

Seasonal Parks
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Wind glides over the black,
Willing the dead hair of trees,
To glide and spin and wander.
Burnt wood lingers day and night,
As children run to the park after school,
To take in the last pieces of life.
Straw and pumpkins are placed
Onto old stairs to recognize the coming
Of season.

The parks become desolate,
As the wind makes skin raw.
The limbs of the once green stand empty,
Waiting to be covered by glistening cold.
The sun hangs low now,
Casting shadows onto freezing asphalt.
Little balls of color sit sparkling in a background
Of vast green in almost every window.
Beckoning the coming of a large man.

The grass grows back,
With it a sea of new lives.
New colors are seen in park gardens,
Indicating the children to come play.
Soft winds blow sweetness from one yard to the next.
Winter coats are now pastel jackets,
That balloon up with each blow.
Laughter is heard outside rather than in,
Rain and sunshine overcome the patterns of weeks.

Saltiness from the sea remains in the air,
As well as on the bodies of those who visit.
The sun beats down on slides in the park,
Where children burn themselves over and over.
Town is full of people,
Licking the dripping sweet ice off their fingers.
A step outside can burn a toe,
As grills burn the barbeque.
Days last and last, while nights end quick.

Take it all in, for life is changing seasons.