Mother’s Seasons

By Jayna Bettesworth



The meadow always blooms in the soft mouths of spring

Leaves rustle in gentle breezes, morning bells will always ring

Flowers leap right from the earth, glistening through rays

Kindly beast smile through the sunshine in their days

In the summer things set on fire in the suns forceful heat

Then humans came with metal boots stomping on earth like wheat

Roses wilt through clouds of smoke looming up ahead

Lost in spite, exploding hate, yearning no forgotten friend

Crisped lonely leaves fall anxiously to the ground

We sing of gunshots music, ringing not for what we found

Rotten berries crumble through the starving hands our mother feeds

Plowing through earth like its our own, ignoring what it needs

Falling flakes of ash blanket the streets in sorrow

Mothers children, mighty beast ready in its burrow

Winters chill of whispering winds persuades us into darkness

We can only run away if we let go of its harness

Spring sweeps around the corner with potential future doom

But, if we can all can get along, the flowers may still bloom

Hand in hand if we all stand for nature can rebirth

We may sing in peaceful harmony for freedom of our earth