

Summer's Ending

The heat of long Summer days will not yield
Resting in colourful flowers and harvested field.
Grassy lawns bleached by lack of rain,
Floral displays fading that might yet bloom again.

Slowly now evening steals away from day
Those precious minutes of light, to give them away
To the darkness of night.
Flocks of visiting birds gather and take flight
Following ancient instinct to escape south from Winter's day

Autumn's cool touch paints more mellow tones upon the trees
To honour Summer's stronger hues. As petals leave
Their space, task completed, for berries and seeds to form
Autumn's mists, warning of cooler times, become the norm
And signal another Summer's ending.