

Autumn Haiku

By Hap Hansen

Through barren branches,
the surly wind of autumn
attacks the last leaf.

The wind comes and goes,
bringing the dark clouds and rain
so flowers can bloom.

The wind moans gently,
releasing its soft spirit,
to the hills below.

Fall winds watch children
playing in piles of gold leaves,
shrieking with delight.

The first chill of fall.
Autumn leaves are wind dancing,
in whirls of color.

In the restless sea,
waves of change pound the rocks
and then flow ashore.

Clouds with rain and wind.
Dreams in long gone memories
arrive on the mist.