

## Seniors in Spring

We cannot stop  
The beauty of autumn gold  
Become  
Frigid winter frost

Neither can we slow  
The progression  
of crocus sprouting  
and soft green moss  
breathing life into dead brown decay

The streams charge  
With renewed energy  
The waters run  
Drenching new perspective  
Nurturing ability  
Motion so brief  
so prominent

O yes, we notice you  
Propelling through  
your seasons  
and transforming our hearts

