

SEASONAL FRUITS



autumn

2025





Copyright © AUTUMN 2025 by Seasonal Fruits  
Magazine.

Volume 3.1.

Photography and Design Copyright © Jillian-Rae Picco.  
Published via Wordpress in Canada.  
All Rights Reserved ©.

Reproduction whether in whole or part, without the  
written permission of the Editorial Director, is strictly  
prohibited. All enclosed works are copyright of their  
respective author(s) and upon publication reverts to the  
original author(s).

Seasonal Fruits Magazine is published quarterly by the  
Editorial Director, and is based in Ontario, Canada. All  
communication should be directed to: Jillian-Rae Picco—  
Editorial Director. [seasonalfruitsmag.wordpress.com](http://seasonalfruitsmag.wordpress.com)





## CONTENTS

"Orchard at Dusk" by Veronica Tucker

"The Field After Harvest" by Veronica Tucker

"The Trees Teach Letting Go" by Veronica Tucker

"West Virginia in Mid-Autumn" by John C. Polles

"terror reading" by Haven Alexa Langley

"autumn calls" by Haven Alexa Langley

"Mother Season" by g.h.k.

"The Season of Letting Go" by Ellie Darlene

"Straw Men" by Elizabeth Butler

"Ber Month Season" by Elizabeth Butler

"Faithful Friend" by Elizabeth Butler

"Library of Ghosts" by Megan Markham





## CONTENTS

"After Baudelaire" by Megan Markham

"October for Me" by Farhan Nurdiansyah

"Beaks" by Nicholas Finch

"A Taste" by Tom Lagasse

"Grapes" by Tom Lagasse

"Dried Flowers" by Saranya Bhat

"Fall Like a Star" by Gargi Sidana

"It's Perilous for Ladybirds" by Charlie Cottrell

"Ode to Autumn" by Angela Patera

"October" by Helene Kern

"Magpie Morning" by Helene Kern



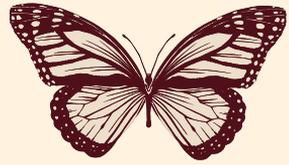


## Orchard at Dusk

Veronica Tucker

In the valley beneath Belknap  
Mountain,  
the orchard stretches row by row,  
branches still heavy with late apples.  
Some hang mottled,  
skins bruised from September wind,  
others catch the last sunlight  
and shine like lanterns.  
Families wander through  
with baskets that overflow,  
children climbing the lower limbs  
to shake down what waits above.





My boots sink slightly in fallen fruit,  
the ground sweet with fermenting juice.  
Cider presses grind somewhere close,  
that rough churn echoing  
like a heartbeat.  
Beyond the fence,  
fields lie open to frost,  
pumpkin vines collapsed,  
geese tracing a V against the copper sky.  
This orchard has been here longer  
than any of us,  
  
roots sunk deep in granite soil,  
patient as the hills.





I pause in the hush  
before night takes the last light,  
knowing some fruits ripen  
just to fall unseen,  
and still, the tree offers them.





# The Field After Harvest

Veronica Tucker

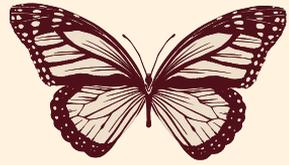
By late October,  
the corn is cut down to stubble,  
pumpkin vines shriveled against the soil.

Frost has scoured the edges of  
everything.

I walk the field,  
boots sinking into earth that  
remembers  
what it gave.

A crow balances on a broken stalk,  
its black wings ragged as cloth.  
Above me, geese call their rough





goodbyes,  
arrows of sound disappearing  
into the gray sky.  
This land has seen more endings  
than I can count.  
Stone walls snake the border,  
built by hands that believed  
in marking what was theirs.  
Now the walls hold lichens  
and small animals in their crevices,  
a new kind of ownership.  
I kneel to touch the soil,  
cold and certain,  
knowing beneath the frost  
seeds lie hidden.





Endings are not empty.  
They are waiting rooms.  
This field has always known  
how to begin again.





## The Trees Teach Letting Go

Veronica Tucker

The birches on the edge of the stone wall  
are already half-bare,  
their white trunks luminous against the  
field.

