**Bloom of Spring**

*May 8, 2013*

In Bloom of Spring I danced sans woe or care.

Buds Flowers of April may cast in perfect light.

Days with no end nor note of when or where.

Such splendor of the moment may give way fade to touch of coming night.

No need for heed of set of Sol or even glimpse of afternoon.

Why ponder such when Youth and Love are on the Wing.

So same as Life's Seasons passed through June.

Still in Summers Glow the Fields were full sweet Birds to Lovers trill and Sing.

Till lough whisper of the North Wind now doth stir.

Bees seek their hives. Autumn Leaves fall drift. Geese pass in Flight.

Indeed to Winters breath of Cold and hint of quiet death I must demure.

As Sol too flys South so fades the Light.

Will slumber of the Ages for I this Season be for real.

Beneath the downy coat of flake what falls I know eternal sleep.

Or might perchance another Spring reveal.

Once more my Spirit Sprout that I may still live and so my Plythe to life so keep.