

The Turning of the Year

We met upon a country track
As I was walking West
The setting sun was at her back
We talked at my behest.

*Please forgive my boldness, miss
I will you not long tarry
Pray, reveal what thing is this
That in your cart you carry.*

The handles dropped she with a smile
A key of gold she took
Said she had trekked a thousand miles
Then unlocked her golden book.

Each page she op'ed and held for me
So in the failing light
The work of her fair hand I'd see
The colours strong and bright

Twelve wonderous paintings did she show
A month on each revealed
Of azure skies o'er gleaming snow
Bright greens of hill and field
Each flower, plant, and leaf of tree
Chang-ed with the season
Tinted, she explained to me,
According to God's reason

Who are you, and where will you now?

I need to understand

This gift of knowledge, please me allow!

She raised a jewelled hand...

I am The Turning of the Year

And I walk this endless track

But at summer's close

You need not fear

I promise

I will be back

She said

I promise

I will be back.