

Seasons will never Die

I long for  
The Change.  
When the leaf  
drifts away from  
Our summer  
and into a  
chilly pond.  
It wilts  
and nothing is left  
of us.

Frozen under  
the lake  
until we trickle  
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Mother's face  
and blossom once  
again,  
willowing in the wind,  
rooted and still.  
Waiting to Die  
and be  
Reborn.  
Oh, how we'll  
long for another  
Adventure.

~{A}