

## Autumn Trail

By Robin B Lipinski

Going past, as if on a mission,  
They never knew I exist.

Leaves falling,  
Geese honking,  
Summer fading away.

Soon,  
Snow falling,  
Northern Lights to show where I rest.

Sounds filling the air,  
Yet, to me,  
Silent.

In repose,  
After a long day hiking,  
Only two feet from the path,

Awaiting eternity,  
I lay.

The End