

Cody Cox

Sonnet

Through the winding forest the great winds blow.

Bringing new life and chasing death of old.

Where creatures flourish and seeds sow and grow.

Where times stay old and peace cannot be sold.

Colors bloom bringing the sweet sign of May.

When times will be frozen in joy and hope.

Creatures dream less in hope that it will stay.

Times will soon change and they must learn to cope.

Frost bites at the old memories of May.

When merry life now appears to be lost.

The warmth is not truly lost, but at bay.

It will soon return and destroy the frost.

The forest will forever stay at peace.

For the vile death will forever de cease.