

Country Lane

As I stroll through country lanes
I inhale dew on freshly cut grass
I observe the leaves floating slowly like a power-shoot
The sun fading as the rain comes to play

The grass drop there heads as I pass
10ft tall trees incave the path
Which is orange, gold, brown and red
I can hear the wind howling
Now I no winter is neigh.

By

Harry
And
Luke C