Maples blaze as if set on purpose,  
red so fierce it stains the air.

I rake the last of the leaves  
from our yard and remember  
my father telling me  
to never fight the season.

Everything has its own time  
to burn bright, then fall.





By the old granite markers in the  
cemetery  
the oaks hold tighter,  
brown leaves clinging until snow,  
resisting the change that waits for them.

I walk the gravel path,  
pine needles cushioning every step,  
and wonder what kind of tree I am,  
what I cling to even when  
my knuckles ache with holding.

The air carries woodsmoke  
from a neighbor's chimney, the kind of  
fire that says  
the cold is close.





I breathe it in,  
let it settle,  
try to learn the art  
of loosening,  
the way leaves do  
without apology.





## West Virginia in Mid-Autumn

John C. Polles

This time last year, he said  
he wanted to take me camping.

I said I'd go,  
deal with the mosquitoes—  
even brave the spiders—  
just to be with him.

I even started to see myself  
alone with him in this  
imagined earthtoned tent,  
sleeping next to snakes in





some fantasy woodland—

To see my long legs spread out in  
that cobalt truck with the high ceiling,  
past all those gutted strip mines,  
heading toward grey mountains,  
trees burning orange,  
matching his hat.

But all I really wanted to do  
was take him out to dinner.

All I wanted to do  
was spend that time  
alone with him.

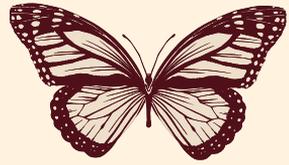




On the Lake,  
out in the woods,  
at the sports bar  
down the street,  
handing him a cig in the  
parking lot—

Each burnt,  
orange cinder falling,  
grey ash beneath  
size 11, size 15.



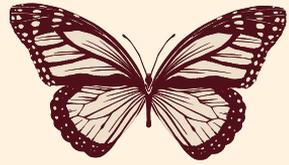


## terror reading

Haven Alexa Langley

great oracle,  
to you i came in query,  
and depart feeling disheartened;  
for the tower looms overhead,  
the high priestess is nowhere to be  
found,  
and i, the fool, began my journey  
unaware—  
until this moment—that only death  
awaits me at the end of this equinox.  
and if i do not desire this destiny...?





still, the air cools and  
the leaves let go, the sun sleeps late  
and the wheel of fortune continues  
spinning  
as i board the chariot, a hanged man  
who's accepted his fate.





## autumn calls

Haven Alexa Langley

a dog that stops to sniff around,  
a pumpkin sprouting up from the  
ground,  
leaves that crunch and critters that  
munch  
on mushrooms and rotting summer  
fruits.  
autumn calls and tells me to lace up my  
hiking boots!





## Mother Season

g.h.k.

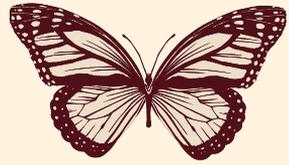
Autumn, I welcome you with open  
arms.

After chasing for the summer that only  
made me sweat —  
perhaps my ego as much as my body.

I welcome your fresh breezes  
that cool my skin in a soul  
that feels like it's burning,  
sometimes.

You are a saviour,





a faithful companion,  
a Godsend.

I try my best to love the summers,  
because I think I'm supposed to?  
And though that season's essence  
burns bright and vivid,  
I've seen myself in the transition  
of the seasons, the annual  
exchange.

Yet, nevertheless, we stare at  
the decay process,





marveling at its unique and varied  
colours,  
each with much of the reverence  
we similarly extend to its warmer  
sister precedent.

Autumn, fall. . .  
one name sounds  
more romantic than  
the other. Yet, they each  
hold their truths about their  
reasons. . .red, yet blue.

Mother Season, your embrace feels  
so familiar: the discomfort



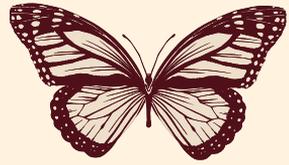


of my skin that shivers  
through my bones and  
reaches deeper,  
finding its home.

It feels precisely as I desire it to.

My gratitude abounds for your grace,  
and every time I say your name,  
in my ears, a familiar ring  
abounds beyond the suffering.





