

Verity Roat

Autumn

The day breaks slowly on the hills of green
Everything turned strangely, oddly quiet
The wind that blusters is strangely keen.

A dance, hypnotic; long, yet savour it
The leaves are moved, their path unbroken now
The stillness stops, my heart has now left the pit.

A sense of hope, a sense of fear, a bough
Cracks like fire, burning so bright, a bird
Cozied in its nest, snuggles down somehow.

A change, some things remain, I must be heard
I must be free. A timed renaissance, I
Must change my heart, must build my soul anew.

As old as the oak, as this oak tree grew
What I know now is not then what I knew.