

Ipsita Barnwal

Autumn Poem

As I wake up to a gentle breeze coated sky,
I realize that to beaming rays and flourishing flora,
I missed my chance to say my goodbyes.
But where there is goodbye, there is also hello,
Between the limest of leaves & a gentle first snow.

It is a brisk walk to the local coffee shop,
Turning page after page without even thinking to stop.
It is warm knitted sweaters, fresh cookies in the oven,
Halloween decorations that jump out at you ever so
sudden.

Where oh where did the sun travel off to?
For all that seems to dot the sky is the wispy clouds askew.

Foggy windows, dewy surfaces,
Moist air that highlights the smell of nature, one of its only purposes.

Fluffy comforters and expensive throw pillows,
Frothy hot chocolate and gigantic marshmallows,
Once this juncture has arrived, I truly hope it lasts.

For to be graced by the presence of the golden leaves is something I wish not to leave in the past.