

## **The Seasons Change**

*Lily Zimmer, Grade 6*

*Boise*

My long, boney twigs sway in the wind,  
my figure is chilled by the morning of the cold December snow,  
everything around me, the sagebrush, wild flax, wild mustard and bitter brush is  
covered in a thick, white blanket  
But seasons change.

The flowers bloom yellow, purple, pink, orange, blue and red.  
The creek trickles behind me, bubbling and foaming over driftwood  
But seasons change.

The sun burns around the foothills  
vibrant, yellow flowers bud on my twigs  
people run past me.  
The crunchy, heated sand sits around my figure  
But seasons change.

The faded leaves begin to change from moss green to the colors of a blinding  
sunset  
the leaves slowly fall to the ground, those remaining sway in the wind.  
But seasons change, and so do I, the rabbit brush.