

## **Garden Walk**

*by Barbara R. Williams-Hubbard*

I wandered the garden path slowly  
seeking sun from the shade  
of a crisp October day,  
the way opening here and there  
as the sun and the shade  
danced in their play.  
Bittersweet, the turn of colors  
as the seasons change  
going from green to  
blazing burgundy,  
orange and gold,  
arrangements bold in the beginnings  
of their final symphony  
as the music  
of fall  
softly and gloriously  
unfolds.  
Ah! It is a peaceful walk.  
No storms to face today.  
The leaves speak  
“Be ready,” they talk.  
Right now, that’s all they wish to say.  
And I return to where I started,  
smiling and alone.  
The clouds of life departed.  
I make my way back home.

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