

# Autumn

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These berry bright Autumn days are precious.  
That glowing golden currency is hoarded  
In the miserly memory and spent  
So warily.

Spring is a profligate season consumed  
Extravagantly in the lengthening days  
And presumption of the burgeoning summer  
Rising ahead.

But Autumn is a season to be savoured,  
Garnered in the soul, not for the glory  
Of its colour, and plenty of its harvest,  
But because,

The crispness of Autumn is a brittle glaze,  
Like the fragile pane of filmy ice  
Resting on a November pond, veiling  
The waiting cold.