

# October

*by Gary Hardaway*

As I begin my seventieth year,  
the late October air begins to breathe  
the reds, russets, yellows and oranges  
of autumn into leaves. For a few  
vivid weeks, deciduous shrubs and trees  
will seem to glow like flames and embers  
of a warming fire and then the winds  
will blow the radiant leaves away.

The austere limbs will give the world  
the skeletal beauty of winter as winter brings  
the possibility of snow. Each season has  
its pleasures and beauties. Let me now  
be grateful and observant as time  
revolves through loss and joy.