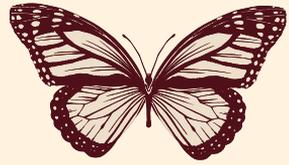
## The Season of Letting Go

Ellie Darlene

The season of letting go comes around,  
As ghostly voices creep upon the town,  
Whispers of the dark that had been,  
From the pumpkin's quiet lips,

Festivities of the leave's changing colors,  
Stories that haunt every corner of the  
town,  
But it is truly the quiet and eerie  
whispers,  
That forces them to listen a little closer.



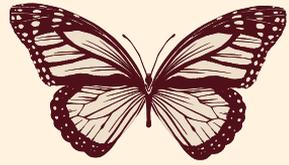


## Straw Men

Elizabeth Butler

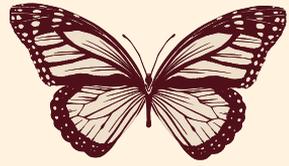
Stuffed with straw,  
So much he could burst.  
Old, tatty, checked shirt,  
From Uncle's hand me downs.  
As straight as a pole,  
Watching people from afar.  
Created in two hours,  
And named rugged Joe.  
A pillow for a head,  
That's overfilled with the straw.  
A terrifying grin drawn,  
From a child who can't draw.





Plonked in a field,  
Away from the crowds.  
Rugged Joe wishes,  
To be included a bit more.  
Plump pumpkins surround him,  
They're getting all the attention.  
'Cos ragged old straw men,  
Are not so interesting now.  
He stands all alone,  
While burnt leaves are falling.  
A gentle reminder,  
That Fall can never stick around.



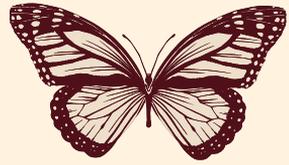


## Ber Month Season

Elizabeth Butler

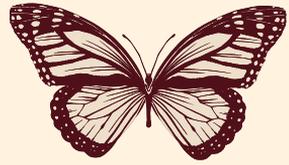
There's a chill in the air,  
Now Summer's had its fun.  
For far too long I've waited,  
For these months to howl on by.  
Green leaves turn crispy,  
Under large leather boots.  
All frozen headache filled beverages,  
Transformed into pumpkin treats.  
The heat of the sun,  
Has subsided and silenced.  
As the end of October approaches,  
And there's a darkness in the skies.





Shattered children come home from  
school,  
Exhausted from their Summer.  
The nights around them,  
Getting longer  
The days they are now shorter.  
It is the time for spirit's calls,  
They whisper in the wind.  
'Cos throughout this season,  
All I hear among this rainfall,  
Are ghosts that pass us by.





## Faithful Friend

Elizabeth Butler

This is her time to shine.  
This season is all mine.  
This cauldron's bubbles overflow,  
But alas I'm just a crow.  
She needs me by her side,  
Because it's comfort, I provide.  
She clears her throat, and then she sings,  
She's thankful for what I bring.  
"Oh, black haired crow!"  
"There is so much you need to know."  
I watch her stir frogs' legs around,  
I'm very still don't make a sound.





“This is the season of the witch!”  
“I’m thankful for my life, so rich!”  
She’s so beautiful in this light,  
The moon cast shadows at Midnight.  
Yes, a witch, she maybe,  
But she’s my saviour, she rescued me.





# Library of Ghosts

Megan Markham

Some say the veil is thin this time of year  
but my library disagrees; the air is thick  
with energy  
around every tomb that slumbers  
within these dusty lanes. At dusk a dense  
fog of fortune rolls  
through and wakes a few hundred  
screaming pages. The floors creak with  
phantom footsteps and  
no fewer than a dozen dictionaries fall  
from the shelves with seemingly no  
cause. Ignorant





authors thought their pulp pennies  
wouldn't come back for their blood,  
now they are imprisoned  
in 12 pt font.

Ink to paper is the path to immortality  
but at what cost?



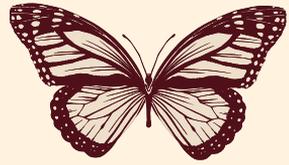


## After Baudelaire

Megan Markham

An oasis of horror in a desert of  
boredom. Oh! How I long to be bored  
with you. A time where  
the horrors cease fire on our hearts and  
we can lie in the sand without fear of  
cannons crashing  
against the beach beside us. Time!  
Something I don't want to hide from,  
for without him, I would  
never get time with you.  
So let us be bored, my love.





