

Keepers of the Faith

by Marilyn Reeves

The whispered breath of Spring
Brings forth a hushed awakening.
As Winter unlocks its cold constraints
The waters of life begin to flow again.

The sap begins to rise once more
And the trees put forth shy buds
Tenderly awaiting the warmth of the sun
To release their hidden mystery.

And in a celebration of bright pastels,
They wave to passersby.
Look at me! I am here!
Behold my beauty!
Look at me!

Thick green bowers
Of cool Summer foliage
Give us shelter from the sun
And bear witness to abundant life
Which is thriving all around.

The long hot days of Summer
Seem like they'll never end.
But then,
While we're busy looking elsewhere
And almost unaware,
The days begin to shorten.
And it's Autumn once again.

In radiant transformation
The ever-changing trees
Display the reds and golds
Of their lovely Autumn leaves.

Their song of passion fills the air
With radiant hues of color.
Their unspoken words declare,
Look at me! I'm still here!
Behold my beauty!
Look at me!

But all that beauty cannot stay
For cold, drab Winter's on its way.
Too soon, the beloved trees,
Bare of their glorious leaves,
Will sleep the night away.

And the trees,
Ever-changing, silently knowing,
Are the keepers of the faith
That life does not end.
There will be a new beginning.

When all seems done
And all hope gone,
After much despair and waiting,
A newborn Spring
And life renewing
Will surely come again.