

The Sisters

by Annabelle Frankel, First Place Recipient - Years 7-8 Poem

Sister Summer

Like a slap in the face, the wind, the rain
Giggling, cackling, a high pitched laugh
She's a monster, no, she's a cheeky little monkey.

Lightning crashes, thunder booms
Energy loud, wild, unafraid
Dangerous, yes, but she's not cruel.

Summer swirls her fingers in the ocean,
Watches as the storm surges,
The world is simply a playground

Revelling in her confidence, so happy, so impulsive
With power not yet valued, a force of nature
Too innocent to understand the life below.

Summer is not quite the youngest, but the sister before the last
Unpredictable and exciting
She does as she wishes, and knows no different.

One moment filled with hurricanes, then a warm, lazy breeze
She is a tornado of feelings, hot-headed, oblivious really,
But her mischief is a storm gone as quickly as arrived.

Summer refuses to drag her feet in the mud
She knows not of a head held low
Quick, quick, she must fly faster than a cyclone.

The fireflies dance in a hot night sky: Summer thinks they look like
stars Bonfires are lit for the celebration of abundance. She giggles,
And showers rain upon the light.

She is fierce, but she has heart
Her warmth and youth as old as time,
Her soul a parade of fireworks.

A peak of carefree confidence
Adventure comes forward from the shadows
Shameless and brighter than smiling eyes.

Sister Autumn

Rich like hot chocolate, pensive and calm

She settles the storm, and brings forth a gentle flow
Her gift is to remind of the simple pleasures of life.

Her soft breath lowers leaves to the ground,
Orange, red, ochre and burgundy swaying to her sounds
Enriching and replenishing Earth.

Her air is fresh, a whisper of peace
Beneath her, roaring fires are stoked in homes,
They contrast her gentle, cooling mind.

Her sister Spring is loved and envied; autumn life is still.
Winter approaches, the animals are too busy for chitter-chatter,
But she draws comfort from the wattles blooming.

It never ceases to surprise her:
How different the world appears after her long sleep:
She wakes to a garden of green, and rests her head when all is bare.

Though her time is short, she is comforted by knowing she will return,
Unlike the little creatures who roam beneath her.
She slows them down, teaches them the value of precious life.

Largely because of this, she seldom feels lonely,
Drawing solace from observing the world prepare;
Alone, but never lonely.

The animals sense the cold arrival of the next sister,
The air sharpens, the world is silent
She bestows upon them good wishes, and whispers her goodbye.

Sister Winter

As steady as a mountain, as cold as glacial ice
Thoughtful, observant, kind but demanding
If you can't survive her, you'll never see the warmth.

Silver veins of water snake through her valleys
Like ribbons in a child's hair
Cool sunshine reflects her diamond eyes.

Air is sharp but she is warm:
Love radiates from the land below
The love that carries the world through this harsh time.

A stranger to her sisters, she only glimpses their faces in the warming wind
Has Autumn prepared them well? Will Spring bloom on time?
The early sunset gives way to darkness.

Some think she is unforgiving, cruel and numb,
Yet while there is nothing that can touch her
Raw feeling is all she knows.

She is a mentor
Winter is hard, but all is preparation:
Harder times will come, and those who make it through her darkness will endure.

Connection is the priority:
Every being on Earth is a small part of a whole
Hardship brings people together, hardship teaches them to love.

She watches the sisters and the brothers
Rosy cheeks, scarves around necks
They giggle and run in the white feathers of snow she sprinkles down.

Maybe she is just a memory,
A feeling, a tick on the clock
But for a moment the world is connected.

Reassured, she smiles - it is her time to reign Earth,
She blows on the branches, rains down on every home
Stilling, chilling, freezing.

She is a cocoon, a shelter
A bundle of strength and of hardship
She is the snowflake nestled on the eyelash of a curious beast.

Sister Spring

The youngest of the sisters, daughter of the blossom
Blushing cheeks, charming eyes
A crown of roses upon a beehive of hair.

Spring is renowned, a child born to fame.
A flourish of colours, of sounds and of scents
Mirrors of melting ice feed innocent vanity.

Daisies threaded through wind-blown curls
Sugar-pink lips, kissing colour into buds
Her untainted wonder breathes life into the land.

But a smile hides her heavy burden
The expectation to bring forth life, to explode and prosper
And bloom.

A feeling, uncaptured by words, tugs at her heart -

Her youthful spirit carries enormous responsibility.
She is the mother of life itself.

The pressure is a seed, with shoots watered by anxiety
The menace of failure casting a dark shadow over her
But the shoots catch the sunlight, and she can breathe once more.

For a moment, all are one with the Earth
Every flower, every tree, every leaf
The magpie warbles, the green frogs chirp, the bees are humming.

A fresh dream is coming, a new song on the tip of her tongue
Maybe she will sing it to the butterflies.
Spring is pure, touched with delight.

Life bursts forth, on the back of ancient ritual.
Spring honours the role of the sisterhood:
Forces of nature, extreme, and perfectly balanced.