

# Haiku

**Adagio** **rit. . . . a tempo**

A-cross the pas-ture a vast space of grey-white

*pp* *pp* *pp*

8 **rit. . . . a tempo**

air. O-pen, cold, lone-ly. ...lone-ly. Age wea-ther'd

15

hands wait to rake the dry, red brown leaves from the gar-den beds. ...wait-

21 **rit. . . . a tempo**

-ing. I turn brown to grey. Au-tumn claims my sum-mer life.

27 **rit. . . .**

I'm for-e-ver changed. ...for-e-ver.