

Seasons.



Mother, summer, I

*My mother who hates thunder storms,
Holds up each summer day and shakes
It out suspiciously, lest swarms
Of grape-dark clouds are lurking there;
But when the August weather breaks
And rains begin, and brittle frost
Sharpens the bird-abandoned air,
Her worried summer look at lost,*

*And I her son, though summer-born
And summer-loving, none the less
Am easier when the leaves are gone
Too often summer days appear
Emblems of perfect happiness
I can't confront: I must await
A time less bold, less rich, less clear:
An autumn more appropriate.*



Autumn.

*A touch of cold in the Autumn night—
I walked abroad,
And saw the ruddy moon lean over a
hedge
Like a red-faced farmer.
I did not stop to speak, but nodded,
And round about were the wistful stars
With white faces like town children.*

A serene winter scene featuring a dense forest of evergreen trees heavily laden with snow. In the foreground, a rustic wooden fence runs across the frame, also covered in a thick layer of snow. The ground is a soft, white expanse, and the overall atmosphere is quiet and peaceful.

A Patch Of Old Snow

*There's a patch of old snow in a
corner*

*That I should have guessed
Was a blow-away paper the rain
Had brought to rest.*

*It is speckled with grime as if
Small print overspread it,
The news of a day I've forgotten –
If I ever read it.*



Two tramps in Mud time

*The sun was warm but the wind was chill,
You know how it is with an April day
When the sun is out and the wind is still,
You're one month on in the middle of May.
But if you so much as dare to speak,
A cloud comes over the sunlit arch,
A wind comes off a frozen peak,
And you're two months back in the middle
of March.*