

Fall Leaves By Dillen Lee Miller

*Fall—good old fall. The leaves slip down from which I call.
The trees so empty, by my leaves so bright,
have a miraculous time from day to night.*

*I rake my leaves into a pile, then start a leaf fight
that extends a mile. Throw some reds far
overhead, soon before I fall into bed.
Fall leaves, fall leaves do not stop
sending, until good old
fall begins its
ending.*

CityBus
GREATER LAFAYETTE
Wherever Life Takes You

TAF
making the arts work

Regional Arts Partner
IAC
Indiana Arts Commission
This activity is made possible, in part, by Tippecanoe Arts Federation, the Indiana Arts Commission, and the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency.

WORDS
on the
GO

Want to know more about poetry on the buses?
www.gocitybus.com/wordsonthego/

Art on this placard by: *Brigid Manning-Hamilton*