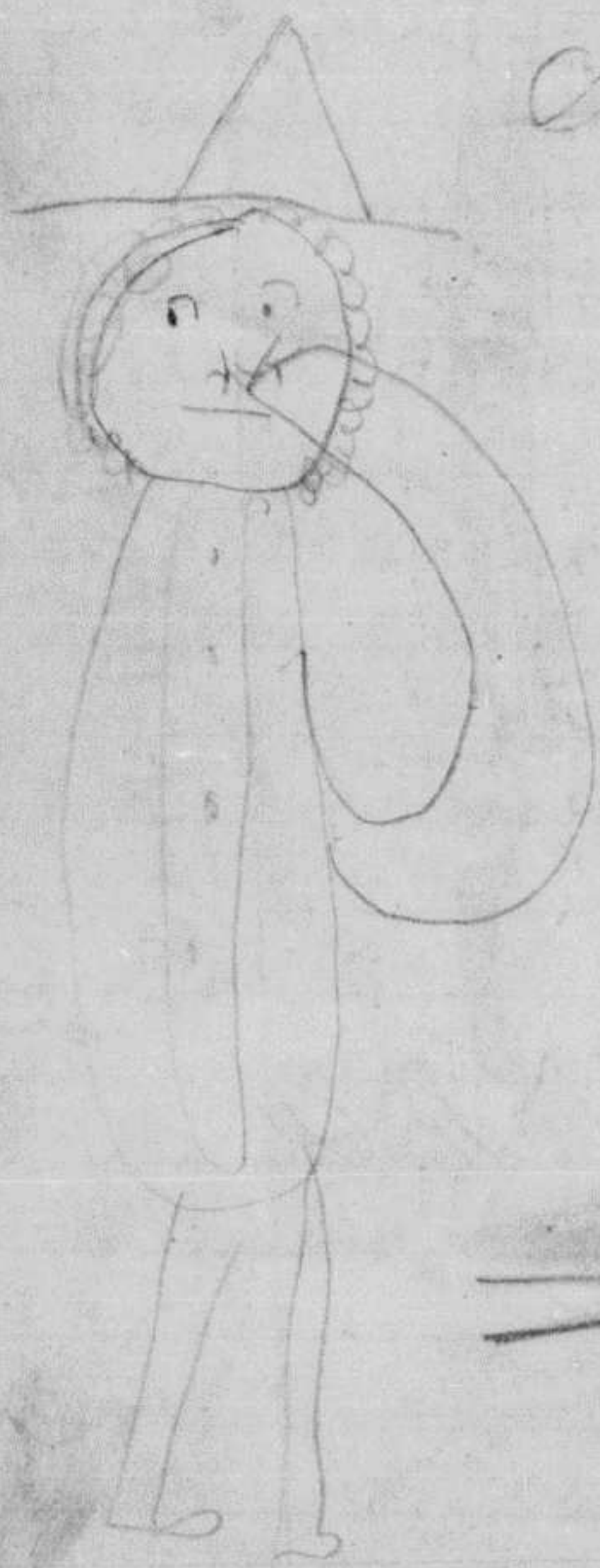
I shall lie in the mold so dark and cold—
I shall change to a shapeless thing;
but up from my mold, when the year rolls round,
a beautiful flower will spring.

why should I sigh and shudder to die,
when nature the call has made?
I will think of the beautiful, beautiful power,
and I will not be afraid.

~~Katie G. G. G.~~ © 16

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~~Katie G. G. G.~~



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