

BEST QUOTES ON SEASONS

<u>TOPIC</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
SEASONS	1
SPRING	11
SUMMER	41
FALL	60
WINTER	98

SEASONS

To me the pageant of seasons is a thrilling and unending drama, the action of which streams through my fingertips.

--Helen Keller

If the seasons bleed into each other like a watercolor painting, it means not enough fish and berries to last the winter, not enough wood chopped for the stove, not enough meat in the freezer. One year winter came so fast and so hard, the leaves on the birch trees didn't even have time to turn yellow and fall off; they froze solid green on the branches. They clung there for months on skinny skeleton arms, the color so blindingly wrong it was creepy. Every year it's a race between the seasons, and that year fall lost.

—Bonnie-Sue Hitchcock

Seasons are theatrical. Each one enters like a prima donna, convinced its performance is the reason the world has people in it.

—Toni Morrison

The seasons are what a symphony ought to be: four perfect movements in harmony with each other.

—Arthur Rubinstein

Winter was nothing but a season of snow; spring, allergies; and summer...It was the worst. That was swimsuit season.

--Teresa Lo

I would not willingly give up our four seasons for a Kingdom of Heaven in which the sun shone eternally with equal warmth and light, in which the grass was forever green and the birds sang constantly....Nothing is precious without a degree of rarity. Be warned that in the land of eternal spring you will find the inhabitants blind and deaf.

--Louis J. Halle

The question, 'Which is the happiest season of life,' being referred to an aged man, he replied: 'When spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think, How beautiful is Spring! And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think, How beautiful is Summer! When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, How beautiful is Autumn! And when it is sere winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches, as I never could until now, and see the stars shine.'

--Unknown

It is difficult to get the weather of any season to live up to the poetry that is written about it.

--Unknown

Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces up, snow is exhilarating; there is no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather.

—John Ruskin

Crisping into woolen autumn and into the darkening iron of November...and Christmas...vacation—grinding through an icy, mud-grimy January-February-March, and tentatively, unbelievably, unfolding into another spring, when the damn world makes us think we are as young as we ever were and deceives us by pale lucid skies and the sudden opening of little leaves.

--Sylvia Plath

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

--Robert Louis Stevenson

In our own glad and fortunate country the seasons are known by their respective dominant pies—for each there is an appropriate pie, with apple pie for all the year round.... The perfect days of June welcome the lip-painting berry pies.... Then, as nature paints the forests with her magic brush, comes in the golden glory of the year, the royal pumpkin pie!

—*New York Times*

It breaks your heart. It is designed to break your heart. The game begins in the spring, when everything else begins again, and it blossoms in the summer, filling the afternoons and evenings, and then as soon as the chill rains come, it stops and leaves you to face the fall alone. You count on it, rely on it to buffer the passage of time, to keep the memory of sunshine and high skies alive, and then just when the days are all twilight, when you need it most, it stops.

—A. Bartlett Giamatti

THE MONTHS

January cold and desolate;
February dripping wet;
March wind ranges;
April changes;
Birds sing in tune
To flowers of May,
And sunny June
Brings longest day;
In scorched July
The storm-clouds fly,
Lightning-torn;
August bears corn,
September fruit;
In rough October
Earth must disrobe her;
Stars fall and shoot
In keen November;
And night is long
And cold is strong
In bleak December.

—Christina Georgina
Rossetti

FIRST, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers ;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array ;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before:
Then (lastly) July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

—Robert Herrick

In every year there are days between winter and spring which roughly belong to neither; days when the round of seasons seems to be at a standstill, as though the inner impulse which held on visibly enough through the worst of the hard weather has failed just when it should begin to quicken towards the first of better times.

—Unknown

To be interested in the changing seasons is a happier state of mind than to be hopelessly in love with spring.

—George Santayana

Autumn arrives in early morning, but spring at the close of a winter day.

—Elizabeth Bowen

Spring is showery, flowery, bowery.

Summer: hoppy, choppy, poppy.

Autumn: wheezy, sneezy, freezy.

Winter: slippy, drippy, nippy.

—English Nursery
Rhyme

There are five different kinds of weather: spring, summer, fall, winter, and unusual.

--Unknown

Winter is cold-hearted,

Spring is yea and nay,

Autumn is a weather-cock

Blown every way.

Summer days for me

When every leaf is on its tree.

