

In a quarter of a year each season will change, And turn and reason and in itself rearrange; As autumn comes around and the autumn leaves fall,

The world dies to sin between the corners and walls.

So I say how can I just live through it all,

As the earth turns round like a big spinning ball;

While the wind blows around the leaves off the trees,

The waterfalls down like the ease of the breeze.

And as I turn and look to the night sky,

Where moonlight is found from stars heaven high;

The rustler and flow of the light streaming down,

Is found in the twinkle of a man in a town.

We'll see the sweet beauty of the magic of this,

Sweet autumn falls in this life I call his;

Then line and the row of the perfect design,

Is lost in the paradise of this verse and line.

So now as you look as to where it began,

I hope you end up wiser and understand the plan;

For autumn falls gentle but once in a year,

And the truth and the grace and time all appear.

I hope you have taken this deep to your heart,

Where the life of the leaves has died but to start;

The renewal of hope into poor stricken world,
Where organic discomposure produces more work.

Signed,

In recycled words