

A POETIC PICTURE OF CANADA'S SEASONS

The Four Seasons

By Brian Wrixon

SPRING

Earth warming after winter's deep freeze
New life caressed by a gentle spring breeze
Brown turning to green, sprouts emerging
Earth's mantle sheds frost at nature's urging
Trees unfolding from bud to full green
Fallen blossoms make a carpeted scene
Branches alive, wings never at rest
World filled with a glorious birdsong-fest
In the sky above gentle breezes do freshen
While pregnant clouds across the land do hasten
Spring showers wet the growing life below
Warm now and sprung again from winter's blow

SUMMER

Earth teeming now with life and fruition
Soft summer winds setting the fields in motion
A rich tapestry of gay and bright coloured flowers
And nature is glorified in wondrous bowers

Trees sending their new growth up to the heights
Forest floor shaded and dappled with lights
New life has hatched and fledged and flown
Empty nests from trees and by the winds are blown
In the darkening sky the afternoon tempest forms
Black clouds and a stiffened breeze spell storms
The parched ground and its life welcome the rains
And the rainbow appears as the tempest wanes

AUTUMN

Earth pouring forth a bountiful fullness
Breezes wafting the rich odor of ripeness
Greens turning to red, to brown and yellow
As nature reveals herself in aromas mellow
Trees casting off their leaves to mix with the clay
Forest floor unalive with the sweet smell of decay
Seeds fallen and covered and awaiting rebirth
Or gathered and stored against winter's dearth
In the sky the scudding clouds hang too low
And the warmth flees as the cool winds blow
Chilly rains give a hint of what is soon to be seen
The earth wrapped up tight in a cold icy sheen

WINTER

The ground is stiffened with a frozen embrace
Cold winds across the tattered earth do race
All is whitened and frosted and brittle at hand
Warmth is driven down deep in the land

Barren trees are but naked skeletons to behold
And the pines wear white scarves in the cold
Winter's birds search for the leftovers of harvest
And puff themselves to insulate from the cold's onset
In the sky crystals form and are driven by the breeze
Snowflakes flee and skiffle across the white freeze
But a January thaw gives a promise and hope
That spring will once again emerge on the slope

WINTER LAMENT

When days are short and nights are long
And no robin sings a happy song
I know that winter has gripped the earth
O how I long for spring's rebirth
With reddened nose and tingling ear
Frosty fingers and icy tear
I gaze upon the bright cold sun
Watching a half-frozen river run
Children frolic, run and play
Happy on the coldest day
Alas, as I grow grey and old
I no longer relish the snow and cold
How long will winter punish the earth?
Dare I hope for spring's rebirth?

SNOWFLAKE

On a dark sleeve I caught a jewel

It lasted but for a moment
A crisp star fallen from heaven
Myriad pointed and icy laced
It lasted but for a moment
I gazed at it with awe-struck wonder
Knowing that it was one of a kind
Happy to see it, but sad to see it go
For it soon melted into my dark sleeve
It lasted but for a moment

THE LAST LEAF

The last leaf clings stubbornly to the swaying birch
As shreds of white bark curl and rattle below
With grasping resolve it flutters in the autumn wind
Vainly fending off the approach of winter
One leaf, one reminder of summer gone
One leaf, one hope of spring to come
A powerful gust of a November wind
And it is gone, snatched away, flown by
The precious life blood draws slowly downward
And gathers, waiting, in the still warm roots
After the bitter cold of winter it will rise again
And burst forth into an untold number of new leaves
One of which will become the next last leaf
That clings stubbornly to the swaying birch

SUMMER STORM

Prairie winds and tumbleweed tumbling

Across a patchwork of colours
Storm clouds rumble on the far horizon
Forks of light above the quilted acres
The fury of the driving rain
Coming quickly, now here, and then gone
And the earth drinks with greed
The dust has settled
The air is pure once more

IN THE BADLANDS

Day dawns in the badlands
The rising sun warms the hoodoos
Casting shadows across the ravine
A rattler emerges into the warmth
And greets the day with the sound of castanets

It is mid day in the badlands
The blazing sun bakes the parched earth
Everything is quiet and still
The pronghorns are finally at ease
But the mule deer still search the gullies by ear

Night falls in the badlands
The fading light dims in the cooling air
Cottontails make for the safety of home
Nighthawks pierce the sky with their cries
And a chorus of coyotes echoes through the canyon

THE STORM

The horizon turns dark and grey
A giant anvil has been cast into the sky
Long grasses and trees begin to sway
Leaves turn their backs as the wind rushes by
The first drops of rain spatter the soil
Life takes refuge from the coming storm
Clouds above begin to turn and boil
Cool air has now replaced the warm
Trees are bent by the savage fury
Branches snap and fall to the ground
Rain and hail sweep past in a hurry
The wind roars with terrible sound
And then as suddenly the storm is over
The sun again blesses the land
It casts its rays on the glistening clover
A rainbow the promise sent by God's hand

CREATION

So many colours in nature's palette
So many shapes to capture them
One can only say with certainty
There is no proof for atheism
For how could such beauty and variety
Be the product of random chance?
Surely some greater power was the artist
That painted this canvas before us

If we accept the randomness of atoms
And deny the hand of a creator force
Then we who marvel at this picture
Are ourselves no more than chance

Bio:

Brian Wrixon is a retired business executive who, after serving over 40 years in the financial services industry, now devotes his time to creative endeavours. In addition to writing and publishing his own poetry and prose works, he has been instrumental in assisting hundreds of young and emerging authors from around the world get published, either personally or as contributors to group anthologies.

Brian is the founder of the almost 1,500 member international writers' group "Poets with Voices Strong". He is a member of the advisory boards of "Writing For Peace" in Colorado USA, and "Express Journal" in Moradabad (U.P.) India. He is a member of the senior editorial board of Bharat College of Commerce and Science in Kulgaon Badlapur, India, and serves on the editorial board of The World Peace Mission in Kankerhera, Meerut (U.P.) India. Brian is also Chair of the Advisory Board of Reflection Magazine and likewise functions as an editor and reviewer for the independent publisher MCI Writer's House. Brian has contributed to several journals, scholarly texts, anthologies and other publications around the globe.

He graduated from Laurentian University in Canada with a degree in Classical Studies, and is a former faculty member, online curriculum design consultant and program coordinator at Mohawk College in Hamilton, Ontario. Along with his lengthy career in the corporate world, he also built a highly successful consulting practice and now provides consultancy services in distribution chain management and strategic planning for small businesses in India on a volunteer basis, through his facilitated planning process "Growth By Design".

Brian has been married for almost 50 years to Dr. Cheryl Wrixon, an educational consultant, and they are fortunate to live nearby their children and grandchildren. Their extended family includes five children sponsored through Chalice Canada, three in Africa, one in Haiti and one in India.

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