--Christina Rossetti

THE HUMAN SEASONS

Four seasons fill
The measure of the year;
There are four seasons
In the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring,
when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty
With an easy span:
He has his Summer,
When luxuriously
Spring's honied cud
Of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate,
and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven:
Quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn,
When his wings
He furleth close;
Contented so to look
On mists in idleness--
To let fair things
Pass by unheeded
As a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too
Of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego
His mortal nature.

--John Keats

January snowy; February flowy; March blowy.
April show'ry; May flow'ry; June bow'ry.
July moppy; August croppy; September poppy.
October breezy; November wheezy; December freezy.

--Richard Brinsley
Sheridan

Summer heals winter's scars and winter cools summer's passions.

--Unknown

To be part of summer one must feel a part of life, but to be part of winter one must feel a part of something older than life itself.

--Joseph Wood Krutch

The seasons! If we could understand them, not scientifically but spiritually, if we knew why they come so silently and why they are so forceful, might we not analyze the essence of immortal life. Although we hastily regard them as a thing apart from ourselves, we are really united to them closely.

--Brooks Atkinson

Winter, spring, summer and autumn regulate our lives; willy-nilly, they govern our daily and yearly progress. We have not yet come so far from primeval nature that we can remain indifferent to them.

--Brooks Atkinson

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.

--*Ecclesiastes* 3:1

The seasonal urge is strong in poets. Milton wrote chiefly in winter. Keats looked for spring to wake him up (as it did in the miraculous months of April and May, 1819). Burns chose autumn. Longfellow liked the month of September. Shelley flourished in the hot months. Some poets, like Wordsworth, have gone outdoors to work. Others, like Auden, keep to the curtained room. Schiller needed the smell of rotten apples about him to make a poem. Tennyson and Walter de la Mare had to smoke. Auden drinks lots of tea, Spender coffee; Hart Crane drank alcohol. Pope, Byron, and William Morris were creative late at night. And so it goes.

--Helen Bevington

Green is the soul of Spring. Summer may be dappled with yellow, Autumn with orange and Winter with white but Spring is drenched with the colour green.

--Paul F. Kortepeter

In the winter you may want the summer; in the summer, you may want the autumn; in the autumn, you may want the winter; but only in the spring you dream and want no other season but the spring!

--Mehmet Murat ildan

Spring is childhood, summer is youth, autumn is maturity, and winter is weariness and waiting. But with spring youth returns, no matter how old we are.

--Toni Sorenson

Perfect winter weather is a great caffeine, while perfect summer weather is the best sedative.

—Terri Guillemets

Spring, if it lingers more than a week beyond its span, starts to hunger for summer to end the days of perpetual promise. Summer in its turn soon begins to sweat for something to quench its heat, and the mellowest of autumns will tire of gentility at last, and ache for a quick sharp frost to kill its fruitfulness. Even winter — the hardest season, the most implacable — dreams, as February creeps on, of the flame that will presently melt it away. Everything tires with time, and starts to seek some opposition, to save it from itself. So August gave way to September and there were few complaints.

—Clive Barker

In the springtime, leaves unfolding,
Growing, growing one by one,
In the summer, always giving
Cool, green shade to every one;
In the autumn, tall and stately,
Dressed in yellow, red and brown,
In the winter, sleeping, sleeping,
While the snow comes softly down...

—Charlotte Lay Dewey

Forecast for spring: giddy and warm.
Forecast for summer: happy and hot.
Forecast for autumn: serene and chilly.
Forecast for winter: blessed and freezing.

—Terri Guillemets

How times and seasons are in concert! Spring is suggestive of morning, summer of noon, autumn of evening, and winter of night.

—Henry James Slack

O suns and skies and clouds of June, and flowers of June together. Ye cannot rival for one hour October's bright blue weather.

—Helen Hunt Jackson

Live in each season as it passes; breathe the air, drink the drink, taste the fruit, and resign yourself to the influences of each. Let them be your only diet, drink, and botanical medicines.

—Henry David Thoreau

January gray is here, like a sexton by her grave; February bears the bier, March with grief doth howl and rave, and April weeps -- but, O ye hours! Follow with May's fairest flowers.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

One of the joys our technological civilization has lost is the excitement with which seasonal flowers and fruits were welcomed; the first daffodil, strawberry or cherry are now things of the past, along with their precious moment of arrival. Even the tangerine -- now a satsuma or clementine -- appears de-pipped months before Christmas.

