

AUTUMN AGE

By Paralee Eadie

Do autumn leaves worry about
The fact that they're growing old?
And their leaves are no longer green,
But orange and red and gold?

As the sap slows in their veins
Do they act tired and worn?
And for their fading youth
Do they sit there and mourn?

With trunk reaching up to Heaven,
And branch reaching out to man,
They glory in the beauty
Of having done all they can.

So don't worry about the wrinkles
And the grey hair coming in,
Just glory in the beauty
Of where and what you've been.