

Three Poems

- *brother Columba*

When trees shed their leaves
and leave
us
wondering.



Colors so brilliant, so fragile,
a gift of joy —
Alleluia
to the Creator of all!

Standing in the sun
feeling its touch
warm our earth
and lift our hearts
so generous, so free.



Autumn shuffles in —
a youngster hoping for surprises.
Puffed-up billowing clouds
sliding over harvested fields
blessings to be shared.

