

WINTER'S COMING

Anna English

The spring was sprung from winter's careful grip,
For it was coiled for so very long
Beneath the frosted stones, stalactite drip
Of water frozen in suspended song.
Its touch was slow as it caressed the sky,
Compelling it to blush a brighter blue.
The resurrected breeze evoked a sigh
From every brittle leaf through which it blew.
But still I felt a dark remaining chill,
Ingrained within the roots around my soul,
Rebellious to the spring's pervasive will,
Although with every breath I fought its pull.
I shielded willful ears from summer's call,
And wished for winter's coming, autumn's fall.