Changes

Anon

A change is coming.
The signs are there.
A cool breeze on the air.
Leaves begin to wither and fall.
A tension on the horizon.
A storm waits out at sea.

Get ready! Prepare! Beware!
The trees wrap themselves: old men folding their arms tightly around their chests.
“Don’t go out!” we are warned.
The birds hide away: they know what is to pass.
Busy bees around their hives, the people in panic.
They gather. They rush. Their selfish ways come forth.

And now the blow.
The streets are bare.
“Get away!” they shout,
“Don’t go there!”
Don’t venture, don’t dare.
Who will see me, cocooned at home?

The heat rises. The sun, cheerful and hoping…
But daily…the news pours in…
Like a never-ending torrent of dark water
To flood the rivers and lakes
With terrible stories
And loss.

But now a blackbird sings.
Alone …for now…
But spring is upon him once again,
And hope fills the air like
The singing birds and fragrant fresh flowers

The people, like robots in strange masks,
Slowly emerge from their lonesome hibernation.
A world in slow motion,
Re-wound once again.

Alive! Alive!
The world is alive!
Ice-cream, like a flowing river of joy,
The sound of laughter on the breeze.
Friends. Family. Together at last.

The summer is victorious.