

September Walk

Dry yellow leaves go skittering across the pavement as the strong breeze blows against my face

The early autumn sunshine lifts all the colours and makes them sing
From the bright blue of the sky to the bronze and burnt orange of the horse chestnut leaves that still cling to the tree

On the ground a few pale green spiked spheres have landed.

Some have split open to reveal their mahogany treasures, resting in creamy cradles

The cider scent of fallen apples reaches me as they lie forgotten in the grass – except by the wasps

Some summer flowers hang on to their glorious colours – scarlet and purple and every shade of pink - dreading the first frosts.

But the rich range of nature's bounty at this time of year is not for regret. It is to be savoured and celebrated while it lasts.

Jan Rees September 2025