—Derek Jarman

Youth is like spring, an over-praised season more remarkable for biting winds than genial breezes. Autumn is the mellower season, and what we lose in flowers we more than gain in fruits.

—Samuel Butler

Nature gives to every time and season unique beauty; from morning to night, as from the cradle to the grave, it's just a succession of changes so soft and comfortable that we hardly notice the progress.

—Charles Dickens

A boy trudged down the sidewalk dragging a fishing pole behind him. A man stood waiting with his hands on his hips. Summertime, and his children played in the front yard with their friend, enacting a strange little drama of their own invention. It was fall, and his children fought on the sidewalk in front of Mrs. Dubose's. . . . Fall, and his children trotted to and fro around the corner, the day's woes and triumphs on their faces. They stopped at an oak tree, delighted, puzzled, apprehensive. Winter, and his children shivered at the front gate, silhouetted against a blazing house. Winter, and a man walked into the street, dropped his glasses, and shot a dog. Summer, and he watched his children's heart break. Autumn again, and Boo's children needed him. Atticus was right. One time he said you never really know a man until you stand in his shoes and walk around in them. Just standing on the Radley porch was enough.

—Harper Lee

Spring procreates, Summer develops, Autumn debilitates & Winter ceases to be.
Meeting all forms of life.

—Isabella Schorno

These marvels were great and comfortable ones, but in the old England there was a greater still. The weather behaved itself.

In the spring all the little flowers came out obediently in the meads, and the dew sparkled, and the birds sang; in the summer it was beautifully hot for no less than four months, and, if it did rain just enough for agricultural purposes, they managed to arrange it so that it rained while you were in bed; in the autumn the leaves flamed and rattled before the west winds, tempering their sad adieu with glory; and in the winter, which was confined by statute to two months, the snow lay evenly, three feet thick, but never turned into slush.

—T. H. White

An early spring started one morning in March with a swarm of sudden, glassy, bird cries, and then the cool jewelry of primrose and violet loosened themselves in the dirt. Then summer burst into the world like a gorgeous car accident—opening eyes all over our bodies in the brilliant light. Fall—the smell of pumpkin guts, sluttish and unsweetened. Until winter fell all over us like pieces of heaven, glazed with oxygen or ether, hitting the ground in small, cold shards. It was like a year in Eden where no Eve had ever lived.

—Laura Kasischke

I think that to one in sympathy with nature, each season, in turn, seems the loveliest.

—Mark Twain

Winter brings a colder palette with more heavy blue and violet, Fall has substantial more reddish and brown, Summer brings a variation of pastel colours and Spring fresh green and tangerine.

—Siren Waroe

The seasons remind me that I must keep changing.

—Donald Miller

I love the arrival of a new season — each one bringing with it its own emotion: spring is full of hope; summer is freedom; autumn is a colourful release, and winter brings an enchanting peace. It's hard to pick which one I enjoy the most — each time the new one arrives, I remember its beauty and forget the previous one whose qualities have started to dim.

—Giovanna Fletcher

A year in Vermont, according to an old saw, is ‘nine months of winter followed by three months of very poor sledding.’

—Bill Bryson

How lucky country children are in these natural delights that lie ready to their hand! Every season and every plant offers changing joys. As they meander along the lane that leads to our school all kinds of natural toys present themselves for their diversion. The seedpods of stitchwort hang ready for delightful popping between thumb and finger, and later the bladder campion offers a larger, if less crisp, globe to burst. In the autumn, acorns, beechnuts, and conkers bedizen their path, with all their manifold possibilities of fun. In the summer, there is an assortment of honeys to be sucked from bindweed flowers, held fragile and fragrant to hungry lips, and the tiny funnels of honeysuckle and clover blossoms to taste.

—Miss Read

I have an affection for those transitional seasons, the way they take the edge off the intense cold of winter, or heat of summer.

—Whitney Otto

Chicago actually has 12 seasons:

Winter

Fool’s Spring

Second Winter

Spring of Deception

Third Winter

The Pollening

Actual Spring

Summer

Hell’s Front Porch

False Fall

Second Summer

Actual Fall

—<https://www.thelodgeon64.com>

SPRING

Spring is the sound of birds chirping, the taste of cherry juice, the feel of grass on bare feet, the sight of pink roses and blue skies, and the feel of dandelion fuzz. Spring, in other words, is a welcome, wondrous sensory overload.

--Toni Sorenson

Every year, back comes Spring, with nasty little birds yapping their fool heads off and the ground all mucked up with plants.

