

No Seasons

by Angie

Vincent could smell the scent of warming earth as he patrolled the upper tunnels, and beathed deeply.

“*The season finds its term,*” he thought, remembering Conrad Aiken’s poem.

This Spring, the last stanza of the poem spoke to him as never before.

*‘but love like music, keeps no season ever;
‘like music too, once known is known forever.’*

Yes, Catherine had definitely thawed his heart. No matter what season reigned above, Spring would never fail in his. And Aiken implied there were more wonders ahead.

“Green, green and green again, and greener still”.

Something he would look forward to.