

## November Song

*By Marilyn Reeves*

Only a few brave remnants of yesterday's glory  
Still cling trembling to the trees,  
Their brown and wilted sisters lie curling, dying  
Beneath our careless feet.  
The farewell party that brought such joy  
Is now but a wistful memory.

The trees began replacing  
Their lush green gowns at Summer's passing,  
And dressed themselves in new Fall finery  
In hues of scarlet, orange and yellow-gold,  
Celebrating Autumn in their colors bold.  
And whispered merrily as we walked by ...  
Look at me! Look at me!  
Am I not a sight to see?

But then the cerulean blue luster of the sky  
Began to fade to shades of grey.  
And the leaves too lost their brilliant hues,  
As one by one let go of Mother Tree,  
And silently fell to Earth to fade away  
To the somber shades we see today.

The trees will sleep away the Winter's cold  
To await the coming Spring.  
And then rejoice in their awakening,  
To the hope and joy  
Of new beginnings.