



Seasons
Fall Creek Falls State Park - Tennessee
Photos by Dan Hardison

Seasons of Life

George W Jones

Death draws near to the season
as another cycle of the fruits
of the earth is passing.

Old age is upon the year . . .

Spring time is birth time,
the time of quickening -
summer is the time of growth,
of fullness -
autumn sees maturity,
ripeness, and passing -
and winter is death.

In the Mission's valley
summer imperceptibly wanes.
The vanguards of autumn grow bolder
and Indian summer is upon the valley.

Hoarding the passing loveliness
of a season ending
and embracing the pleasant promises
of a season to come
is Indian summer.

The skies are the bluest
of the twelve months.
The early morns the fairest.
The perfumes of ripeness and harvest
are pleasant to smell.

The last days of a fruitful year
that is at the point to die,
are touched with a sweet sadness,
but they are lovely, lovely.

In the Mission's valley
are those of venerable age
known as Granny,
 or Aunt Bess,
 or Uncle Tom,
 or the old man,
 or the old lady.

Their Indian summer is far spent.
Winter's snow crowns their brows.
Growth is over, maturity finished,
ripeness has grown too mellow,
passing is at hand.

And yet these precious ones
are beautiful as never
in the springtime of life
or in the summer of life's fullness.

Theirs the refined loveliness
 of a season ending,
blessed with the holy promises
 of the fuller life to come.

The last roses of summer
 are the fairest -
the mellow smiles of God's children
near long life's end
 are the sweetest.