
December 2014

The Four Seasons

Luke J. Chambers
Western Michigan University

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Recommended Citation

Chambers, Luke J. (2014) "The Four Seasons," *The Hilltop Review*: Vol. 7 : Iss. 1 , Article 15.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/hilltopreview/vol7/iss1/15>

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The Four Seasons

Winner of Best Creative Writing, Winter 2014

By Luke Chambers

Medieval Institute

luke.j.chambers@wmich.edu

A poet in the spring walked from the east
across the grassy field from which a hill
arose, tall and alone in all the plane.
And on its crest a tree reached higher still.
The poet's breath caught tight within his breast,
for as he saw this tree, as rosy dawn
unloosed her rising rays of gold on high,
then, in that glow, its apple blossoms shown
from laden boughs with dappling rosy white,
aflutter in the wind like burning flames.
And as the growing dawn flowed down the hill,
the dewy grass alighting as she came,
the poet, moved by love of morning young,
sat to compose a verse as yet unsung.

In summer came a poet from the south
across the grassy field up towards a hill
that beautiful and green shown in the sunlight;
on its crest a tree shown greener still.
The poet marveled at the spreading tree
whose branches hung down low bent by their load,
green-golden apples hid beneath its leaves;
those blushing pink on whom the sunlight shown.
Song birds nested high up in its boughs
where squirrels chased each other in their play.
White and yellow daisies swayed around
the rabbits munching clover in its shade.
Then, moved by love of nature in her prime,
the poet paused to write a verse in rhyme.

Out of the west a poet walked in fall
across the windy field, a hill in sight
whence on the breeze blew tufts of seedy down
around a tree that he'd reach if he might.
Still on the plane, he paused to look above
and saw through thinning leaves the tree was bowed
down by its apples glistening ruby-red,
low swaying, slowly reaching for the ground.
The poet reached the hill's broad base and paused:
there in the grass once green, now gone to seed,
an apple, ripe and ready, lay by chance.

He took it, bit it, sucked its juices sweet.
The poet, for the joy of life attained,
reworked a weighty theme fresh as the rain.

Winter, and a northern poet came
across the frozen field up to a hill.
Its northern face a mass of snow and shade.
Against the sky a tree stood tall and still.
The gloaming twilight was upon the land
And so the poet climbed up through the snow
until he stood atop the hill and watched
the failing of the southern sun's last glow.
The poet sat against the tree's thick trunk
where snow had mounded, blown on either side,
and wondered at the barren boughs above
through which the kindling stars he could descry.
And then, moved by the beauty of the sight,
the poet made a sonnet for the night.