

The Four Winds  
*by Marilyn Reeves*

Gales of laughter lost to the shouting wind as  
children run, feet flying over ground, faces lifted to  
colorful kites that dip and swirl in the blustery air  
on high. The new wind heralds the passing of  
Winter and the joyful birthing of Springtime.

I lie on a bed of new mown grass and watch the  
green leaves shimmer and twirl to the whispered  
music of the playful Summer breezes.  
The sky above is a sea of blue; I drift away with the  
puffy white clouds on their journey toward  
unknown destinations.

An Autumn wind sweeps the last of the dying  
leaves clean from the branches. They swirl round  
and round in the cold dry air and nestle in fallow  
layers on the ground, forgotten;  
their once bright colors now brown and withered  
like new love come too late to blossom.

A Winter storm howls outside my window, and  
through the night I take cover, as the raging tempest  
blows away the fragile hopes of the  
past season's harvesting.

Then I awaken to a world shining whitely  
in the light of a new day.  
Signs of peace and tranquility lie all about me.  
And I say to myself: Have faith.  
Spring is only a Season away.