

A Journey Round the Sun

Spring

Slowly, Earth spins, tracing its cosmic ark,
Lifting her face toward the warming light.
Underground, a queen is roused from dark;
Winter now ended, she comes forth in flight.

Wriggling, inching, hatching grubs of green;
Born anew, they flutter with hues that sing;
Kaleidoscope flashes that speckle the scene,
While pairing birds find voice, be-twigged, take wing.

In serried ranks toads tread to natal pond.
As humming legions flitter, frond to frond.

Summer

As humming legions flitter, frond to frond.
Riding the gentle winds, buzzard, rook, and crow.
In concert, cob and pen glide o'er the pond,
Elegant, graceful, their cygnets in tow.

Nosing snake slithers with sinuous twists,
Flickering tongue discovers life's first rhyme.
Dew-dripped world coated in morning mists,
Glistening trails adorn pathways with slime.

Lofty willowherb by waterway sways,
As golden light signals shortening days.

Autumn

As golden light signals shortening days,
Tumbling cubs, practice lessons in woods,
Now bats skim low o'er the watery haze,
Nature stocking shelves with ripening goods.

Quartering owl rends moonlight with hoots.
Barking muntjac fills dawn with ardour.
Hedgerows laden with berries and fruits;
Squirrels caching hoard in winter larder.

The weeping willow sheds her yellowing dress,
Her maidens flown; the queen feels death's caress.

Winter

Her maidens flown; the queen feels death's caress.
In twilight skies, synchronised starlings dance.
Hidden in dark burrows, beasts find address,
As cold cloaks nature in slumbering trance.

Frost green shoots awake, vying to be first,
Snowdrops, symbols of hope so pure, so white.
Welcome nectar quenches early bees' thirst,
Auguring coming end of long cold night.

Silence reigns—sans song, sans whisper, sans bark.
Slowly Earth spins, tracing its cosmic ark.