

Autumn

A small boy walks
In Linden grove,
Hands in pockets, deep,
Head down he kicks
The leaves, dropped fresh,
They rise and fall
In crumpled autumn heaps.

Who knows what thoughts
In small boys minds,
Spitfire pilot, what's for tea.
Beneath the limes
He hums a tune,
His mother's song,
Himself, his only company.

A sudden gust,
The boy looks up,
Ahead he runs and sees
The leaf, it's free,
It sails away
On unseen waves,
To voyage from the trees.

He runs and runs,
Eyes all the while
Intent on falling ship,
His arms outstretched,
His hands as cups,
Earthbound it coils
To rest in fingers gripped.

He stops to gaze,
His quarry snared
And anchored in his hands,
Triumphant joy.
He wanders on,
Head down, once more
He dwells in small boy's land.