

banner



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Poetry

## Entry by Troops

### Reflections on an Autumn Scene

The growing gusts of Autumn  
Bringing, not death, but change,  
But it looks like death.

Yellow, red stained leaves will loose  
From the tree; free  
As the season moves once more  
A continuous cycle of rebirth.  
I wait.  
There are not crunchy multitudes yet.

Then one, twirling  
Comes dancing joyfully down.

Then another,  
Diving headfirst for the shelter of the cushioning earth.

A terrifying wind causes  
Voices to rise  
In fear  
And all to tremble.

Soon they surround me,  
Spinning, floating  
Silently gracing the lowly grass.

The others left behind protest  
Their cries can never  
Bring them back to a dying tree  
From which they have detached.

Only a few days more, and  
All will have come.

But the tree is not dead.  
It has only stopped giving life.  
The gathering fruits will be  
Absorbed; transformed  
Giving their life in return for

The growth of  
This Mighty Tree.

Sarah Munro

