

Forever Changing

When winter came, the trees lost grasp of life. A sorrowful ray of daylight slowly sank down as the last flash of life touched the mourning blue yonder above. We sank deeper and deeper into the cold abyss, always trying to climb out, but never fully reaching the warm embrace of spring.

When spring came, the glacial cold of winter sank away as the soft chirping of new life filled the air as a blissful breeze crept over the regenerating landscape. As the air grew mellow, the harsh winter air moved elsewhere, bracing for the intense heat of the scorching months of summer.

When summer came, the scorching sound of insects filled the water-starved air. As the sun went down the birds wallowed and pondered when summer would be gone, and cool autumn would come along welcoming in the new-found chill of the night as the days grew short.

When autumn came, a chill crept on to the canvas of the night sky and we braced for the winter ahead. As the clouds grew full, the evenings invited darkness. As we woke up the world had adapted, the leaves had turned to saffron, and the once blue sky was now charcoal.