Autumn Paradise

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss1/14
Discarded candy wrappers scattered on a dirty street.
My mouth filled with the aftertaste of something sticky - sweet.

The aroma of impending frost furtively fills my being as the memory of sun-scorched skin steadily begins fleeing.

Syrupy samples of cider tasted and treasured outside the old mill as chilled fingers clutch warm donuts while tongues test the season’s first thrill.

Enveloped in gray skies as we roll past an old graveyard gate, forgotten names from cracked headstones silently mourn their lonely fate.

Drives through the misty country on deliciously lazy Sunday where lively leaves contrast blank skies before the snow steals Fall’s beauty away.