*Seasons*

In the summer I’m warm and luminous
the grains of sand in your palm
and the splashes of sea water
on your tanned skin

In the autumn I’m the noise
of dry leaves,
which you secretly like
but you frown when you hear

In the winter I’m brittle, vulnerable
a snowflake right before her dawn
one that you lose once you touch
(but please don’t stop touching)

In the spring,
oh, the spring
then I’m the sparkle of the morning dew
then I am the scent of freshness
then I am a blooming garden

I’m different
but I’m always yours
and all I want (from you)
is to love all of my seasons