“Spring”

By Keith Dunbar

If periods of life are seasons
I wish my body were in endless spring;
always changing,
forever growing
like some magic beanstalk that we learned about as little kids.

Most times, I'm a summer;
hot-headed and reckless,
full of ideas,
adventures,
and not so many inhibitions.

Sometimes, I'm a winter;
cold & harsh,
unrelenting,
unforgiving
and hard to be near.

I would give up every penny I hold to my name
to forever be the embodiment of life,
love,
and hope
that spring is.