

When Autumn comes.

*When Autumn comes a-calling, I shall be waiting here
Beneath our tree with promises engraved.*

Thus, my poem for Autumn will start.

*In veils of carmine, russet and gold she will appear
To soothe the aching in my heart enslaved.*

Friendship. Love. Anticipation. Despair.

What you see is what you get; nothing more, nothing less.

A dawning realisation and fragile, reluctant acceptance of inevitability.

Never lovers.

Discussed once. Dismissed as foolish nonsense.

Choosing friendship in our twilight years when I had longed so long for more, so much more.

Just another milestone on her restless perambulations through life.

Pick me up, put me down; pick me up, do me down.

Autumn feels no need to possess or belong.

Transitory.

The undeniable selfishness of living.

The unbearable sadness of abandonment.

As the sun wanes in pallid skies

And leaves turn to gold throughout Nature's halls

*I long to gaze once more into Autumn's hazel eyes
with thwarted passion withering as autumn leaves fall.*

For a fleeting moment, I chose still to believe a beacon was kindled.

Believing was not enough.

The beacon was a funeral pyre, a blazing panoply of Autumn colours.

Autumn will not come a-calling for Autumn's promise was not true.

The fire of something greater than friendship which burned within her burned for another, flamed brightly before me, blinding me, taunting me, leaving only ashes drying in my mouth.

Autumn has departed, leaving only daggers lodged in our hearts and the promise of the hangman's noose.

It is the final turning of the seasons.

No more to feel the hope of Spring or the warmth of summer.

No more to anticipate the promise of Autumn's late warmth and richness of colour.

Only winter, and the chill wind which blows, enveloping me in a shroud.