

## Late Autumn's Warning

*by Carole Gauntlett*

The trees are ablaze in color  
Chill breezes cool the town.  
The earth is getting ready  
Temperatures ramping down.

Night creatures noising louder  
Call a warning to us all.  
Ready yourselves for winter,  
Heed the end of Autumn's call.

A final harvest ripens  
All across the land,  
The earth gives up its bounty  
Just as Mother Nature planned.

Hibernating animals  
All feasting where they can,  
In careful preparation  
To hide away from "Man."

Hear the flocks of birds  
As they chatter from on high.  
Off to warmer climates  
As they V across the sky.

So find your fur-soft clothing  
And slippers made of wool.  
Get out the flannel sheets and boots,  
Be sure the larder's full.

Then listen for the echo  
Of Pilgrims from the past  
Be reminded to be grateful  
for our wonderland so vast.