

# *the autumn wind*

*Reg Down*  
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the autumn wind is blowing through my tree  
the helpless leaves are whirled in dying gray  
and soon the shadows of the waning sun  
will cast their crooked bones upon the clay  
that lies about its ever delving roots

then life the last breath of my autumn days  
undoes the dying leaves of helpless youth  
and when the waning sun a shadow casts  
on crooked thoughts in forms that hide the truth  
its darkness makes the stronger light endure

all words are spoken to the bitter end  
they fall away and leave their bones unsealed  
all deeds we wrought to which we were attached  
like leaves are blown and leave my tree revealed