

The Seasons

Airi

January

Hello Stranger

February

We meet again

March

Your presence is familiar

April

We are blooming like flowers

May

Closer than ever,
addicting like the subtle sweetness on my
tongue

June

Emerging as one.

Glued together.

Intertwined.

Nonflammable.

July

We added oil into the flames

I lit up a match for the both of us

You held the igniter

August

The wind is taking away the heat.

Losing adhesive.

At least we can see the base.

September

The fall of season has begun,

Autumn leaves approaching.

This is our favorite season .

October

I welcome the season of death

Im uncomfortably close to smelling its woody
scent

Though, I feel a sense of comfort

November

We met yet again.

December

Hello stranger.

We are meeting on the other side this time.