

Counting
by Neha, Year 8

A leaf falls down,
Life shaken out by the vigorous breeze.
It rests for dreams despairingly,
For centuries of cold winters await,
Savour when the sun can rebel.

Two glades are wrapped unwillingly,
in crystals of winter might.
Shrouded with longing to escape,
Endless months, it seems,
in Jack Frost's wake.

Three cubs crawl out hopefully,
Eyes widen with ecstasy of warmth.
Uncountable delicate strokes of ink,
Three blossoms for you, three for me,
As if all twelve months are tightly blanketed.

Four branches gasp in awe,
Of the sprouts and shoots,
That survived and flourished.
More than imagined, they say, more than before.
More than the stars who came to give us company in the night before

Five times I stepped out,
Five times the wind tickled my neck,
Five times I smelt sweet nectar,
Countless times I admired nature.