

# ng Seasons



## END OF SUMMER

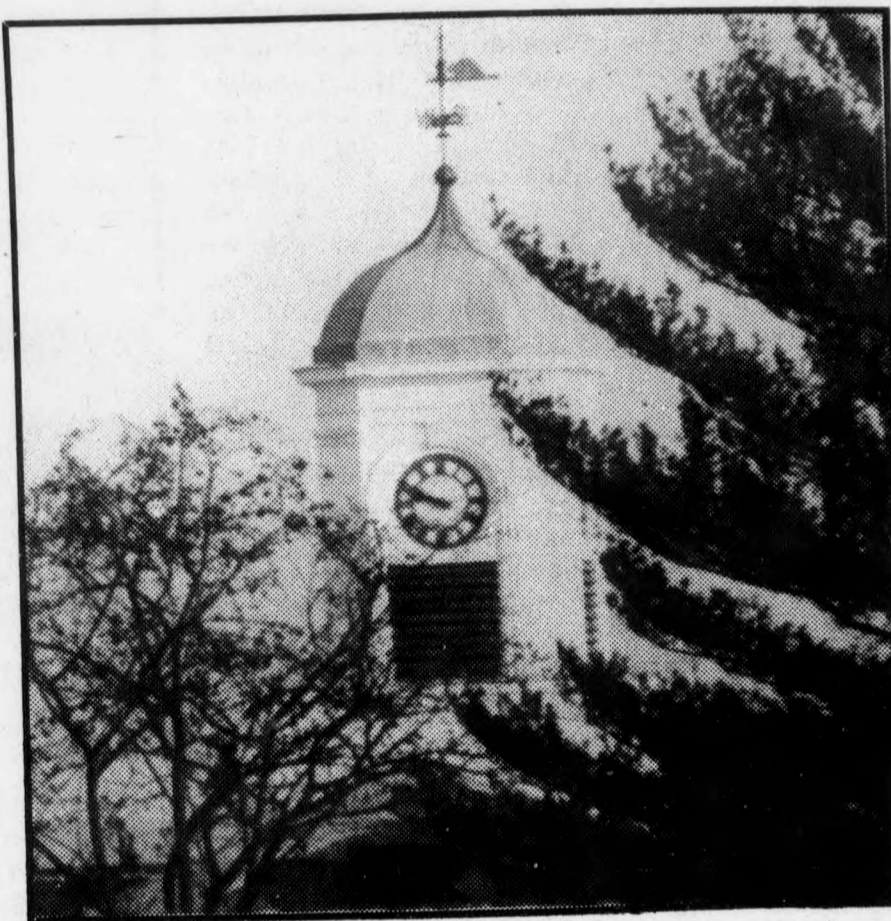
An agitation of the air,  
A perturbation of the light  
Admosished me the unloved year  
Would turn on its hinge that night.

I stood in the disenchanting field  
Amid the stubble and the stones,  
Amazed, while a small worm lisped to me  
The song of my marrow-bones.

Blue poured into summer blue,  
A hawk broke from his cloudless tower,  
The roof of the silo blazed, and I knew  
That part of my life was over.

Already the iron door of the north  
Clangs open: birds, leaves, snows  
Order their populations forth,  
And a cruel wind blows.

Stanley Kunitz



## FOUR SEASONS

...two weeks in a year,  
...e hundred and sixty-five days.  
...months all spread out even  
...seasons in their different ways.

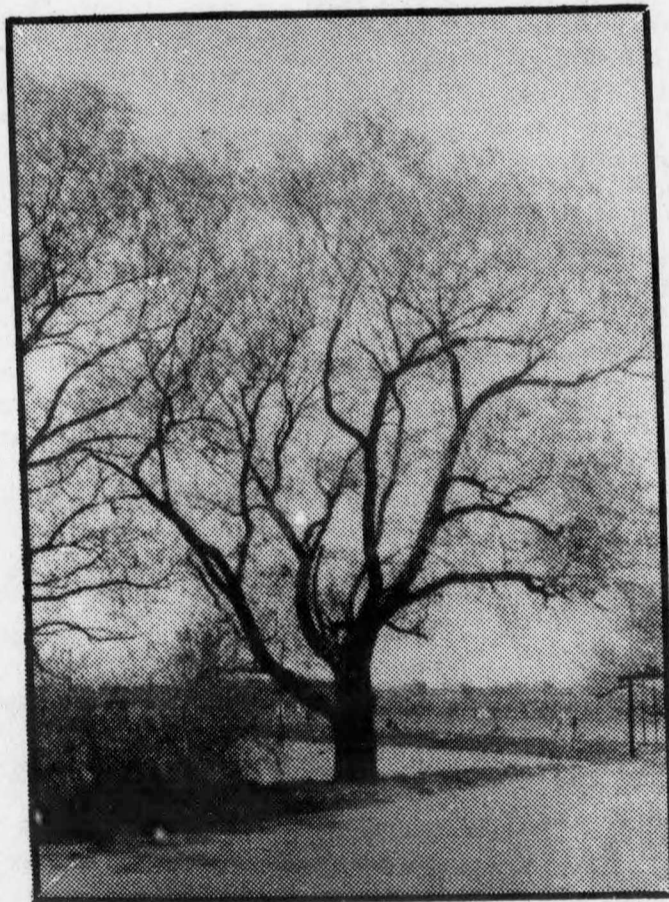
...ring with its lambs and daffodils,  
...st time of the year.  
...mer with its roses of splendour  
...full of good cheer.

...brings the Autumn-  
...ing round your doors,  
...e you really know it  
... "Santa Claus".

...pon us-  
...ating without care.  
...out much longer,  
...ingtime in the air.

...ou have your seasons  
...ed with joy and cheer.  
...hand and let me lead you  
...seasons of next year.

JOYCE ANNE BETTON



## NIGHT SKY

...suit of black velvet  
...with a million silver sequins  
...nd a huge shining button  
...hich changes shape every night.

MARION BILES

## AUTUMN

The autumn leaves fall down.  
They are all colours, red and brown.  
The leaves, once green, now disappear;  
They fall upon a landscape drear.

The pavements fail to help my feet.  
They form a tiresome wet-leaved sheet  
Where I may fall and break my thigh  
And there upon the pavestones lie.

Yet the autumnal hues delight me.  
They're rich in golden beauty.  
The songs of lively spring have gone;  
Autumn hymns have come again.

What is more lovely than a redburnt tree?  
Are all seasons just sterility?  
No, they are not; they all create again;  
In spring the leaves will shine, quite free from pain.

For such is life; we fail, we die.  
We wonder wearily the reason why.  
But we ourselves shall once again become  
New beings rising from the tomb.

The autumn mists hang round my window-pane.  
The cling like some bewildering stain.  
I live in hope to greet the distant spring;  
I wait to see what changes seasons bring.

Philip Robinson