

SPRING

I like to think about future,
It is impossible to know,
What really happens with the Nature,
When land is covered by the snow.

And trees put on milk color suits,
It seems like time is slowly running,
All forest fell in winter dream,
The Sun is very seldom shunning.

And I believe that everyone
Will think about coming Spring
As soon as She starts fight with Winter,
I know for sure: She will win.

The Spring, the renaissance of Nature,
Is waking all of us together,
She's doing all: melts ice in hearts,
And even calls for the new weather.

You really like to think of future,
It is impossible to know
All these when spirit has no colors,
Is cold and covered by the snow.

March, 1996