Wonder of Spring

May the melting snow herald the spring,

And be, not like teardrops, speaking of

sadness,

But spread joy and serenity to the world.

Lying among the green grass,

The winter long forgotten,

Each cherry blossom bursts forth.

Behold such magnificent colors,

Such sweet scents that only may be

Found in the dream of spring.

But also in spring, besides the bright

coloring,

You will find fresh, new life.

You will find a reason to take pause,

For one can’t forget the meaning of

spring.

Trust also that you will find not only

something new,

But also the return of the old.

Trees, slumbering through winter, send out

their new buds.

And in the fields, both of wildflowers and corn,

At the very edge of where they may grow,

A few stalks sprout, and sunflowers wave.

And when night falls and the midnight moon

lights the way,

And the moonbeams fall over the land,

The dew will form to moisten the soil.

No picture can accurately depict the wonders

 of spring.

No painting can endure as long as it can,

And no photograph capture its pure life.

This I see, and this I know,

And this knowledge makes me want to shout

 for joy!

But I did not make a sound.