8 Years & Under
Verse Speaking
Seasons by Valerie Bloom

Spring is baby,
bright, fresh and new,
gurgling with the melting snow,
singing with the first cuckoo.
Summer is a barefoot boy,
fishing in the stream,
running through the waiting corn,
lazing in a dream.
Autumn's a grown man,
slowly walking by,
a limp in his careful footstep,
a shadow in one eye.
Winter is an aged sage,
with long, snow-powdered hair.
He cuts a trench in the frozen ground,
and buries another year.