

Junior Division, Poetry

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### **Fall Colours**

Red and gold,  
Scarlet and amber,  
Orange and the occasional brown.

The crisp autumn wind whips through the trees,  
tearing the leaves from their branches.

It swirls them around in bright clouds of colour  
Flinging them in each and every direction  
Like a child playing with confetti.

Ruby reds, crisp yellows, and vibrant shades of orange and amber.  
All litter the forest floor in a beautiful mess of fall colours when the wind is done.

Slowly, quietly, the wonderful colours of fall start to fade.

Red and gold become elusive,  
Scarlet and amber become scarce.  
Orange becomes a treasure to find,  
And brown is everywhere.

As winter coats the trees in a chilly white blanket,  
Only the needles of evergreen trees are left untouched,  
And there are no fall colours left to see.