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# Transitions

Theodore M. Cross

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# Transitions

Theodore Martin Cross

Winter whispers to the fall  
that it's time for her to go.  
And in her glorious array  
of woven vines of harvest  
she slips silently away.

Crisp fall with falling foliage  
with its lovely sharpness  
brought scattered sun and  
simple frosts to smooth my changing ground.  
Dying leaves seeping into slumber in my breast as  
yellow they rustle, and reds converge all around.

Then winter's ice stops sap from flowing  
slows the veins to spark future life.  
Chills my sordid soil through deeper,  
holding roots firmer in my solid bed.  
While white smoothes my face  
and encompasses what fall has left for dead.

And sun so bright reflects off my meadows  
as new layers lie awaiting  
and frozen pieces of fall and winter last  
till spring for my taking.