

No Longer Summer

Leaves cascading across the grass turned brown,
Gray skies abound on the horizon more each day;
Trees are bare with no foliage to cover their frame,
A crispness is noticed more than in the past months.

Winter birds are gathering for food at the feeder,
An occasional deer crosses the yard near dusk;
Friendly squirrels searching for nuts to hide and store,
But no chipmunks have been spotted for some time.

No grass to mow but soon time to shovel instead;
Planting and harvest are done for the time being;
Contemplating the crops for the coming year,
To continue the cycle of growing food for family.

The morning ground crunches when walking on it,
A damp crispness air is more prevalent of late;
Days are shorter and the nights appear colder,
Time to add more blankets to the bedding.