

See - the golden stooks of grain  
Hear - the sighing breeze  
See - the brilliant colors  
Bedecking all the trees

There's purple on the chokecherry  
With reds of every hue  
Golden white-stemmed poplars  
A sky of brilliant blue

This is Indian Summer  
With harvest in full sway  
The combines and the threshers  
are heard throughout the day

Soon the fields are cleared  
Of all the golden grain  
Then - winter with white mantle  
clothes the world again



The seasons roll around  
Spring, Summer into Fall  
Each one has its beauty  
And I just love them all.

Hilda Brook.