

Harvest Poem

Harvesting corn that sails in the wind,
Sunflowers that nod and sing,
Dew-dusted spiders webs ,
Leaves drifting gently from the tops of trees,

Bread baking in the oven,
The golden warm crust cover,
The shinning scarlet apple,
Dropping off the sun-tanned branches,
The flock of birds that rise high to join the wind that travels
South.

Eleanor Drury