

Seasonal Observations

By Lauren Marshall-Nichols

1. Spring

The sound of wet footsteps echoes
On the living surface, which bubbles
And flows under its tarmac tomb.
Fairies' wings flutter and pulsate as
The heavy hand of God whips them
Up and up and up and
Down.

Wisps of magical beings are
Demolished in dereliction as the child
Claps.
Later on, water droplets rise and fall down
Like morphine
Numbing the addict's bursting, creeping
Pinpricks until again,
Fairies fly into the sweet air.

2. Summer

I grabbed at them, tore them, severed the heads
From long, thin bodies.

I stare, fascinated as I watch blood shower,
In slow motion I see the droplets

Float then

Fall in the whispering breeze.

Again, I behead.

Again and again,

Until the bush is picked clean of its flowers.

3. Autumn

Sometimes I wonder how long exactly it takes for the leaves to change

From green to yellow to red to dead to a white shroud

Of snow, barren and so open wide it becomes

Claustrophobic with the excess air.

Colour bleeds through the trickle of blariness, bleakness until

From barren and dead it becomes again

Plush green.

4. Winter

Crunch...

Their spines bend and break like straws

Under my heavy strength, of which I exert no effort into.

I laugh, gleeful at the sound of them

Splintering and cracking, unable to heal.

They were dying and I was simply

The Reaper who finally brought them

Finality.

Crunch.

Again I dance and more spines break and

I laugh and laugh and laugh because the cold chill

Running through my cheeks and blood is

Delicious.

Crunch.

A blanket of pure white covers them in their death.

And seeps

When rebirth arrives.