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Walking to the Cider Mill

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WALKING TO THE CIDER MILL

On my way to the Cider Mill,
leaves drift in the frosty breeze,
and like a blanket,
spread over the countryside.
Stopping to rest on the leafy cushion,
a mattress beneath the trees,
I watch the dance.

The leaves waltz down,
dressed in long amber dresses,
three-piece pumpkin suits,
with colorful corn-husk scarves,
and fashionable acorn hats.
Curtsy for the menfolk, bow for the ladies,
dosie-doe around the tree,
then settle on the ground.

When the Cider Mill urges me on,
the leaves scuttle lightly behind,
in their Virginia Reel.

Tami Kimery