

Fall Forest
By Olivia Brown

In the fall forest,

I feel at peace.

Hues of ashy brown

marled light and pine green.

Birds chirping.

A slight breeze blows

shaking mustard,

apricot

and crimson leaves.

Further down,

a tiny pond filled with frogs

jump and croak.

Flies buzz lazily.

I crunch brittle leaves,

while fluffy squirrels

dart

seeds filling their cheeks.

In the fall forest.