

Winter is Spring

By Hannah McGregor

You say you prefer spring.
Why?
You say it has such luscious plants
Winter does, too.
You don't believe me?
The trees grow shining leaves
Clear and dripping downward
Glittering in the sun.
The pollen is white and soft
Drifting downwards
And settling down
On the grass of the yard.
Winter is spring.

You say you prefer spring.
Why?
You say it has such lovely flowers.
Winter does, too.
You don't believe me?
Winter's flowers laugh and shout.
They fly down hillsides in utter joy,
Caps flying off in the wind.
Their faces are flushed
And their eyes shine
Like dewdrops
Nestled in soft petals.
Winter is spring.

You say you prefer spring.
Why?
You say spring is alive with animals, refreshed from their winter sleep.
Winter is alive, too.
You don't believe me?
Winter's air is crisp and cool, alive as a leaping hare.
Winter's birdsong is the whistling wind
Cooing you to sleep.
Winter's crickets are the crackles of the fire
That warms your frozen toes.
Winter is spring.

You say you prefer spring.
Why?
You say the spring is warm and temperate.
Winter is warm, too.
You don't believe me?
What could be warmer than the love of family during the holidays,
The smiles passed around the table?
What could be more temperate than the peace of gently flurrying snow?

Winter is spring.

