

# SEASONS



Makira Highlands, Solomon Islands.

There are seasons tied to our days  
Which direct our lives.  
(but which most of us now no longer know).

Like this mornings light rain  
That causes fear for some of us  
As we prepare for and imagine  
the journey  
We will have to take through the  
mountains

Again soon.  
These mountain people know  
It's the time of year for the  
growth  
Of new leaves from last seasons  
fall.  
(it sounds like a tropical spring)

There are other seasons that  
Beat with our days  
That these mountains still sing



Campbell River, in lowland forests, Tetepare Island, Solomon Islands.

of.  
Seasons for winds and rains.  
  
There are winds that bring ends  
to cycles  
To blow away the old leaves of  
some trees  
From last season.  
(echoing a tropical autumn)  
There are rains for new growth  
Bringing rich blessings to new  
crops

Like this mornings light  
showers.  
The stories of the old tell of  
when  
These winds blow and these  
rains fall  
And know when to wait for  
them.  
  
To prepare for the seasons  
Of when to seed the land  
And when to bring in its gifts.