

## Fleeting Autumn

Het Mehta

Sometimes I go down to the stream  
and the water makes me long for youthful dreams,  
of the fleeting autumn that soon will leave.

As the leaves begin to decay,  
I can see my breath floating astray.

And as the autumn breeze fades away,  
so do the hummingbirds and their songs the same way.

Taking it all in, I think about this season,  
and how it leaves without any rhyme or reason.

Knowing the harsh winter will come  
helps me appreciate this fleeting autumn sun.

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