

For Betty ...

As summer turns to greet the Autumn  
The sun sets low behind the hill  
Likewise have I had my season here.

How gently then winds of time calling  
As if to know my every breath  
Till like one golden leaf I'm falling to rest.

But no matter should these skies cloud over  
Or rain be felt upon your face  
Whate'er this day brings find it within to  
celebrate.

For when the moon she glistens silver  
All down the river to the bay  
Or the wind stirs up the leaves from I'm  
not far away.

And if you glimpse daffodils a-dancing  
Or the smell of peaches fills the air  
Or the clatter of cake tins sound in the kitchen  
from I am there.

But the summer turns to greet the Autumn  
And the sun sets low behind the hill  
Likewise have I had my season here ...

Anne Darby  
Lanmas 2002