Remember September, the leaves falling like tears out of the sky? And Over October we waltzed all thru the piles crisp and dry! Down the street, kicking feet, ankle deep, feather light, taking flight in their sleep. crisp and
clean, brown 'n green, toes un-seen. Dancing flakes, Autumn makes winter

scenes. Remember November, the trees, still with no

leaves, beck-on the clouds. And then in December the

stark snow covered bark standing proud.