

Seasons of You

by Erin Zulkoski

The flowers in the springtime remind me of you, especially when I crush them under my feet.

The thunderstorms that summer brings remind me of you, and I pray you are struck by lightning.

The red leaves on the fall trees remind me of you, or rather your blood, as it spills on the ground.

The freshly fallen snow of winter reminds me of you, and I delight when it melts away, leaving no trace that you ever were here.