## October for Me

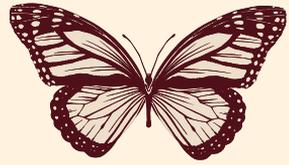
Farhan Nurdiansyah

It keeps my heart singing,  
lungs streaming  
fingers spoked—into hair spiking,  
eyes shining  
October for me

And it sounds like this:  
A crumb of a leaf from some death in a  
tree.

Please show me,  
constellations, Adeline  
and seas

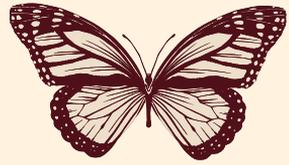




Dance and spin,  
to the tune of Jobim:  
Where are the quiet stars, and the quiet  
chords—  
—minor nines,  
and elevenths in this quiet October  
night?

Autumn leaves, “start to fall—  
—of red and gold”  
sings and scats,  
to the tune of Cole  
October for me





Little falls,  
autumn kisses, I must glow  
here for you  
old autumn's tune  
October for you





## Beaks

Nicholas Finch

Our beaks pulse flush  
and swollen, wings freshly  
plucked post-swooping  
effort, your feathers forgetting

to rest; they bristle, rising,  
prepping your slick bird  
bone body for flight.  
Your feathers forget  
their rightful place  
at rest—tonight





we nest together,  
lay near,  
neat, and close,

clean off with our little  
black tongues  
and pray to what  
made us birds.





## A Taste

Tom Lagasse

A ruby-throated humming-  
bird circles the nearly barren,  
diseased apple tree,

Save the crown's jewels,  
emerald green to withering  
yellow. She hovers, probes,

Delicately pierces the skin,  
a taste of sweetness  
in world of decay.





# Grapes

Tom Lagasse

Golden autumn  
Sunlight; a bowl  
Of fresh grapes.  
Their sweet taste,  
the wine of now.





## Dried Flowers

Saranya Bhat

I found that dried flower pressed  
between our pages—the one you  
picked all those days ago.

It felt silly then, like a fleeting moment,  
but now it feels like a token of the past.

The flawed, dried petals remind me of  
what once was:

Bright, soft, twirling in the air, fragrant  
—now reduced to nothing but brittle  
remains.

Was that us?





The laughter that once filled the air now  
only echoes faintly in my ears.

The touch that lingered on my skin is  
nothing more than the memory of  
warm air brushing  
past.

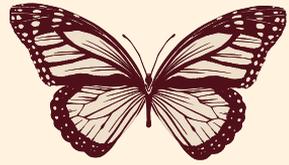
I wonder—should I turn back time?  
Preserve it better?

Change a few actions, erase a few words,  
rewrite the story we told ourselves.

Maybe then the colors wouldn't have  
faded,

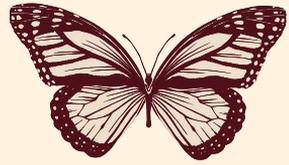
The beauty wouldn't have crumbled,  
And the fragrance might have stayed.





But even I know the truth.  
No matter how carefully I pressed the  
petals,  
No matter how gently I tried to hold  
on,  
The loss would still remain.  
The fragrance would still fade.  
And maybe that's what we were always  
meant to be:  
A fleeting moment, a fragile bloom,  
Beautiful for a time but destined to dry  
away.  
Perhaps it's not the loss that haunts me,  
But the fear that I didn't cherish it  
enough when it was still alive.



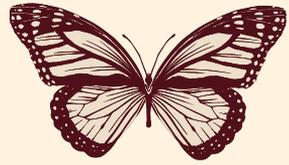


## Fall Like a Star

Gargi Sidana

Autumn falls heavy on my tongue;  
Licking chores of drama  
A mass of fire slides through my torso,  
In the hands of club torrent seeds  
Melting down, she glanced at heaven.  
Time to bid farewell to Mother Gaia  
No matter how much love she endured;  
Desuetude leaves have to fall naked  
Changed to the wet purple hue of  
nourishment,  
Bestowed golden palm of horizon  
Summit waves final goodbye





Crescent sky pours little heart in cotton  
frames of

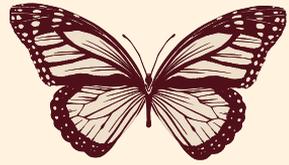
Dignified living and revitalizing  
fractured souls of humans that lie  
beneath the gazzle of  
sorrow.

