

## CYCLE OF SEASONS

The icy, snowy winds die down  
And change to breezes fresh with life,  
Which blow a warmth into the ground  
Whose hair was cut by winter's knife.

White weepy blankets start to fade;  
Bare skeletons of wood turn green;  
A flower-painted meadow's made  
To beautify an April scene.

Berries ripen in patches dense,  
As summer breathes its hot, moist air.  
Light showers give a cooling rinse  
To leaves to which a wind is rare.

But winds soon come, and chilly breeze,  
Which blows forth autumn's brush of frost,  
Paints the leaves of bushes and trees  
Red and orange and yellow and lost.

Then winter hides the naked earth  
With thick, soft, fleecy quilts of snow,  
Which sneak away at spring's rebirth  
Until again fall's last winds blow.

— *David L. Hatton 1966 (revised 12/31/1993)*