"Seasons in Suds"

Poem:

In the palm of my hand, a journey unfolds,

A craft of layers, in suds it holds.

From melt-and-pour, a tale is spun,

Of nature's dance around the sun.

First, the autumn, in amber hues,

Leaves that whisper the season's news.

A panel of gold, russet, and red,

A canopy over earth's soft bed.

Next, the winter, in tranquil white,

A stillness, a hush, in the pale moonlight.

Snowflakes nestle in silent grace,

A serene, untouched, crystalline space.

Then comes spring, in blossoms awake,

A canvas of life, for warmth's sake.

Flowers bloom in a chorus so bright,

Heralding days of lengthening light.

Last, the summer, in vibrant green,

A symphony of life, lush and serene.

Sun-drenched fields and clear blue skies,

Nature's bounty before the eyes.

In each wash, a season's touch,

A reminder of time's perpetual clutch.

In this bar of soap, so simple and small,

Lies the beauty of seasons, encompassing all.