**Whispers of Fall**

Ground covered in a haze,
With a moonlight piercing afterglow,
The shimmer is brazen,
Filled by blowing leaves in tow.

Giving hints of the change to come,
Cool air creeps in at night,
The Whispers of Fall migrate,
Towards October's day of fright.

The cordial days of fall,
Bringing in seasonal beliefs,
After thy hot days of summer,
With the sounds of autumn relief.

The Whispers of Fall,
Make a joyous fellow,
With the rustling of colored leaves,
In their shades of Red and Yellow.