

**Canoe Elderhostel**  
**Silver Bay, NY**  
(October 1991)

**Falling Leaves**

The leaves tumble to the ground.  
Float below without a sound.  
Are red and orange and sometimes brown.  
The colors of an earthly crown.

Are quietly consumed it seems.  
By microbes organized in teams.  
They munch and eat and leave a mess.  
And change the looks of all the rest

The process likely has a name.  
With Latin words that mean the same.  
I use a song from Pepsodent,  
"I wonder where the yellow went?"

**Following the Gypsy Dinner**  
...Dave & Carolyn Leaverton

There was a poet named Ackley  
Who depicted his subject exactly.

With his meter and rhyme  
He kept perfect time  
But with napkins  
He danced very slackly.