



Defining

**He is the first rose of summer;
He is springtime's soft greenery.**

**He is an awakened daisy
In the shade of a garden tree.**

**He is the aster of autumn
Its bold purple reigning supreme.
He's the season's last-ditch effort
To salvage the autumnal theme.**

**Comes now the blast of wintry days,
And He is present as blown snow.
The bright blue skies above the white,
A scene only winter could know.**

**He is the passing days each year;
He is the element of time.**

**He is nature fully-defined
Thriving in each season each clime.**

**Have I defined Him? No! Indeed!
He is beyond the words I know.
But He bides in my heart and soul,
And I can define that warm glow.**

Henry W. Gurley