

Autumn

class 5K

A multi-coloured shower,
Of dancing autumn leaves.
Glowing in the sunlight,
And blowing in the breeze.

Bitting winds are blowing,
The cold is closing in,
There sits an old lady,

In a tattered house of tin.

She knows her time has come,
To go into an everlasting sleep.

Never to stir again,

Never another peer.