

What if I just sit
and contemplate all this green
will autumn still come?

Branches skyward reach,
roots unseen profoundly deep.
birds sing--follow this!

Colors uncountable;
fluttering of every kind.
when will humans learn?

Autumn sunshine lulls
the poet into a trance
wordless she just breathes

A hundred faces
watching with caps pulled down
low
acorn audience

Her high pitched questions
his deep and scratchy reply
generations meet

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Shadows cool the day
cicadas buzz in the heat
the sweet smell of grass

The fading canna
still attract
the butterflies

The ring of the bell
tells of a new beginning
the end is coming

The end is right now!
fish have invaded the sun
but I don't blame them

The fall of falls says
"I wander the earth to find
Everything was gone"

Dry leaves on green grass
displaying death and new life
that exist in me

The dead tree still stands
proudly among progeny
life and death are real

Butterflies softly
touching brightly colored
pieces of the soul

Moss hanging from trees
ancestors swinging on branch
american fruit

Gathering of trees
full of shade and cheerfulness
better together

After the rain goes
come back to life and rejoice
the day starts anew!

The small brown mushroom
stands short among the tall trees
while the summer fades

Radio tower
and grove of green live oak trees
send out messages

Traffic sounds
a mechanical background
for buzzing cicadas

Happy bird chatter
song for the blue sky
among fall leaves

In the quiet room
autumn whispers golden words
i try to translate

Bluejay feather pair
frayed on grass cold cicada
awake in sun takes flight