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INDIAN SUMMER

By Lois Homer

Indian summer has finally come
Birds still chirp and insects hum
I walk through prairies lush with green grass
Through wooded paths I love to pass
The green of summer is fading fast
To red and yellow of autumn at last
I see wildflowers still in bloom
Stubbornly resisting their withering doom
Blue chicory, evening lychnis, daisy fleabanes,
Dandelions grown along prairie lanes
Saw yellow primrose and red clover
Soon their time will be about over
The woods are all aflame in red
Yellow and brown, what lies ahead?
Today I feel the heat of the sun
I walk in its warmth until it's done
But the leaves are all falling
And winter will come calling
And snowflakes will fall so powdery white
Till all is a fairyland, what a sight!
The trees will sparkle with snow and ice
If our electricity doesn't go out, that would be nice
The toughest plant I've ever seen
Is purple ground ivy that can stay green
All through the winter if the snow is deep
Which I discovered while shoveling, one peep,
Surprised me so that I bent down to see
Perky green plants growing, how could that be
Ground Ivy leaves growing under deep snow
Sheltered from the weather, it really was so
While up above it was windy and chill
The temperature was enough to kill
The icicles hung down from tree branches
Walking under them would mean taking chances
In the dead of winter there is promise of spring
In unopened buds of the plants that will bring
A new season but spring, don't make us wait
Meanwhile the blustery weather we hate
Indian summer is really a break
From earlier cold which makes our bones ache
Then the sun is warm and plants still grow
If not for falling leaves, who would know
That winter can come with an icy blast
And make you wish that spring would come fast