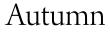
The Prairie Light Review

Volume 2 | Number 1

Article 31

Fall 12-10-1982



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Recommended Citation

Ryder-Swanson, Mary (1982) "Autumn," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 2 : No. 1 , Article 31. Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol2/iss1/31

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Leaves falling softly Now crinkly, crunchy, and then; The chill of the wind.

Electa Finley



Ed Cilley

AUTUMN

Why do you wince When autumn comes To take your breath away?

Colors splash In awesome hue Only momentarily.

Enrich your life, by brushes bold Stroking ever on Touch your fingers to the paint And dye your limbs with song.

Ingest the scent of red and orange Clinging to that tree Mark your soul for change and growth Submerge yourself in glee!

Abominate the pesty past And shirk the flesh of old With open pores, absorb the truth Create a spirit mold.

Do not wince When autumn comes To take your breath away.

The metamorphosis — Of freedom change Is yours eternally.