

The Season Called Fall

As the leaves fall,  
And we lose our shade,  
The trunk stands tall,  
And will never fade.  
I begin to think,  
I see the trees with my eyes,  
How could I even blink,  
As they look up to the skies.  
Without them i would not see,  
That beauty in front of me.

The nights get colder,  
The animals hibernate,  
They sleep and grow older,  
As they hope the spring won't be late.  
Fall changes the weather,  
I don't think I could bear,  
To not wear a cozy sweater,  
I'm so glad it is there!  
Without it I would get sick,  
But its warmth should do the trick.

The most biggest feat,  
In this season called fall,  
Is the gift of my feet,  
That will keep me standing nice and tall.  
In this windy climate set with the rain,  
I love my long blonde hair,  
And my perfectly smart brain,  
And that love is something I must share!