

Here Comes Winter

Time to pack her bags, mother nature is in a hurry,
Dry and bring in the leaves with wind in a flurry.
Barren the scenery, leave nothing out to freeze,
Move life from the branches down to the roots of the trees.

Time to pull over the covers and protect the clover,
She brings in the clouds, thick and warm, and spreads them all over.
We haven't much time, the mercury sinks lower.

Snow, snow, snow,
She brings more and more to cover her things.
Hurry, winter is at the door,
The doorbell rings.
Scurry, gone with the southern wind, fall is over.

By David Wygant