

Four Seasons

The smell of freshly mown grass
Permeated the air.
The magpies were singing their song
The currawongs were the backing chorus.
The flowers beneath the ground
Listened to the sounds above.
Slowly they popped their heads above
Feeling the warmth of the sun's rays.
Petals began to unfold themselves
Sending out various aromas.
Bees began to pollinate the flowers
Truly now spring had arrived.
The joy on people's faces
Was a sight to be enjoyed by all.
No more shuffling around, with head down.
Children were out frolicking in the fields
Some were trying to catch passing butterflies.
Whilst others were taking in the sunshine
I think that's why I like spring best of all.

A gentle breeze caresses the treetops
Causing a wavering of the branches
A gap appears, fingers of sunlight burst through
Warming the faces and bodies of many.
November closes, Christmas is nigh
Excitement and expectations fill the air
Presents to buy, food to be prepared
Christmas trees to be decorated.
Oh! what fun the festive season is
The day arrives full of wonderment
Friends and family begin to arrive
The squeals of delight as presents are revealed.
Lunch is served, toasts are made
Laughter is heard throughout the house
Older people relax, talk as they sip their wine
The younger ones play with their new gifts
I think that's why I like summer the best.

Life in the high country
Brings pleasure to everybody.
As summer slips into autumn
Enjoyment is to be had by all.
The changing of the leaves colours
From green to golden brown and red
Adds colours that are so vibrant
That lasts for too little of time.
They begin to fall floating to the ground
In the gentle breeze that has sprung up.
We gather the pretty leaves for our merriment
A remembrance of autumn joy.
Blankets begin to appear on our beds
As we prepare to say good-bye to autumn.
I think that's why I like autumn the best.

Memories of the old days came flooding back
The howling wind cutting a swath through the trees
Rattling against the window panes.
Drapes were drawn tight to keep out the cold.
The log fire was burning bright
Creating the warmth that we needed
The boxer-lite radio was on as we listened to the serials
Laughing in all the appropriate places.
For television was still to be invented
Playing cards when the serials were over
Was our entertainment for the night.
Sometimes I was lucky and I won, but rarely.
It was then off to bed with our hot water bottles
One to warm up the bed where we lay
The placed between our legs as we lay reading in bed
With dressing gowns and mittens on our hands.
Next morning we woke to find snow had fallen.
All rugged, I know now like a good year blimp
We frolicked in the snow, making snowman
Having snowball fights was so much fun
Until we got the dreaded call to come inside.
I think that's why I like winter the best