

Autumn Leaves

A rusty wind gusty, Autumn leaves lay all around
And fallen leaves lay restless as they carpet distant ground.
The breeze be blowing southward, cries of winters telling cold
And the letters to the ladies, the families young and old.

For no more sweetly strolls down church lines leady city street
No more ragged Flinders and the dusty Minburra heat.
And no more hand in hand, with that heart then held so dear
No more flowing blonde and those blue eyes crystal clear.

No more that perfect stinging still of dawn afore daybreaks fire
Or the crusty crunch of frost anew, of dew on web and wire.
No more the winging eagle see, no more that soaring high
Or the twisted turning dream so dreamt, that bid me here to fly.

And no more flights on cloudless nights, no more that sheer blue sky
For in fields of green beneath shadows grey, I lay me down to die.

For Sid and mates

Mark B Forrester