

Time of the Season

The season of wrinkles
and over ripeness
arrived
too soon.

Buds shriveled
and fruits burst open
as they began to crinkle
and wrinkle,
began to split and break.

Their past glory
was a distant dream
faded
or unremembered
memories lost.

It's been approaching
a long time.
Slow at first
imperceptible.

Then speeding up.

It's moving so quickly now

I think it is over

finished

lost beyond returning

this time.

Lynn White lives in north Wales. Her work is influenced by issues of social justice and events, places and people she has known or imagined. She is especially interested in exploring the boundaries of dream, fantasy and reality. She has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize, Best of the Net and a Rhysling Award.

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