

October 2025
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Fall-Part 2

A strong wind passed through late last evening
Twigs and leaves blew off
The trees are shorn and bare
Now I can see through them to the river flowing by

I rake bags and bags of leaves.
Their work making oxygen and glucose is done
Now they lie on the ground, shades of yellow and brown with black spots
Fertilizing the earth for the new growth that will come in the spring

The mountain peaks are coated with a dusting of snow
I walk on icy mountain trails
The cold wind buffets me as I carefully pick my way up boulders in the alpine
Scoured by wind
Pure and clean
Winter is coming

The days are short
I sleep in my cozy cocoon
A time of rest