

Forces

Volume 2021

Article 66

3-15-2021

Waking Season

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Recommended Citation

Taie, Starlit D.S. (2021) "Waking Season," *Forces*: Vol. 2021 , Article 66.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2021/iss1/66>

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Waking Season

Starlit D.S. Taie

Nighttime

A heavy winter blanket

Desperately weighing

On the bare striations

Of a proper cut tree

A whispered hint

Runs over naked dormancy

Disturbing the once stagnant

White

Unpreventable overlay

That frames winter

With labored tears

Cutting canyons into powder

It turns transparent

Fading

Until it resigns

To silent history

A murky blue

Wakes a distant horizon

Green droplets

Paint over a soaked crust

Beckoning for the first chirrups

Of beings left

For their second homes

Brittle strands

Browned

Battered

Crunched

Flush emerald

Under a creeping warmth

Winding through nestled chill

The silent march

Of a diligent army

Weave hidden patterns

To future treasures

A world wakes

As the first silk petals

Unfurl into a diffused glow

Awaiting their comrades

In the morning of spring

