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Seasons

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Seasons

by Dan Pancake

Imagine seeing you In a rain drop Or in the mist of Morning

I wonder often If I melted you On fingertips in Winter

And did I feel you Brush my cheek In Fall As you tumbled From elm To earth

In Spring Were you a cloud That held me still Or flower That bloomed When touched

When Summer came I thought I heard you Whispering through trees and watching me through Sunlit haze It's almost Winter now And I listen to the Change in season For the new sound Or sign Of your being

H.

One day I will See and hear You clearly When your weather Is mine

And when I come to you And others Look for me A leaf might fall On wind that Never tears

If you listen Carefully If you're aware No one ever Really goes Away

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