autumn bounty – poem

The fields that lay so cold and bare

Until the frosts withdrew,

That gave a home to tiny seed

And nurtured as it grew,

Through April showers, summer sun,

Across the dusty days,

Now overflow with ears of corn

And barley, wheat and maize.

And gardens up and down the land

Display for all to see

The due reward for hours spent

In soil on bended knee,

As from the ground we gather in

The upshot of our toil,

And marvel how it all began,

A seed within the soil.