

A dove and the leaves of Autumn, Are magnified by the thought of Christ alone; With the love that comes from falling leaves,

From trees which green turns to red believes.

A dove with heart that is special to see,

And only turns up when all things agree;

They love and come when the time is right,

When things are calm and peaceful and light.

The beauty is believable in the heart of passion,

That lives and flies and addresses life's fashion;

So natural and kind and merciful to be,

As beautiful and gracious as the brown falling leaves.

When the time is tranquil and lovely,

The love flies around in Gods seasons government;

So perfect they are and gentle and sweet,

That they are the niceness of what will beat.

And the things that win in life are sometimes wrong,

But a dove becomes love in the words of a song;

Because they are like Gods love and in his heart belong,

When time earth causes and in heaven you go on.

So next time you see a dove in a tree,

Remember that in life that they were free;

Born to live and die like the Autumn leaves,

That like Christ on the cross we must depend and believe.

Signed,

One falling Leaf