

FALL MORNING

Francine L. Trevens

Fall morning—the air shimmers
The sun delivers delightful glimmers
Promising a day of joy and ease
And please, a tender stroking breeze.

Let no cruel act, no evil thought
Bring drought to make me distraught
Let love and music exalt the day
Whisk it away on a roundelay.

Color my life with kindness and pleasure
Enjoyable Technicolor treasure,
That I may, like the balding trees,
Relinquish what has passed with ease.

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