Autumn By Venba

I will put into autumn

the mutter of a proud scarecrow,

the chuckle of a glowing bonfire in the moonlit midnight,

and the first glance of a baby hedgehog.

I will put into autumn

the smell of sweet hot chocolate on a chilly day,

the swish of a squirrel’s tail scurrying for nuts,

and the last golden, amber leaf that fell from a tree.





