

Autumn

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A block of red
A block of brown
And A block of yellow
Autumn is here get out of bed!

Glancing at the big old tree
Where it swayed, side to side
The sun came by and stretched its rays
With cheerful eyes it elated me

The sun was shining bright
As if it was smiling sincerely
The tree leaves were loosing strength
As if they were about to flee

The sun slowly abated away
As the leaves were falling to their knees
The great cushion of clouds breezed in
But it was too late, until the leaves were set free

The cushion got heavy, and heavier
And busted out into a sea of rapid rain
Where then the leaves all stood tall
And the cycle performed again, and again.

