FALL : The Mist and All

By: Dixie Willson

I like the fall,

The mist and all.

I like the night owl’s

Lonely call—

And wailing sound

Of wind around.

 I like the gray

 November day,

 And bare, dead boughs

 That coldly sway

 Against my pane.

I like the rain.

I like to sit

And laugh at it—

And tend

My cozy fire a bit.

I like the fall—

The mist and all.