

All Things Fall

Cherry Carl

A scarecrow dressed in overalls
Is just one sign of coming fall.
He seems to wave at each haystack,
As blackbirds dive in their attack
On cornfields picked so bare and clean,
Changed to brown from summer's green.

Grandma's making pumpkin pies,
Bread dough set aside to rise.
The barnyard's full of fresh picked corn
Pecked by a cackling white leghorn.
Geese are flying overhead,
Above the trees of orange and red.

