

Autumn by Karen Harris, poet 10/11/22

As I steal a few moments of air
Breathing in the freshness knowing full well God is near.
So close I can feel God's breath in my space.
No need for a healing with Trust innate.
My beingness is taking in another breath.

Finches and pigeons, robins and starlings
Fly off their branches to greet me as I feed them;
Now seeds scattered, any angst felt is lifted.

Autumn leaves just born pass wavering, waving fluttering
downward
To their demise. I peer at them seeing how they lay so dry and
flat
In tiers. In tears I grieve as my meditation on Autumn comes to
an end.
Yet I cry with joy; memories of them green now multi-colored
"Autumn"... a song one recognizes as their beauty instantly,
Quietly yellow-orange, copper-sienna, brown-reds
Create a shared leaf.
All these magnificent leaves - everyone of them I now
celebrate.