

Snapshots: seasons frame life and emotions.

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Leaves sway and shake on shivering trees, like drops of gold on frosted glass or strings of rubies and tinted brass.

Autumn

Leaves sway and shake on shivering trees
Like drops of gold on frosted glass
Or strings of rubies and tinted brass.

Colors shake in branches' gentle embrace
Blowing kisses to the breath of wind
Cascading trinkets fall unpinned.

Winter is upon us

We drive down the road
the snow falling around us

The asphalt below us barely visible
covered by an ocean
an ocean of swirling snow

Or snakes
slithering on the road, pure white
and venomous, biting cheeks and noses
making fingers ache, and eyes water.

All is quiet except the wind
the drifting snow greedily consuming all sound.

Winter is upon us, a whisper on the wind.

Jenny's Poem

Through springs rebirth,
Through summers heat,
Through autumns' leaves falling to the earth,

Small birds curl, hidden, in their mother's wings,
Hidden from your curious eyes, hidden from all things.

They learn to live, to breath, to fly,
Before winter comes and all living things lie.

They fly south, towards the sun, where coldness is moot,
You walk past a tree, snow crunching underfoot.

Glancing at its snow-caked branches, you spot an empty nest.
Thinking back to the kin it once held, it looks quite at rest.

It's nature's gift, really, to see a nest like this.
The bushels of leaves that impede the view, will not be sorely missed.

The snow on the tree, surprisingly similar to lace,
You smile at your knowledge of the birds' secret hiding place.

Butterflyâ€™

Flowers bloom, beckoned by butterflies with new-found beauty.
They graze petals, spreading life like a dandelion's scattered seeds.
Ornately colored wings beat lazily in the dappled sun
Surrounded by freshly-woken flowers and pastel plants.
They are a splash of delicate color to saturate our eyes.