

Seasons

By Hap Hansen

Comes the spring,
when dreams of a new tomorrow are born,
when a fresh, green carpet moves silently across
the brown and seemingly barren earth,
when new buds embrace the promise
of lengthening light and lingering days,
and when newborn colts and calves and lambs
leap and frolic for the pure joy of being alive.

Comes the summer,
when flowers burst their seams
and explode into magnificent color,
tantalizing one's senses,
when children climb and fall and scrape knees
and rise tearfully to climb again
in unknown proof of their invincibility,
and when beaches are jammed with endless
breasts and bellies breaking the restrictive bonds
of belts and bras.

Comes the autumn,
when crimson leaves flutter gently into the arms
of a crystal, rippling stream,
when the forest appears to be at peace
with nature's knowledge that a long rest is near,
and when animals and people harvest and gather
as the sun's rays shorten and narrow.

Comes the winter,
when ice and snow and cold force undone tasks
indoors under artificial light,
when arctic winds blast away the last remnants
of green and return the earth again
to a temporary brown,
and when unfulfilled dreams of a new tomorrow
lie dormant during the long, starless nights,
Comes the spring.

