

Autumn

*By Nancy Mann*

Winter – a cold, stillbirth,  
A frozen earth  
Bitter frost the cost  
Of keeping seeds dormant.

Spring is pale bloom  
From swollen womb  
In some places, dirt so rich you need a scoop  
Manure is created (for city-folk, that's "poop").

Summer is calves' moo and lambs' bleat.  
Days warm, days pleasant, fair.  
It's bees' hum and other buzz –  
On peaches, it's appearance of fragrant fuzz.

Beans, corn, squash and beet tops  
Announce ripening apples  
And a variety of wheat crops.

Yes, the crops are in.  
Stillness. There's quiet in the fields.  
Gone is the city's noise and traffic din.

Preparation starts for canning the abundance.  
There's gratitude.  
Reflection is for the wise –  
A choice – of thoughts  
And, the preponderance.

Rust leaves, some leaf stems' silver  
(Indians thought the presence of Wakan-tanka  
Made the aspen leaves tremble and quiver.)  
Red colors recall the hunt and draining the deer's' blood

Rivers rise, crest with last snowmelt  
But do not flood.  
And gold, reminds all of riches, coins, a treasure  
A store-hold  
And it's nice to see  
Children's arms orange pumpkins enfold.

Autumn is a culmination  
Of Human toil and bold endeavor

It's beautiful,  
Though shadows will come –  
After the cool, crisp weather.