

An Autumn Scene

On delicate wings white moths dance,
And a tree is like a brave knight's lance;
Over a place where spiders creep,
Midnight birds wish us to sleep.
Here lives a spirit from times of young,
Has arisen for a feast of fun.
And an orchard tree it seems to pass,
Stepping on the autumn grass;

It jumps repeatedly with no mean,
Thinking of the new spring green;
The cold air froze its gentle mind:
But really it is very kind.
Making pictures with wine red leaves,
Through trees it decides to weave:
A chocolate hedgehog friend at last
One not from the desperate past
Floating under black, black sky,
A cold breeze it passes by.

By Edward Benfield