

Oh, Ho I Love the Fall

Oh, how I love the fall, I love the crunch under my feet the crisp air the falling leaves that fall whisper secrets without a sound. The way it paints the world in gold secrets yet ages old.

A misty veil rolls in at night sweeping, out the mornings light. The air is cool no sound around. Just me and the leaves, falling from the trees.

I love the dance of autumn breeze, the way it rustles through the trees. It wraps me in a warm soft shawl- oh how I love, how I love the fall.



