You Will Remember

Clyde Zimmerman*
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By Clyde Zimmerman

Some day at dusk in September
When the leaves are drifting,
You will remember . . .
  Moonlight sifting
  Through treetops.

Some brisk evening in October
When the frost is creeping,
You will remember . . .
  Warm wind sweeping
  Soft fragrance.

On some dark night in November
When cold rain is falling,
You will remember . . .
  A bird calling
  In sweet song.

Some long evening in December
When the fire is dying,
You will remember . . .
  Your heart sighing
  On a summer night.