

Autumn in the Country

Early morning cold and crisp with breath made visible.
Fingers of mist reaching out from the stream
And clinging to pastures and hedgerows.
Draping itself delicately across the land,
Only to submit to the autumn sun's low arc.

Scarlet hips and haws brighten sagging hedges
Contrast with dark shades of ripe blackberries and sloes.
A bounteous reward for raucous birds, secretive rodents
And excited children, braving the thorns and dewy cobwebs,
As the bold robin sings its thin, wistful refrain.

Across the heath, ling's purple spectacle is but a memory
And once vibrantly green bracken has wilted into sepia tones.
Deciduous trees shed their fruit while red-gold tinged leaves
Await the first storm, to carpet the woodland floor
In a welly-deep mulch of burnt sienna.

Acute afternoon light mirrors golden colours in the pond,
And long shadows betray every ridge and furrow in the scene.
As the days shorten into winter, it's an apt time, perhaps,
To look back on the promise of spring
And the blessing of endless summer days.

By Bill Day

