

The Close of Autumn.

The sound of the alarm clock, the radio clicks in, I peep out through the curtains, the air is looking thin, The moons face smiles but fading, ghostly clouds they form so high, vapour trails, is someone breathing in that planetary sky? The hillside like a blackened veil does much to hide the dawn, flickering stars like jewels are twinkling, there are crystals on the lawn!

I step into my work clothes with slippers on I creep, down the stairs so gently, the family still asleep. I turn into the kitchen, to stoke the fire inside, then reach out for my overcoat, its rather cold outside.

The cars windscreen it is glistening, like a shield of sliver grey, I need to clear the ice off, then I'll be on my way. As I drive the dark dank mountain, sunbeams begin to show, the verge it starts a steaming, the sky a pale red glow. My breath it mists my vision, the vents are turned up high, so risky on this winding road it's easy to see why. A bus a truck, no lights on, how have they made it this far? A monster snarls in front of me, yet another unlit car.

As dawn gives way to daylight, I breathe a sigh of relief, now parked up close to my place of work in a heavily wooded street. I step outside, the chill wind blows, with my coat I am wrapped up warm, as I shuffle through the parkland, on this fresh late autumn morn.

The air feels sharp, the trees once green are giving way to rust, the leaves now crisp and brittle fall and flutter with a fuss. The pathway is a carpet of gold with a touch of earthly brown, sometimes looking cobbled, are those acorns on the ground?

My peace, is briefly shattered, a feathered chorus in the sky, I think they know that winters close, to warmer climes they fly! A rustle in the hedgerow, a stirring in the bush, a head pops up with ears alert a rabbit takes a look. Two squirrels leap, they jump about, first forward then spring back, stalling as they look around, is it me they are peaking at? Dashing, climbing, chasing, as two mates they run and play, so full of life and vigour on this fine autumnal day.

Then through the grass they leave a trail so delicate so soft, across an eiderdown of fading green with a glistening hint of frost.

And so I reach my place of work with chimney stack so high, a spiral of grey smoke I see drawn upwards ever high.

Yes these are autumn's treasures, like gems to us bestowed, before giving way to winter, - I wonder-will it snow?

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