

Autumn

By Hap Hansen

Gently awaken
to a soft October morn
as autumn calls us

The faraway hills
beckon to me in the fall
before the first freeze

Leaves turn to amber
Elk begin their rut season
as streams turn silver

Winter is nearing
we cannot see tomorrow
spring seems far away

The fall season shows
the success of our lives
with chills in the air

First snows melt quickly
but northern winds turn skies grey
and geese head southward

Blizzards close roads
as heavy snow blows sideways
the sun tries to shine

The stars remain bright
Robins will someday appear
to herald the spring.

