

Spring juices bid buds come out to play  
With comrades along the branches.  
Leaves play tug-of-war with March's gusting winds,  
Bathe in sweet April showers,  
Block the onslaught of summer sun,  
And hide a child from his mother's eyes.

Then in the face of chilling autumn winds,  
Green converts to scarlet and miser's gold.  
And one by one, playmates drift to earth  
Till the last one loses its grip,  
Leaving space for Spring and hope."