**Party Time**

Isn't it topsy turvy
that fall in all its splendor
heralds an ending

though technically, winter starts
with a Birth, and yes birthing
brings joy but only after a journey
down a lonely tunnel is made.

Anyway, what's wrong with an ending
celebrated with confetti of red and gold
among bounties of juice filled apples
rustling corn stalks, orange orbs

like the setting sun, not so melancholy
but still a reminder—
though we are weary
the party goes on.

Diane Melby