

Some brown, some red, some golden

I hope we'll be here in years to come
Just like in the past
When we all came tumbling down
One after the other
As the winds hurled us to the ground
Some brown
Some red
Some golden

This is always our favourite time of year
November
Some might think the spring
When our buds are bursting forth
As the sap is on the rise
But it's still November
The best for us
Having gone through all the seasons
To reach our ultimate goal

It's the next stage that's most important
Falling to the ground
And feeding Mother Earth
So new leaves will blossom
Being part of this cycle
Is what keeps us going
When things are tough
Just thinking of those to come

What would the world do without us?
No leaves on the trees
No shooting buds
No greenery
Nothing to shelter the birds
Nothing to rustle in the breeze
Nothing to look up to and admire
Nothing to see grow throughout the years

We're just taken for granted
Like many things
Not missed before they're gone
But then it's too late
And there's nothing that can be done

So let's all work together
As new seeds are planted
In reforestation
And we must all do what we can
To help the environment
And support all living entities
Throughout their lifespan
So that they'll be able to drop to the ground
Like us again

In November
Some brown
Some red
Some golden

Martin Mellett