

SPRING AND FALL
November 20, 2010

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How we'll ever get to spring,
I just don't know.

It happens every year.

From where I stand,
This late in fall,
It seems, Well ...
Hopeless.

So many days.

I feel the same,
Away from home,
Five hundred miles.

How could I expect,
To reach home?

Think on this,
Too much:

You won't get home,
And spring,
Will never,
Come.

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For those who like the finer detail, here is a link. When the link opens click on the image itself for as close as they will let me get, which is 2500 pixels. The actual image is 6048 pixels. Take a look. It is a treat.

<http://www.nikonimages.com/gallery/1148/U1148I1290262327.SEQ.0.jpg>

