

Seasons of our lives

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Spring

A magpie flew overhead carrying a large branch  
to the spruce tree where a nest was being built.

The smell of mud envelops me

As earth thaws.

The ice floes in the river have melted.

The days lengthen and I awake from my hibernation.

The sun warms me and I shed my layers

Gone are the down coat, mittens, neck tube and wool hat

I feel light and joyful

Waiting for new birth from the fertile soil.

Grateful for the seasons,

Each one brings new lessons as I change and grow older