

I look out across the rail and see, Autumn leaves so red and heavenly; And the thin distant clouds of white against blue,

Are soft white and fluffy and heavenly true.

The birds chirp in the backyard behind,

Which linger and remind me of each word in my mind;

As the coolness of winter comes and earns it's way,

The afternoon is passing into the end of the day.

And the neighbours here love and tend to the garden,

Which is worth all the work from life that does harden;

Though life is usually green in the true sense of it all,

So the doves mate in love and the autumn leaves fall.

And if you can find a better point in life than this,

Then you're living a life that is needing something more than his;

For the love is in the living and keeping your head above the ground,

For the true beauty in life and all that can be found.

So I think to myself what can I do but sit here and wonder,

What else life might have for my mind to wonder;

As I breathe in a breath and think and search what's in my head,

I left to sit there and find all that God has just lead.

Signed ,

It's reproduction