

The days are growing longer,  
Hotter,

Yet still each morning starts dark and cold,  
Sometimes even freezing,

I despise the unbearable heat,  
The 8pm sunsets,  
And I can't even say I particularly love the results of these changes,  
A return of the undergrowth in the forest,  
The softening of the ground,  
Packed dirt under well trodden paths,  
Turning to mud and softening again,  
Leaves returning to the trees,  
Eliminating any lines of sight through their vast networks of branches,

But in two seasons time,  
Those same leaves will become beautiful once again,  
And the terrible heat helps the flowers to thrive,  
And sometimes leads to wonderful thunderstorms,  
That take the edge off,  
And grow the plants,  
That allow us to live,

So I will try to enjoy the colors,  
The scents,  
And push on through the seasons,  
Endure the Summer,  
For Autumn will be here soon enough,  
When all that is happening now will reverse,

Flowers will die,  
Trees will shed their leaves,  
Days will shorten,  
Temperatures will drop,  
And soon enough the frigid embrace of Winter will come,  
A few months of relaxing cold,  
Snow,

And with the coming Spring the cycle will start again.

The years seem shorter and shorter the older I get,  
Or maybe I'm foolishly letting time pass me by,  
Days and months going passed in the blink of an eye,  
Untethered,  
Floating through the seas of time,

But I know one thing for sure,  
Each Spring,  
And especially Summer,  
I'll get snapped back to reality,

And complain about the heat.