

## **Childhood- The dreams of seasons**

At five years old  
I'm walking along  
The wind is strong  
The leaves fly  
All around the air  
The colours everywhere  
I just know  
Autumn is here.

At five years old  
I battle through the  
Glistening pure white  
Crisp and sparkling snow  
It reaches my hips  
The coldness I do not feel  
I'm so wrapped up  
And entranced by it all.

At five years old  
The cold is lessening  
Just a slight chill  
In the fresh lovely air  
Spring is here and  
The sun peeps shyly  
The daffodils stand proudly  
In all their glory.

At five years old  
The sun is blazing  
Summer has blasted through  
And it is amazing  
The paddling pool is up  
Beautiful colourful flowers everywhere and bees  
I play without a care  
In the wonderful heat.

By Ria