

Through winding road and withered way,
Pass willows shading the cool of day;
Gums and house set back from the road,
Wearisome travellers share the love and the load.

The meaningful English style country side,
Seen along the road both narrow and wide;
With lattice trellis and climbing rose,
Garden of green and red autumn leaves flow.

Life is lush and this traditional beauty rare,
Filling life with dreams to places where;
Millions of leaves just waiting to fall,
The wind will follow along the gully wall.

We drive and pass the stone walls near,
As morning turns into lunch right here;
A play on words turns life around,
And becomes a new from mountains sound.

Oh brilliant light pleas light the way,
The grey of haze would turn night to day;
The settles mist amidst it all,
Is answered by a wild birds call.

Such wealth so seldom rich, life's little time,
Of so many thing in which to rhyme;
A fire in the heart of a homely house,
Burns with warmth from heat of hearth.

Signed,

An April Autumn