

## ***Another Spring Without You - Ryan Lay***

It was here where I first saw you, under the Cherry Blossom tree.

From seamless skies to gentle winds, rose-coloured flower petals embellished the scenery like a work of art.

An enchanting lullaby played from your lips, luring azure-coloured birds as they decorated the golden locks of your hair.

I gazed upon the graceful manners of your arms, your pale skin complementing the ivory-coloured branches in perfect harmony.

And in yearning for the presence of your beauty, of your elegance, I waited.

I waited, as the sakura nodes that had donned the trees morphed into fistfuls of illusory evergreen zest,

As the canopy of leaves filtered through the summertime light, bestowing a pearlescent glow on everything else below.

I waited, as the lush greens had gradated into deciduous splashes of yellow, orange and brown,

As seasonal winds and rain emerged, casting mellow reflections in the wistful ponds that masked the crestfallen mood.

I waited, as the foliage that so desperately hugged the trees had begun to struggle and fall,

As pockets of snow lined the naked branches and blanketed the ground, embracing the sombre tune of the night.

I waited, until the lavish billows of pinks and whites had bloomed once again,

Until the pure delight of your melody was nothing but the faint display of a fragmented memory,

Until the delicate symphony of colours had faded into an achromatic scheme of grey,

And I realise.

I realise, that the ephemeral Cherry Blossoms had come and gone again,

I realise, that here is another Spring without you.