

Listening to Autumn by Macrina Wiederkehr

Autumn is slipping through summer's branches

and I am listening,

I am listening to the dying

flowing forth from autumn's being.

I am listening to the life

hidden in the dying.

I am listening.

I am listening to the trees taking off their lush
green garments.

I am listening to the leaves turning, turning, ever
turning.

I am listening to the burning bush of autumn.

I am listening to the falling of this season.

I am listening

I am listening to the song of transformation

to the wisdom of the season,

to the losses and the grieving,

to the turning loose and letting go.

I am listening to the surrender of autumn.

I am listening.

I am listening to the music of the forest's
undergrowth

to the crunch of leaves beneath my feet,

to the miracle of crumbling leaves
becoming earth again.

I am listening to the beauty and the fragility of
aging.

I am listening.

I am listening to the wheel of the year turning,

to the cycle of the seasons,

to the call for harmony and balance.

I am listening to the circle of life.

I am listening.

I am listening to the days growing shorter,

to the air turning crisp and cool,

to the slow waning of the light,

to the stars that shine in cold, dark nights.

I am listening to the growing harvest moon.

I am listening.

I am listening to happy harvest cries,

to hearts overflowing with thanksgiving,

to tables laden with gifts from the earth,

to baskets overflowing with fruit.

I am listening to the bountiful gift of autumn.

I am listening.

I am listening to a call for inner growth,

to my need to let go of material
possessions,

to my need to reach out for invisible gifts,

I am listening to a call for transformation.

I am listening.

I am listening to the death of old ways.

I am listening to the life force turning inward.

I am listening to the renewal of the earth.

I am listening.

I am listening to summer handing over autumn.

I am listening to the poetry of autumn.

I am listening.