

THE AUTUMN QUEEN

Autumn's goddess is a tawny maiden and she wears a cloak of crimson, amber and gold.
She adorns her mantle and appears from her slumber when the air turns crisp and cold.

She works her magic and gently shakes the trees so that they may shed their leaves.
She knows that us human folk are the same and obliged to leave what we no longer need.

She is there when the squirrels start to hoard their nuts and the chestnuts begin to fall.
She creates a bed of russet and auburn on the ground for us to walk on.

Where we can appreciate the crunch underfoot of what is decaying and to be discarded.
In the cycle of life we don't need to hold on to that which doesn't bloom in our garden.

She is there as Halloween approaches and we celebrate the souls that have gone above.
She fans the flame of bonfires that hold the embers of our undying love.

She helps us let go of frivolous summer notions and dreams to make way for shorter nights.
She encourages us to wrap up snugly and cocoon ourselves with warm delights.

She adds a dewy pigment to our surroundings and makes the pumpkins vibrant and sweet.
She provides a canvas that with a kaleidoscope of shades and hues our soulful eyes can meet.

She is there to prepare us for winter when with nature's harvest our animals hibernate.
She will restore our faith in transformation which in the spring will propagate.

She is our autumnal fairy empress who dances with the wind and paints patterns in the fog.
She is there to remind us that the light still shines when the long summer nights are gone.

She can match each shattering firework with an illumination of moon and stars.
Underneath, which, we can leave out crystals, our wishes to manifest, whilst they charge.

So, do not fear September, October and November in the latter part of our year.
They bring with them a season of bounty and goodness to prepare us for Christmas cheer.

Embrace our woodland matriarch who stands in her sovereignty so mighty and tall.
And remember that just as leaves descend from the trees that we rise again after each 'fall'.

By Fionnuala Cassidy

