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don't think i'm anybody's thursday someone's
saving me for a rainy day*

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Autumn Sonnet

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Marian Pollie

AUTUMN SONNET

I search for answers in the fallen leaves.
They've tales to tell; yet, I can hear no sound.
Must all this life lie wasted on the ground?
Yesterday they were dancing in the breeze.
The wind starts gusting, only to displease.
It whistles shrilly; echoes all around.
I know the summer sun is out-ward bound,
And thoughts of spring do little to appease.
There's beauty in the pass from life to death;
The middle is a lovely place to be,
But now it is either that I long for,
To know someday an unworried breath.
Please take me to a region that is free,
Where souls can live in warmth forever more.