

# THE MUSIC OF THE SEASONS

*Paul Fraleigh*

Each time of year displays its charm,  
Each season has its special lyre:  
In summertime along the fields  
We hear the locusts' ragged choir—  
In spring, the robin's tremolo—  
In fall, the hoot owl's chanson low.

The winter has its music too,  
For when the fields by frost lie bound,  
Round keyholes, cracks, and crevices  
We hear the north wind's trumpet sound.

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