

Four Seasons of the Heart

winter

Below a bruised and aching sky
blood glistens on a dove's beak.
I understand again
the wisdom of deceit.

autumn

Alone in thrilling rain
my umbrella folded
I watch the past fall
coloured lights and lampshades.

spring

Skipping through the thoughtless
forest of my life, I use the rope
lasso mistakes
kiss each and every one.

summer

Awake for luminous breakfast,
charcoal clouds retreat,
cereal stars are crumpetted.
I raise a toast and dance.