

U3A POETRY

WRITE A LINE

(scribes visiting the U3A Open Day on 6th October 2015 added their poetic lines to our ongoing poem)

Softened mulberries sparkle in apricot coulis
as grey mist creeps in from the west

I do so hate the Autumn
The American word 'Fall' says it all

Watching the leaves turn colour
the mists have come covering Faringdon in a grey blanket
soon to be dispersed by the harsh light of day

I do hate the cold dark winter
but the spark of Spring is exhilarating

Green shoots, golden flowers, promising a foody's feast
scuffling through multi-coloured leaves of orange, gold, red and amber - glorious
Autumn!
Trudging through mud so enjoying Faringdon's Humpty Hill's town green

Country life is rich in thought
Where to hide the Christmas gifts bought?

Colours fantastical slide from the sky
Tread through the leaves as they lie

I'm off to Tenerife next week to break the spell