

## Autumn

A small boy walks  
In Linden grove,  
Hands in pockets, deep,  
Head down he kicks  
The leaves, dropped fresh,  
They rise and fall  
In crumpled autumn heaps.

Who knows what thoughts  
In small boys minds,  
Spitfire pilot, what's for tea.  
Beneath the limes  
He hums a tune,  
His mother's song,  
Himself, his only company.

A sudden gust,  
The boy looks up,  
Ahead he runs and sees  
The leaf, it's free,  
It sails away  
On unseen waves,  
To voyage from the trees.

He runs and runs,  
Eyes all the while  
Intent on falling ship,  
His arms outstretched,  
His hands as cups,  
Earthbound it coils  
To rest in fingers gripped.

He stops to gaze,  
His quarry snared  
And anchored in his hands,  
Triumphant joy.  
He wanders on,  
Head down once more,  
He dwells in small boy's land.