

The bloom that bursts forth in spring
To grace the land,
Be it from celestial, or more likely,
Mother Nature's keen hand,
Greet the eye if one who beholds,
As does a fresh rain quench
The Earth's dry folds.

Look, now, and ask,
How Nature's masterplan
Can bring forth such greenery
From seemingly infertile sand;
That, which, in a recipe
Mixed just so,
Produces a bed of perfection,
In which the young shoots will show.

Spreading tender leaves
meekly to the sun,
In a tapestry so beautifully
And magically spun,
Plants exquisite,
And others more chaste,
Verily demonstrate
Mother Nature's fine taste.

Oh Spring! Such fickleness
She can show,
With days of sunshine and warmth,
Mingling with those of frost and snow,
As she gently coaxes the land
From its long winter slumbers,
And welcomes winged choristers
In grand and vast numbers.

The dusky mantle
Of cast-off leaves and dry grasses,
Slowly giving way
As the colder season passes,
Transforms that which was brown
To a verdant hue;
As when the traveler, arriving in eve,
Awakes to a scene delightfully new.

David

Adult

checked out
I don't care
Another kid's dead on the nightly news

You always said
Life not fair
But if this is what you meant then I'm fucking through

Someone come get me
When the world's done burning
I don't really care if it's even still turning

Time's moving on
To a darker future
It's hard to figure out what I can even do here

At times like this
We can only wish
That our leader's focus would be on things that actually exist

It's time to grow something
We can really use
Because all across the world we're tired of being abused

Time's moving on
But we control the future
So come stand with me and see what we can do here

The worst thing we can do
Is to just give in
Like the story goes you've gotta fight to win

Gwen F Adult