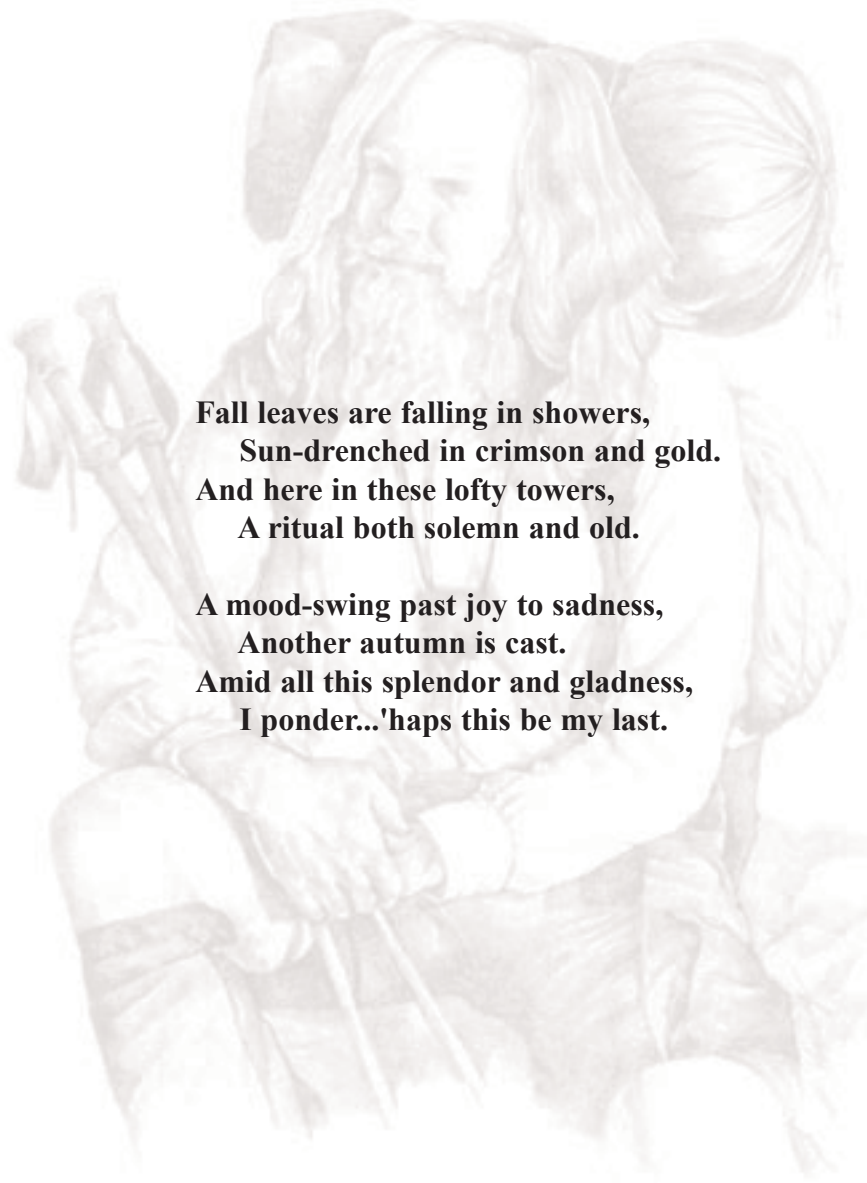


THE LAST FALL [10-00]



**Fall leaves are falling in showers,
Sun-drenched in crimson and gold.
And here in these lofty towers,
A ritual both solemn and old.**

**A mood-swing past joy to sadness,
Another autumn is cast.
Amid all this splendor and gladness,
I ponder...'haps this be my last.**