

I feel myself being caught in the cycles, at mercy to the changing seasons like a creature in the forest. I wake in the amber light, my puffy lids struggling to release to the waking world. Sleep slowly retreating, as the sheets move like a puppet contorting under the power of the ventriloquist– my stirring form. The snow white sheets are relinquished and my body springs free, out of the dark into the light.

The joyous sight of winter withering away, like the last tea leaves flailing around in the dredges of my tea. To witness the brown give way to green in the heart of the wood. Snowdrops congregate in their masses, bowing their buds in humility at the foot of the wood. The pines, so solemn in their stance, seem to exhale as they have weathered the winter alone as evergreens.

The most nosy of the forest, the crocus, popping their petals out of the soil to observe and pry. However, when the winds find their footing in the sky and spring showers prepare to downpour I find myself in the shelter of my home again.

Even in the hearth of the home, the onward march of the seasons announces itself. Flocks of geese above sounding their horns, the cacophony of honking making my canine companions' ears prick up. The rain gracing the ground to nourish, not destroy like in winter's reign. A vase full of daffodils and daffodils alone. I ponder how the daffies require their own space; no flower can tolerate the mucilage from their stems. Spring is a daffodil.

Winter robs joy and throws it to the bramble, the more you pull to get it free, the more the thorns and dried out stems latch and tear. So we surrender to a hibernal state, living half alive without light, warmth and most of the natural world. Then when it feels the season will never conclude- spring arrives. No liminal space between, no ray of hope in the midst of the tempest; just a sense of emotional whiplash after the fact. This vernal phenomena surprises me annually, along with the creatures of the wood and sky. All of us in communion under the newborn sun, celebrating its birth back into the sky. Every living being is fed by the light, existing in a paradigm that has been and will be till the end of time, but I'm still shocked when it begins again.