

September

September days are back again,
The golden rod is here.
The wind grows colder every day
'Cause winter's drawing near.

Bright leaves are falling off their trees
And scatter here and there.
Jack Frost's cold bite is in the breeze.
He makes it dreary here.

Now we all are busy,
For school has started, too.
The good vacation's over,
So there is work to do.

Then when we all are ready
With the work of harvest days,
There is a sign of dreary winter
Where the snow cover lays.



from "Leaves of Yesterday", Copyright Elvina Granlie McNamara, written at age 11.