—Dorothy Parker

Spring is when you feel like whistling even with a shoe full of slush.

—Doug Larson

The first real day of spring is like the first time a boy holds your hand. A flood of skin-tingling warmth consumes you, and everything shines with a fresh, colorful glow, making you forget that anything as cold and harsh as winter ever existed.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

When spring comes to the City people notice one another in the road; notice the strangers with whom they share aisles and tables and the space where intimate garments are laundered, going in and out, in and out the same door, they handle the handle; on trolleys and park benches they settle thighs on a seat in which hundreds have done it too. Copper coins dropped in the palm have been swallowed by children and tested by gypsies, but it's still money and people smile at that. It's the time of year when the City urges contradiction most, encouraging you to buy street food when you have no appetite at all; giving you a taste for a single room occupied by you alone as well as a craving to share it with someone you passed in the street. Really there is no contradiction—rather it's a condition; the range of what an artful City can do. What can beat bricks warming up to the sun? The return of awnings. The removal of blankets from horses' backs. Tar softens under the heel and the darkness under bridges changes from gloom to cooling shade. After a light rain, when the leaves have come, tree limbs are like wet fingers playing in woolly green hair. Motor cars become black jet boxes gliding behind hoodlights weakened by mist. On sidewalks turned to satin, figures move shoulder first, the crowns of their heads angled shields against the light buckshot that the raindrops are. The faces of children glimpsed at windows appear to be crying, but it is the glass pane dripping that makes it seem so.

--Toni Morrison

I am happy the leaves are growing large so quickly. Soon they will hide the neighbor and her screaming child.

--Lydia Davis

The windshield wipers are pushed up so they won't freeze to the glass and a robin just landed on the tip of one, staring beady-eyed at what we both hope is the great giving-up. The field freezes and unfreezes. It's snowing but it's a spineless snow, sugar on top of defrosted mud. There's life under there. The robin took off and the wiper blade twanged like a plucked string.

Everything's coming alive.

--Kate Inglis

In a world where thrushes sing and willow trees are golden in the spring, boredom should have been included among the seven deadly sins.

--Elizabeth Goudge

Listen, can you hear it? Spring's sweet cantata. The strains of grass pushing through the snow. The song of buds swelling on the vine. The tender timpani of a baby robin's heart. Spring.

--Diane Frolov and
Andrew Schneider

We stepped a little quicker, laughed a little louder and chatted over the fences a little longer. We gathered bouquets of wildflowers, dined on fresh strawberries and began to ride our bikes up and down the Third Line again. We ran up grassy hills and rolled back down through the young clover, feeling light and giddy, free from our heavy boots and coats. There were trilliums to pick for Mother and tadpoles to catch and keep in a jar. Spring had come at last to Bathurst Township and was she ever worth the wait!

--Arlene Stafford-Wilson

Spring comes to the Australian Alps like an invisible spirit. There is not the tremendous surge of upthrust life that there is in the lowland valleys, and no wild flowers bloom in the snow mountains till the early summer, but there is an immense stirring of excitement. A bright red and blue lowrie flits through the trees; snow thaws, and the streams become full of foaming water; the grey, flattened grass grows upwards again and becomes greener; wild horses start to lose their winter coats and find new energy; wombats sit, round and fat, blinking in the evening sunshine; at night there is the cry of a dingo to its mate.

--Elyne Mitchell

Science has never drummed up quite as effective a tranquilizing agent as a sunny spring day.

—W. Earl Hall

It's spring fever. That is what the name of it is. And when you've got it, you want — oh, you don't quite know what it is you do want, but it just fairly makes your heart ache, you want it so!

—Mark Twain

There are no days in the whole round year more delicious than those which often come to us in the latter half of April.... The sun trembles in his own soft rays.... The grass in the meadow seems all to have grown green since yesterday.... though there is warmth enough for a sense of luxury, there is coolness enough for exertion.

—Thomas Wentworth
Higginson

I sat on a hillside in the woods late in the day amid the pines and hemlocks, and heard the soft, elusive spring call of the little owl—a curious musical undertone hardly separable from the silence; a bell, muffled in feathers tolling in the twilight of the woods and discernible only to the most alert ear. But it was the voice of spring.

--John Burroughs

March is a tomboy with tousled hair, a mischievous smile, mud on her shoes and a laugh in her voice.

