

# COOL BREEZE

by: Steven D. Smith

Getting cooler now; the Summers gone, and the Spring is a distant memory. The Autumn colors are still beautiful, it's just that I've seen them all before.

I use to open my wings and catch a breeze. I'd let it carry me, riding the current like a surfer and when the winds shifted I would always land softly; handsomely abundant, nesting easily; but it's getting cooler now.

I never noticed the sun passing Zenith  
until a shadow loomed; startling me as I stared into it.

A  
dark  
damp  
and  
cold  
Winter  
awaiting.  
An  
inevitable  
eventuality.

But  
not  
yet!  
Indian  
Summer  
will keep  
away  
the frost  
for  
a while.

*So in the mean time; I'll continue to soar!*