

A violent storm in the wood;
A forest shadowed in a gray hood.
The hawthorn hedges black and pointed;
The lake, with leaves, has been anointed.
The clouds beneath our feet spread themselves;
Heaven, now, into this world melts.
Scattered piles of withering grass;
Dance soundlessly as we walk past.
The colors of the mountain, soft and rich;
Into autumn, my mind slips.
The birches, generally still and green;
Shimmer as the sun shines through in a golden sheen.
The village looked populous and beautiful;
More life and luster than a fresh-cut jewel.
Every tooth and edge of rock was visible;
The days colors, now, abundant and full.
The wind seized our breath, the lake was rough;
Mother Nature blowing in an angry huff.
The bays were stony, and we heard the waves;
The shoreline spotted with knolls and caves.
Delicate purple and yellowish hues;
A reflection of Fall off my walking shoes.
It is a dull, frosty day;
And again the forest is hooded in gray.

-Anthony Longo