

The Fullness of Seasons - by O. William

This is the time of year
the raw red fruit lays heavy on the vine,
the purple berries to be plucked
before the snow covers the earth
and winter's long sleep ensues.

this is the time of year
the rows of wheat golden in the sun
rising up with such a fullness of life
dogs and children play willfully in our paths;
the days are long, full of laughter.

this is the time of year
the rows of wheat lie golden in the field
the sun's orange orb
hangs as an exclamation point
on a blue-backed canvas
anxious dark green trees await
their brown fall dressing.

this is the time of year
birds fly and cackle
midst the trees in our grassy lawns
the air punctuated by their screams.

this is the time of year
summer's storms come and go
when all nature bubbles with excitement
before the snows cover the earth
and winter's long sleep ensues.

this is the time of year
of giving and forgiving
it is the time for gathering
the harvest of our souls,
it is the time for thanksgiving, giving grace,
from the heart's chambers, our bounty
to our fellow man.

the days now grow shorter;
soon the snow will cover the earth
and winter's long sleep ensues.

the fullness of our days grows shorter
it extends to the twilight of our lives
fainting, with sorrow
we realize the last twinkling star,
in our sky is dying.

this is the time of year
when snow covers the earth
its smooth blanket beckons us to long sleep,
I however, awoken to the door's rattling
old man winter knocks loudly there.

going to the door in my pajamas
peering out on a blowing and blinding whiteness
paralyzing trance envelopes,
a passing deep emptiness going down
with ski cap on head,
I resume the silence and sleep of bed.

the next season arrives as a whisper
slight movement of trees,
sun peering forth from heaven
snow gives way to water
animals peek from hidden burrows,
bright green grows over grey dullness.

It is a new year
full of promise and hope,
soon the raw red fruit will lay heavily on the vine,
the purple berries will beg to be plucked
the rows of wheat made golden in the sun
are rising up with the fullness of life
we see only briefly now in sun's bright vision
but it is long before the snow covers the earth
and winter's long sleep to ensue.