

Seasons

A springtime tale
is best they say –
sunshine creeping in to play,
Easter tadpoles, beans in jars
birds in boxes
brand new cars.

A summer's tale
is ringed with flowers
cottage gardens, sunny hours
cotton dresses
cooing doves
summer sandals
summer loves.

An autumn tale you cannot see
it's not the sort of time for me –
fog and mist
long dark nights
soggy socks
woolly tights.

A winter's tale
is kissed with wine
frost and snuggles
logs and fires
carols, tinsel
warm deep beds
Christmas toys
and sleepy heads.