

Acorns

By Richard Saunders

Cool, crisp air.

Look up into the trees.

You see orange, red, and yellow leaves.

Walk through the grass.

You hear.

Feel.

Crunch, crack, crunch.

Squirrels look at you in disgust

Look down.

Acorns you do not see.

Beetles.

Thousands of beetles.

Crunch, crack, crunch.

Step on a crack.

Break your mothers back.

Fall is in the air.

You can see and smell it everywhere.

