

Amidst the gust of autumn winds, And winds that blow until the wins rescinds; They ought to
blow and gust from July to June,

Bu autumn winds blow are go around in tune!

And as the wind will blow wherever it will go,

Or wind the valleys through mountain crevices know;

With awe and twist and might and all calm;

That they should blow so fierce and come to no harm.

For when the season has blown it's due to end,

Without finding trouble or giving an answer to friend;

Then he shall know and come back in the spring,

And she shall know the rose red winter thing.

And if well then the sun should shine in the garden.

Where wins and leaves find no time to harden;

Or the two should mix and return intertwine,

As the win would meander down along the line.

Or if you walk the pathway of the morning life,

And see that people would come across not the win of strife;

As in the autumn the winds have blown their course,

And now they change the time to blow another course.

And as you know that autumn winds will blow and blow

And blow until their hearts content with any stream and flow;

Or now as the winds wind along tired all so windy,

The truth of winds that autumn blows so whisky and kindly.

Signed,

The leaves are life