

## Autumn

by *claire Sunday, Aug 25 2013, 1:20pm*

international / poetry / post

the forest prepares  
for the white chill  
of winter  
with bursts of  
warm colours -  
burning leaves  
discarded  
like so many notions,  
ideas and promising  
dreams

my desires crunch under  
the weight of false hope  
and future-thwarted  
dreams -  
a better season next  
year is not promised

the chill begins to slowly  
cool my bones,  
i grip the edges of the horizon  
and wrap myself  
in the warm slow-burning forest,  
snug, ready to slumber for an  
eternity

the sky, afraid i will  
steal the earth forever,  
begins to shake ice  
and snow onto the ground -  
a trick  
to prevent me from  
falling into a  
permanent sleep