

Crimson Hues

By Kurt Venables

The mountains in Autumn surround
Light plays and leaves soar
Sweet songs echo from the peaks
The eyes feast, but the soul more

Nature shines now in crimson hues
She paints each leaf with different strokes
Her rhythm, of a different drum
Upon her breath, our future floats

For beauty is truth
And joy is sanity
Behind her eyes-
The hope of humanity