

Autumn
By Katie Hastings

As I walk out of the house I can feel that Autumn's here,
The sound of leaves crunching underneath my feet,
Upon the horizon lays a blanket of mist,
Dew sparkling on the grass like diamonds,
The air smells fresh as if it's just come back from the laundry,
Moonlight lights up the sky hanging like a crescent,
Red berries blossom and birds tweet,
Autumn to me is the best time of the year!

*Winning entry in the South and South East in Bloom Poetry
Competition.*