*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