**Dancing to the Music of Time**

As spring unfolds the music starts.

At first it’s faint – a distant hum

below the soil as things begin to stir.

And up above the morning choir tunes up

as birds pair off in pas de deux.

As shoots emerge and fat buds burst

the volume grows. A steady beat

that thrums. The blossoms bounce

a bossa nova, tulips a fandango.

The beat increases with the heat

in rhythmic syncopation;

it slowly builds in tempo

from andante to allegro.

And now the dance is wild and free

as nature dazzles its display.

The insects jive, the willows waltz,

the sweet peas dance a polka.

At summer’s height it pauses;

draws breath for what’s ahead,

a rallentando, the start of a glissando.

The dance has peaked, a surfeit

reached. It’s now a sultry samba.

The music shifts as autumn takes the floor.

It changes to a minor key,

the rhythm now off-beat;

a foxtrot or a lindy-hop,

a final fling before the daylight shrinks

and cold enshrouds the ground.

Now winter tiptoes in; a measured minuet.

The melodies are mellower

and movement more restrained;

a tango or refined gavotte

with careful steps, precisely placed.

No hurry now.

The year is sliding to a close,

the orchestra is winding down.

The dance has reached its end,

until next year.