

## "SEASONS"

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I look upon the rosy blossoms  
Of the dogwoods in Spring and  
Remember a time when  
I cried for the sorrow in the world.  
But when the heavy rains tear  
The flowery petals to shreds,  
No one cares to listen.

The bliss of Summer boldly emerges  
Creating a fool's paradise  
Amidst the neon jungles.  
Jaded, now, I pretend that  
Misery is no longer a part  
Of my soul; for a while at least,  
I can bask in the folly of the mirage.

The terra-cotta leaves of Autumn soon  
Crunch under my feet, then, are  
Whisked away by a foreboding gale.  
Tarnished cynicism prevents me from  
Even noticing the subtle changes of heart.  
The wicked frost bites just once and  
Brings it all to a bitter end.

The darkest days of being arrive  
When Winter stalks us all with  
An icy vengeance; there is no escape.  
I, like the steely limbs of the bare trees,  
Stand strong in the face of harsh reality.  
My body is almost numb now; yet  
I blame the piercing wind for my nonexistent tears.