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Seasons

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Cover Page Footnote

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Natalie Ferreri

Seasons

I.

I have watched the tree
Three stories high
Pass from green to orange to bare

I will also see it bloom
Buds sprouting
As they began yesterday – warmth in February causing confusion –

I too have passed from green to orange to bare
In the time I've say within
These three stories

I too am waiting for the buds
In the midst
Of my confusion

II.

Where street lamps and concrete mix with grassy hills and blossoming trees
I walk solitary in a warm breeze

In the country I would not feel secure
The honking cars with grinding engines and headlights offer comfort

Although for me safety is asphalt clutching my heels
I long for the uncertainty of open fields dirt roads mountain ranges.

III.

Sitting in a groggy state that even two tall cups of vanilla latte can't cure,
I watch the world outside my window.

Like my cat staring intensely at crows and sparrows,
My gaze becomes lost in the bright powder blue sky.

The inviting sun and bitter cold
Continue their debate.

I turn to my coffee cup
My pen and blank paper

And sort out the details,
Turning my back on the sunset.