***Fall***

***Jada Taylor***

Beautiful is the brutal, windy, fall.

Leaves all over the grey stone cold, ground.

astonishing bright significant colors

Form wide, long landscapes all around.

Nature is starting to become alive,

And she shows her lovely, colorful head.

But then brutal cold, sick winter comes,

And decides her to be dead.

But winter will come soon to lose its grip

At the beginning of the warm, rainy spring,

When Nature shall come alive and prosper

Within the questioning strategy of things.

It will mount again and prosper once more

                                                            Even better than the cold, brutal winter before.