Bewitched by Autumn
By Rebecca Kai Dotlich
Illustration by David Diaz

My favorite time of year. Here, in a city carved with candlelight, a whistling in the air tonight of toad song, porch stoop, swish of broom in a sweep of sky.

One brew of wind, and I am flying in this autumn-mood of apple breeze, fall moon, star spell. My days are full with point of hat, branch of wand, curl of silver chimney smoke,

bits of legend in a broth, steamed with a spot of bubble and spice, full of hoot and cider and singing wind . . .

these are magic hours of chill and cobweb days, for all too soon, blue star and winter moon shall snap them all away.