

Is It Springtime?



Henry W. Gurley

A touch of greening here and there
Reaching outwardly neath the snow.
Green and white basking in the sun.
Is it winter? I don't think so.
Each season under God's Command,
All aspects of its ebb and flow.
One comes, one leaves . . . true transition.
Is it springtime? I do think so.

Now comes the burst of green about,
So stunning with deep skies of blue.
White clouds puffed up float idly by . . .
Will summer come? Its time soon due.
Anon the golden touch of fall,
The white, the green, the blue all fade.
A burnished realm in dusty reach
Assumes short reign as God has bade.

Autumn must bow and cede its hold,
Deposed by winter once again.
I'll then await the touch of green
Beneath the snow . . . my springtime scene.