

Fall

Fall was here.
Dog days of summer were over.
That's for sure.
Occasional wanderers strolled the streets
wearing T-shirts and shorts,
still in denial that summer had left them behind.
The air was crisp,
leaves crunched under my feet,
the wind whistled and hummed down the street.
Windows rattled like skeleton bones.
Clean air brought new energy.
The slowness of summer was gone.
Fall winds bring in new possibilities,
sharp pencils,
stiff new clothes,
and crisp white notebook paper
come with a new school year
like a gift dropped at your door.
After a slow summer of napping,
sleepy brick school buildings come back to life
as the children come rushing in.

By *Andy*

Andy's poem.