

## Autumn Finale

Spare no lament for the maple leaves  
that hail their impending fall  
with blazing gold and scarlet concerts  
bright as Christmas brass in marble halls.

How bold their radiant hymns resound -  
mute to the sweated ones below  
whose treble scraping rakes -  
raise smoldering pyres of the fallen.

Steamy plumes from cocoa mugs  
blend with burning oak and maple wisps  
as rakers chant their own sweet airs,  
“The colors surprised this year,  
didn’t think we’d had the rain.”

So spare no lament for the maple leaves  
whose jubilant anthems,  
raised beneath the harvest moon,  
herald their fall with rainbow alleluías.