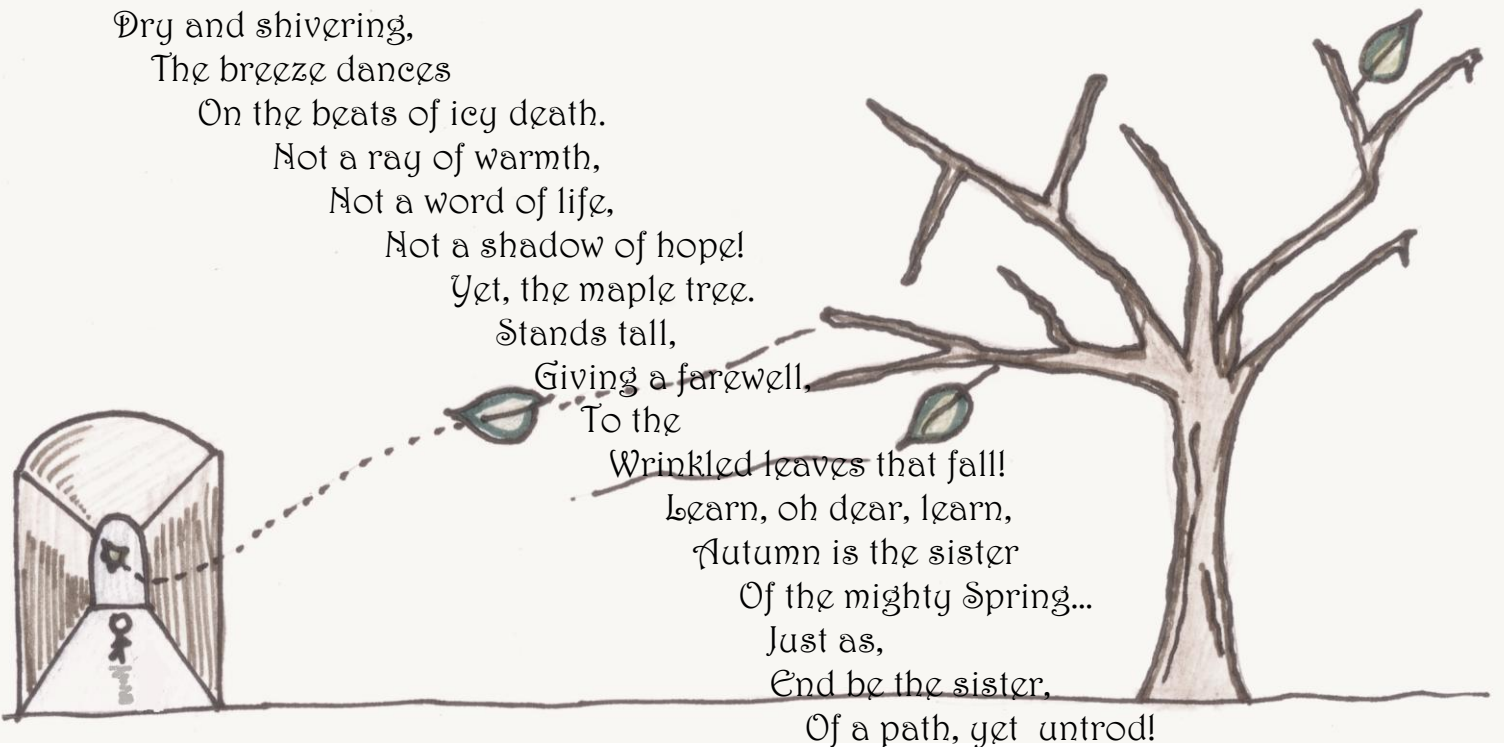


# Autumn

Dry and shivering,  
The breeze dances  
On the beats of icy death.  
Not a ray of warmth,  
Not a word of life,  
Not a shadow of hope!  
Yet, the maple tree,  
Stands tall,  
Giving a farewell,  
To the  
Wrinkled leaves that fall!  
Learn, oh dear, learn,  
Autumn is the sister  
Of the mighty Spring...  
Just as,  
End be the sister,  
Of a path, get untrod!



-Tanvi Gujarati Pradeep