

End of the Seasons

Richie Havens

In younger times when it was spring,
I climbed the hill and stood in the Eastern wind.
On the other side the fence was down,
And the meadow green, but empty.
But I could see forever.

The sky was gold the ground was hot,
In city nights I tossed and turned, in the Southern wind.
On the other side the bridge stood watch,
Guarding the harbor.
Still looking for,
The future.

In autumn days when it was clear,
I watched the coastline from the mountains in the Western wind.
Down below the sea would call me,
And I would find the beaches dark and lonely.
But I could see,
The starlight.
Darkness sure comes early, but it moves like a shadow on the hillside,
Etched in snow I leave the doorway,
Satisfied to hear the Northern wind cry.
And it cries winter, winter.