

Grey clouds scudding across a grey sky,  
Mists of rain flowing over the valley floor;  
Birds, flying with wind-blown feathers  
Fight the currents and zephyrs under the clouds.  
Autumn trees, showing bright golden colours  
Against the grey drifts of rain,  
Toss their heads in the gusts and gasps of the wind.  
A bright reflection from a hidden pond catches the eye  
Amid a haze of swirling leaves.  
Dusk approaches, and street lamps shed their orange glow  
Across rain-wet streets and pavements.  
The church clock strikes the hour, hurrying latecomers  
Home for their tea, each illuminated window offering a haven  
From the damp and dismal evening.  
Windows shed their lights across gardens,  
Illuminating swathes of bright green grass  
Before curtains are drawn, enclosing families and friends  
In a cosy, comfortable evening, each swatch of material  
Offering a bastion against the encroaching dusk.