

## Feeling in Fall

A shroud of grey hangs over me;  
No color to this eye.  
Moods drop like the rain outside.  
South the birds will fly.

The day is late, the night early.  
Stars I long to remember.  
Soon the snow will fall silent,  
Like the leaves did in November.

Indian summer is now a dream;  
The cold shall soon start to sting.  
The world will begin to sleep soon,  
Until the colors tell us it's spring.

By

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