

Sun is shining, trees are growing, flowers are blooming,

Blue skies smiling, breeze is blowing gently, birds are singing;

Clouds have moved and gone, wind is nearly still, life is slow,

Time is moving on and a plane sounds through the sky, a car I know.

Sun is setting, peaceful easy environment, lawnmower in the distance,

Music playing reading a book, writing a poem with persistence;

Going out shopping, something to eat, a cup of coffee,

Searching for things, people talking outside, breathing calmly.

The roses are blooming and being picked and pruned for winter,

The new growth coming later when the spring has sprung a hinter;

So the pen goes down in ink for the business of the day,

When the red and brown leaves fall and the yellow dies each way.

Now night has come and evening is cool as a changing rule,

When the day is dead and done we can all remember school;

For the student and the poet write and read along the line,

And the pupil gets top marks for the season and design.

So the black and blue has burdened, suffered in the sun,

When the blue skies meet the night stars all the day is one;

For the turning and the changing from week to week goes by,

And the weak at end of year is a birthday, Christmas try.

It's a nice autumn day for at least ninety days for sure,

But we um and are dumb for it might be night and on the shore;

And if it's great and mighty, it might be weak and strong,

For the paying of attention is hard to pick what's wrong long.

**Signed,**

**Dusk or Dawn**