

The Only Constant

Billowing clouds drift across a blue sky
In a breeze that cannot be felt from below,
Imagination forms shapes in one's mind
A dragon, a seahorse, a graceful young doe.
Hours elapse, day merges into night
Twilight summons delicate shades,
Distant stars twinkle in time
To the nightingale's lonesome serenades.
A northerly gale welcomes the dawn
Boreas and Frost form an icy alliance,
Overcast gloom looms heavy and low
Snow flurries fill the silence.
A southern wind brings respite and warmth
Together with thunder and rain,
Until a breeze that cannot be felt from below
Ushers billowing clouds once again.
In life, the only constant is Change
Unexpected at times, but often, foreseen,
You can fight it, deny it, and bewail its arrival
Or embrace the wonders Change can bring.

