

Autumn Trail

By Robin B Lipinski

Going past, as if on a mission,
They never knew I exist.

Leaves falling,
Geese honking,
Summer fading away.

Soon,
Snow falling,
Northern Lights to show where I rest.

Sounds filling the air,
Yet, to me,
Silent.

In repose,
After a long day hiking,
Only two feet from the path,

Awaiting eternity,
I lay.

The End