

## Comes The Spring

*By Hap Hansen*

comes the spring  
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 simple joy of being alive.

comes the summer  
when flowers burst their seams  
and explode into blooms  
of 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 unfulfilled tasks indoors  
under the glare of artificial light,

when arctic winds blast away  
the last remnants of green  
and return the earth again  
to a temporary white and brown,  
and when dreams of a new tomorrow  
lie dormant  
during the long, starless nights.

comes the spring