

## The Changing Colours of Autumn

Red are the leaves journeying to the earth, swaying to and fro as they fall.

Red is the setting sun, sinking slowly between the skyscrapers, sad and sorrowful.

Red are the hot embers resting in the fire gradually diminishing, helpless and vulnerable.

And, red at the thought of term one's preparation, anxious and frustrated!

Yellow are the spectacular fireworks painting the sky with wonders, cheerful and elated.

Yellow is the farmer's oversized shirt flapping in the breeze, jolly hard-working.

Yellow is the candlelight in the pumpkin laid beside the house, spooky and frightening.

And, yellow when I wake up and I see the wonders of snow, happy and excited.

Brown is the warm toast becoming lesser by the minute, hot and tasty.

Brown are the conkers encased in their green spiky shells, sharp and hazardous.

Brown are the antlers of a stag prowling in the wild, tough and fierce.

And, brown when I'm stuck not knowing what to do, puzzled and confused.

By Joseph

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