**Ode To Autumn**

Waiting month after month for you

is exhausting. It’s agonizing, but exhilarating.

Feeling your cold, hair raising

Whispers on my skin make me

feel at home. At peace.

Before you, it’s an uncomfortable heat.

After you, it’s an unbearable frost.

I wish you could stay here

forever. My eyes – filled with color –

drown into you, frolic in your

piles of crunchy leaves.

New memories are conjured when you

invite yourself into our neighborhood.

Filled with food, fire, and family.

The fuzzy feeling within me

dissipates when your last leaf falls.

Soon it will be white and you’ll be gone.