

The Four Seasons

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Spring

The earth is expanding—
why is the sap rising
from winter's contraction
to leafy fanfare?

It is the sun's waxing
that wakes from its sleeping
the life of the rich earth
to tapesties fair.

O soul that is waking
is rising from sleeping
put on your sun-mantle
and radiance wear.

Summer

The sun has ascended—
why are the birds blended
in unified chorus
at morning's twilight?

The earth is attracted
to cosmos abstracted
it exhales in stupor
its being so bright.

O body dissolving
to spirit evolving
you dreamer and seemer
in radiant flight.

Fall

The warmth is declining—
why are the trees blazing
their greenness extinguished
in luminous fire?

The sunlight is ceasing
and leaves are releasing
their light-stores and harvest
before they expire.

O soul-life retreating
your sacrifice shining
reveals in its bright hues
the loss that inspires.

Winter

The earth has contracted—
why has the frost acted
as stiller of substance
and freezer of form?

The sunlight has faded
and darkness invaded
the living are driven
to shelter from storm.

O spirit most vaulted
to waking exalted
in stillness of winter
the true I is born.