

Already September

Already September, and the little country lane
Is free of combine harvesters again;
You ramble by the brambles, teasels, nettles standing tall,
A whiff of diesel settles around it all,
It seems you're all alone amid the early morning cool
But for mums in four-by-fours who're late for school.

Already October, and the little country lane
Teems with golden leaves that fall like rain.
Dancing to and fro you go and catch a leaf for luck,
Miss your footing, did not see the truck;
Just a little shaken from a quickly taken fall,
And so the leaf was lucky after all.

Already November, and the little country lane
Sparkles with the early frost again.
The whizz-bangs and the starshells fade, the poppies sadly strewn,
Carol singing will be starting soon.
And now the sky at teatime is much darker than before
And the calendar's days are numbered once more.

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