







We are into November now, It is so hard to comprehend; How fast the months are passing, The Year will soon be at an end.



Keep what you value most of all, You would be sad if they were lost; Yet the seeded black grapes now, Are sweeter when touched by frost.





Gale force winds are now blowing, Stripping many trees completely bare; The falling leaves form a soft carpet, From what's been tossed into the air.



You may sometimes take a gamble, And do things that make you quake; You could still be on a winner, Just by making some small mistake.

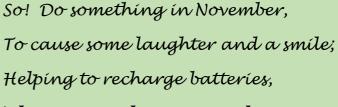




Time now to get pot plants indoors, For an extended floral treat; If you want to save their show, Give them some gentle heat.











By Eila Webster



