

CYCLES

I gaze through my window.

Cold wind blowing through the trees, through the leaves.

Leaves falling, swirling round the road.

Cold wind blowing through my heart, through my thoughts.

Thoughts crashing, swirling round my head.

I gaze through my life.

Days of summer are gone.

Mellow, smiling, verdant, happy days of summer fade before the winds of fall –

Harbinger of winter's cold and dark.

Days of you are gone.

Gentle, sexy, tender, loving days of rapture fade before your decision –

Harbinger of empty loneliness.

Tenacious memories cling to my heart.

Like the last autumn leaves

On the trees

Through my window.

Like the leaves, they soon will lie dead on the ground.

Some to be saved, pressed, preserved,

To warm the cold days when snow blankets my world.

When my heart lies quiet and sleeping

Remote from the touch of humanity

At peace with the past

Indifferent to the future.

But wait.

Seasons pass.

Snows melt.

Seeds sprout.

Life surges to the sun each spring.

Am I so different than my mother earth?

I think not.

Broken heart

Will heal in the still of winter.

Shattered hopes

Will stir in the core of my soul.

Barren void

Will yield to the burgeoning spring.

Not welcome now

As winter settles on my soul.

But come again the spring internal

And one like you will not be barred.

Perhaps, like you, he'll wander by, sensing joy.

Perhaps, like you, he'll test the doors, find them open.

Perhaps, like you, he'll see the warmth, feel the richness.

Perhaps, like you, he'll nurture love, growing bounty.

Unlike yours, his choice – to stay, partake the harvest.

I gaze through my window.

Cold wind blowing through my hopes, through my dreams.

Dreams dying, new dreams a distant hope.

Dreams of one more summer, this time for me.

Mei Tui