

**Lizette Kelly**

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**“My Seasons”**

I go forth every day.

Seeing objects that become my day.

As I go forth I see the real meaning of the objects.

And in the day the objects shall become me.

The objects of summer shall become me.

The feeling of the warm sand is like the sun, sending warmth throughout me.

The scatter of koi searching for food is like fireworks on the fourth of July covering the sky, shall become me.

The objects of winter shall also become me.

The excitement of the horses seeing their first snowflake is like watching a baby with a new toy.

And the geese getting ready to fly south for winter,

Which is like how my family is flustered getting ready for a vacation, shall become me.

The objects of fall shall become me too.

The rows of bright orange pumpkins waiting for picking remind me of jack o’lantern contest my brother would have.

The taste of candy apple reminds me of the ones that my family get for the celebration of Christmas, shall become me.

And the objects of spring shall become me.

The lily pads holding the frogs are like a helping hand showing care.

The croaks of frogs breaking the calmness of the day, making me realize that I should come to the pond.

And the beautiful purple, red and orange colors of the sunset are like a field of flowers that I run through, shall become me.