

## Raining Gold

I was in the Oak Hammock woods  
Where I love to spend my spare time  
When I had an experience  
That inspired this brief humble rhyme

The waning leaves on one large tree  
Had all completely turned to gold  
Brightly backlighted by the sun  
They were a picture to behold

All at once hundreds of the leaves  
Released their bonds and took to flight  
They all concurrently floated  
Down slowly in the morning light

What caused this concerted action  
Is an enigma to confront  
Perhaps it's old man winter's puff  
Likely omen of a cold front

In typical rocking flutter  
They descended at a slow pace  
In no hurry to settle in  
Their final earthly resting place

A very sublime autumn scene  
It was a most beautiful show  
Giving me a buoyant feeling  
From this morning's bright autumn glow

After their brief stint of freedom  
The leaves fell flat upon the ground  
Settling down so delicately  
Without making a single sound

Entering the theatre of  
Serious invasive plant strife  
Fulfilling their crucial part in  
The wonderful cycle of life

Gene Ziegler. Dec. 2022