

EQUINOX

I wake at dawn to lustrous light.
A silent blizzard overnight
has cloaked the town in shining snow
that sparkles pure, untouched and white.

I gaze out basking in the glow
with wistfulness because I know
this splendid scene will be undone
by people trekking to and fro.

The hill will soon be overrun
by raucous children having fun.
Those flawless drifts will meet demise
and melt begrimed beneath the sun.

Mid shifting winds and changing skies
each brief occurrence lives and dies,
and Life inures us to goodbyes,
and Life inures us to goodbyes.

— Caroline Sposto