



Sun was so bright today
Its sky never bluer
In a few short weeks, hillsides
Will wear shades of crimson blended with gold.
Tonight the late summer
Songs of simple crickets
Are unheard;
Obscured by the thuds of a heavy heart.

Follow worn trails along the forest floor
Trudge across a shallow stream
Climb a slippery, steep hill
Into sun drenched fields
Where tall, dense grasses obscure
the view of each new step you will take.

