

# The Four Changing Seasons

*Jaymie-Rae Martin*

All the colors dance  
On everything that I see  
A cold breath still strays

The colors turn green  
The heat intensifying  
It is hard to breathe

I can see fire  
But nothing burns on these trees  
Just a homey smell

Always cold to touch  
Softly caressing my face  
Melting into tears

Seasons change again  
Every four months of the year  
The changing beauty