Leaves shred skin decay and humans  
elope from reality.

Similarities synchronize one utter truth  
of death.

Like a red flag march on the graveyard  
of destiny.





Autumn wings trespass through the  
biscof layers of charity  
Biding signals/ marks to the end of  
summer.

Winter peeps through the corner of the  
silvery windows;  
Brimming with warmth and  
tenderness, he approached

With his cream feathers, he gently  
gushes towards the hibernation era.  
Dampened soil brushed the legs of  
ceramic moth; desiccated to adjust to  
the fall





The season whispers in my ears; the  
dangling language of birds played,  
"Fallen Love."





## It's Perilous for Ladybirds

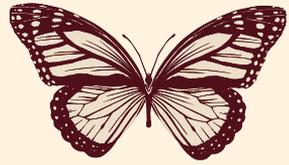
Charlie Cottrell

A chainsaw moans,  
Fresh wood to batten down the  
hatches.

Next year's log fire,  
Or rotten branches clipped before we  
start naming storms again.

I didn't know ladybirds hibernated,  
Until I looked it up online.  
Living room window dotted with ink  
drops  
Tottering around, unhurried.



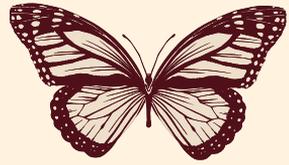


Surely survival shouldn't look this  
futile?

Two bloated spiders now lumber  
between them,  
No pretence of elegance, just feasting.  
Pure gluttony, when they don't even  
hibernate  
(I looked that up online, too).

The internet said,  
That in early October, you'll spot  
ladybirds searching for their warm  
winter habitat.  
I wouldn't call the embrace of a spider  
warm, exactly.





But then,  
I was never going to open the window  
And let them in.





## Ode to Autumn

Angela Patera

The beauty of Autumn is seen  
By those who walk with shadows,  
Embrace the darkness within them.

A season bleak and gloomy,  
But who said these are negative  
attributes?

Autumn merely possesses a charm  
unusual,  
Mysterious, and peculiar,  
Similarly to Winter, the dear sister.





Shower me in all of Autumn's shades,  
Those splendid colors of changing  
leaves.

The sole beautiful death there is,  
A death I look forward to every year.

This season soothes the soul,  
Brings endless comfort, feels like home.





**October**

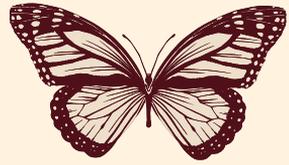
**Helene Kern**

An auburn glow  
Ignited far away  
Cast across this early Saturday morning

A rose-coloured rainbow  
Spanning trees and rooftops -  
Unseen before

A fleeting sight  
Spotted by the naked eye  
Sensed long after  
By a mind not yet dressed



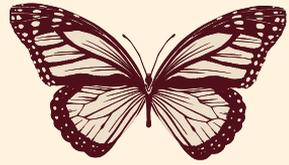


In the coarse fabric of the day

I listen - not a sound to be heard  
So I only breathe and stare in awe  
At a moment so full

Of what's far and close  
Here -  
And then gone





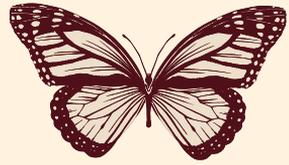
# Magpie Morning

Helene Kern

A pink cloud  
A magpie on the neighbour's roof  
Waiting on  
The late morning sun

I want to step out  
Into this autumn day  
Its amber light as young as  
Fresh-brewed coffee  
Its auburn leaves as old as  
Summer itself





I want to breathe  
Its mild maturity  
Sense the movement of another circle  
About to start

Seamlessly making me feel  
Older - and yet  
Young again  
If I want

