

Autumn Poetry Collection: A Celebration of the Falling Leaves Season

Autumn is a time of change and beauty, as the leaves on the trees turn from green to vibrant shades of red, orange, and yellow. It's a time to reflect on the past and look forward to the future. And it's a time to enjoy the simple pleasures of life, like spending time outdoors, reading a good book, or sipping a cup of hot cider.



Autumn Poetry: A Collection for the Season by Jan Darrow

★★★★☆ 4.1 out of 5

Language	: English
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Poetry can capture the essence of autumn in a way that few other forms of art can. The following collection of autumn poems celebrates the beauty and wonder of this season.

Autumn Leaves

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I love to see the leaves turn gold,
And float through the crisp autumn air,
Like fairy boats with sails outspread,
To seek some distant land and fair.

I love to hear the rustling leaves,
As they dance and whirl and sing,
Like elfin music in the trees,
A sweet and merry welcoming.

To Autumn

By John Keats

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Autumn Fires

By Robert Frost

Nothing could be more beautiful than these
Fires, and the way they burn so clear, so low.
The flames are dancing in the dusk of trees,
And all the air is full of their soft glow.
I sit and watch them, and I dream of all
The things that life has brought to me this year,
The good and bad, the joy and pain, the fall
Of leaves, and all the changes that appear.

Autumn is a Second Spring

By Emily Dickinson

Autumn is a second spring when every leaf is a flower.

The wind is a soft breath and the sky is a tender blue.

The days are shorter and the nights are longer,

But the moon is brighter and the stars are clearer.

The sun is a golden ball, and the earth is a ripe fruit.

Autumn is a time to gather in the harvest,

And to celebrate the beauty of the changing seasons.

These are just a few of the many beautiful poems that have been written about autumn. I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I do.

May your autumn be filled with beauty, wonder, and peace.



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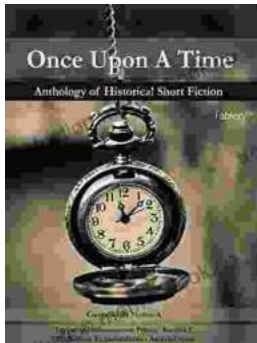
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