

# The Seasons

by Connor Batsimm

## Winter

In the blink of an eye,  
A blinding cascade of white  
Barges into the serene landscape  
Without an invitation.  
It unveils its furious wrath on the bare trees,  
And tears at a few lone leaves  
That have forgotten to fall off.  
The monster gives the world  
A punch in the back of the head  
And drags the bodies away.  
And then the first few storms are over,  
The monster is at peace,  
And winter is absolute paradise.

## Spring

One crocus scouts the bare, tortured ground  
And bravely steps out of its hole,  
Leading a heroic army of green to yet another victory,  
Taking the world by surprise,  
As the shining yellow flowers of new life  
Glow and shine even in the dead of night,  
Just when it looked like winter would reign for eternity.  
And in just a few weeks,  
The Earth looks like the white beast never existed.

## Summer

A rain of sunlight drenches the land,  
And jolly summer welcomes us back and shakes our hands  
Like the old friend he is.  
He smiles,  
And a blinding column of sunlight  
Rains upon us all;  
A monsoon of warmth and joy.  
Then, reality turns its awful head,  
And the man of pure fun and enjoyment  
Slowly vanishes into the distance, far too soon.  
If there is a heaven,  
It would be summer there.

Autumn

Is quite a hypocrite,

And exceptional at getting what she wants.

She deludes us with warm apple pies

Singing with butter and cinnamon,

And massive feasts of turkey, gravy, and pumpkins.

And while we look the other way,

She makes us her slaves,

As we labor picking up the leaves she stole from Spring and Summer.

But in the long run,

The pies are always worth it.