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When Autumn Comes

The air has a new sense of being
and the wind seems crisp and fresh.
Longer shadows are cast by the afternoon sun
and the evening brings chills to your flesh.

This was a time when leaves could be raked
and assembled into a pile.
This was a time for a bonfire flame
that would make marshmallow toasters smile.

The heat and the bugs from those summer days
are now about to depart.
But the winter time with all its charm,
has yet to arrive in your heart.

This was a time for hay rides
and singing songs with your favorite chums.
These are the memories that delight us now,
with moonlight thoughts,... when autumn comes.

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James Robert Miller
September 20, 1997