

Leafs

At the start of the year, everything is frozen and bare.

Not a single leaf clings to the branches

Of the trees, making them look like

A cluster of scrawny claws.

But after a little bit,

Tiny, hopeful green buds start to appear,

Giving the gray, gaunt fingers

A little life.

Soon, everything is lush

For all the little buds are now leafs.

They give all the animals shade

From the sweltering summer sun.

Then, the blazing sun is no more, replaced by the howling wind.

All the dense green is now a dazzling orange,

Making everything look so gorgeous, but also

A reminder of the return of the freezing barrenness.