

AUTUMN FRIENDS

Changing colours of the leaves,
Yellow, orange, brown,
Pretty scenes of autumn trees,
All about my town.

Swirling, twirling this way and that,
Rustling on the ground,
One by one, falling gently,
For me to kick around.

Here are my friends – come one, come all,
We meet at the park to play,
Pull out the kites and thank the season,
For this windy autumn day.