

The Changing Colours of Autumn

Pink is the sunrise hiding behind the trees, subtle and shimmery.

Pink are the leaves falling down from the wizened, old tree, translucent and lacy.

Pink is my mother's old patched-up jacket hanging on the washing line, worn but loved.

And, pink when I'm embarrassed because I know I'm in the dog house!

Yellow are the wellies that I wore on Monday, a wet and muddy day.

Yellow are my mittens warming up my cold hands, fluffy and warm.

Yellow is my favourite plate covered with warm delicious cookies, inviting and familiar.

And, yellow when I'm joyful, cuddling my pets, feeling safe and warm.

Brown is the hot chocolate, warm and yummy, hugging me from the inside out.

Brown is my hair blowing in the cold wind, dark and mystical.

Brown are the conkers filling my pockets, smooth and shiny.

And, brown when I don't feel well, sore tummy and headache, tired and achy.

By Faye

Allan's P5