



Autumn poem

Leaves parachuting to the ground,
Orange, red, gold and brown,
Cracking and crunching as people tread on us,
We fall to the ground.

Orange, red, gold and brown,
Spinning, spinning to the ground,
Crushing, crackling, people tread on us,
We fall round and round.

We are the falling leaves.

By Caitlín Reeves.