

crunching as walking through  
the awe of watching how  
the world can transform  
how we act, what we do.  
the change of living green valleys  
for it to leave in a blink of an eye.  
wanting to sip on that cool  
crisp apple cider easing you  
to know that this fall of the  
season isn't bad but kind  
and soft.

red, yellow and orange flashes  
shows the fall of the season,  
those warm colours but  
oh, so cool winds that can  
turn into howls.

howls of those nights  
that shows those  
purple, blue and black  
tones.

of whispers of a magic  
more ancient than we  
could imagine with monsters  
hiding in the shadows  
where creatures of the  
dark roam free.

the day for autumn is  
nostalgic and the night  
is the dreams of wanting  
and fearing that magic  
that binds the season

together.