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William J. Riley College of DuPage

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SEASON William J. Riley

Jessica Romero

Golden leaves now rustle their soft wan song, After Summer's long hot day; Memories of Spring now all but gone, Winter . . . , on its way

Autumn, in red and ochre hues, Now splashed across the land, Awaits the ever colder Blues, Of Winter's frosted hand.

Ah, but now, this season seems, To savour the lingering light,And dream again Summer's dreams, Before the long cold night.

The land, still, in expectant wait, Unborn to the whitening snow, Pauses now in Autumn's slower gait, Before Winter's icy blow;

And remembers the Songs, quieting now, Of beaches and soft blue days, Where children played, and Lovers sang, In Summer's easy ways.