

# Poems by Julia

## Spring

Under a shady tree  
where the shadows  
drape  
themselves  
over my face,  
where the wind dances  
with my hair,  
I listen.

Listen to  
the treetops  
rustle,  
and sway,  
listen to the sun  
tell me where its rays have touched,  
listen to  
the butterfly's wings  
whisper their secrets.

Now it is Winter,  
The seasons have changed.  
It is a time to talk.

## A Wise Artist Paints Nature's Freedom

A wise artist  
paints his scenes  
trying to capture  
the freedom  
of a  
dug-out canyon,  
the freedom of the twisting,  
turning,  
river running through it.

The freedom of the artist using colors,  
colors that matches  
the sun touching the walls of the canyon,  
and that of nature.

## On My Summer

Everyone's outside  
on this hot summer day.  
The grown-ups  
chit-chat  
while the bees  
buzz.  
Daddy is talking  
with Uncle Fred,  
as the barbecue  
smokes.

I sit by myself  
having my own party  
reading my summer book  
as their party goes on.  
And in the midst of the smoldering heat,  
a butterfly,  
a flash of color  
in the smoky-blue sky,  
lands on my finger.  
Her tiny feet tickle my big hand.

I want to run over to the party  
and tell everyone  
that a butterfly has just come to rest on my  
finger.  
But I know they are busy  
with what their summer holds  
as my summer holds  
this special moment;  
and I tell myself  
"Look! A butterfly has just landed on your  
finger!"