--Hal Borland

The sun was warm but the wind was chill.
You know how it is with an April day:
When the sun is out and the wind is still,
You're one month on in the middle of May.
But if you so much as dare to speak,
A cloud comes over the sunlit arch,
A wind comes off a frozen peak,
And you're two months back in the middle of March.

--Robert Frost

April prepares her green traffic light and the world thinks Go.

--Christopher Morley

In New England in the spring I have counted 136 different kinds of weather inside of twenty-four hours.

--Mark Twain

Treat spring just as you would a friend you have not learned to trust.

--Ed Howe

No one objects to March coming in like a lion—it's the hanging around like a polar bear that's depressing.

--Bill Vaughan

Spring is the season when you turn on the heat the day after you turned it off for the year.

--Unknown

It must be hard to be March, one of those adolescent months people patiently wait for the year to outgrow.

--James Schuyler

All through the winter I dream of my garden. On the first warm day of spring I dig my fingers deep into the soft earth. I can feel its energy, and my spirits soar.

--Helen Hayes

The bud itself is the miracle. To watch the upthrust of a daffodil, to see it take form as a flower-to-be, to see the bud grow and take on the warmth of color—there is the very synthesis of spring.

—Unknown

Weird, isn't it Somehow in the dead of winter when its 40 below, so cold your words just freeze in the air, you think you'll never hear a robin's song again or see a blossom on a cherry tree, when one day you wake up and bingo, light coming through the mini blinds is softened with a tick of rose and the cold morning air has lost its bite. It's spring once again, the streets are paved with mud and the hills are alive with the sound of mosquitos.

—Andrew Schneider

My birthday is in March, and that year it fell during an especially bright spring week, vivid and clear in the narrow residential streets where we lived just a handful of blocks south of Sunset. The night-blooming jasmine that crawled up our neighborhood's front gate released its heady scent at dusk, and to the north, the hills rolled charmingly over the horizon, houses tucked into the brown. Soon,

daylight savings time would arrive, and even at early nine, I associated my birthday with the first hint of summer, with the feeling in classrooms of open windows and lighter clothing and in a few months no more homework. My hair got lighter in spring, from light brown to nearly blond, almost like my mother's ponytail tassel. In the neighborhood gardens, the agapanthus plants started to push out their long green robot stems to open up to soft purples and blues.

--Aimee Bender

POOR MARCH

It is the HOMELIEST month of the year. Most of it is MUD, Every Imaginable Form of MUD, and what isn't MUD in March is ugly late-season SNOW falling onto the ground in filthy muddy heaps that look like PILES of DIRTY LAUNDRY.

--Vivian Swift

In March the soft rains continued, and each storm waited courteously until its predecessor sunk beneath the ground.

--John Steinbeck

Spring is made of solid, fourteen-karat gratitude, the reward for the long wait. Every religious tradition from the northern hemisphere honors some form of April hallelujah, for this is the season of exquisite redemption, a slam-bang return to joy after a season of cold second thoughts.

--Barbara Kingsolver

Winter is already a lost shape, forgotten in the ground. Instead, here is Spring with all the grace of a woman smoothing out her apron.

--Cecilia Llompart

Snow in April is abominable...Like a slap in the face when you expected a kiss.

—Lucy Maud

Montgomery

When Thomasin withdrew the curtains of her bedroom window, there stood the Maypole in the middle of the green, its top cutting into the sky. It had sprung up in the night. or rather early morning, like Jack's bean-stalk. She opened the casement to get a better view of the garlands and posies that adored it. The sweet perfume of the flowers had already spread into the surrounding air, which being free from every taint, conducted to her lips a full measure of the fragrance received from the spire of blossom in its midst. At the top of the pole were crossed hoops decked with small flowers; beneath these came a milk-white zone of Maybloom; then a zone of bluebells, then of cowslips, then of lilacs, then of ragged-rosins, daffodils and so on,

till the lowest stage was reached. Thomasin noticed all these, and was delighted that the May revel was to be so near.

--Thomas Hardy

May, more than any other month of the year, wants us to feel most alive.

--Fennel Hudson

The month of May is the pleasant time; its face is beautiful; the blackbird sings his full song, the living wood is his holding, the cuckoos are singing and ever singing; there is a welcome before the brightness of the summer.

--Lady Gregory

At last came the golden month of the wild folk-- honey-sweet May, when the birds come back, and the flowers come out, and the air is full of the sunrise scents and songs of the dawning year.

--Samuel Scoville Jr.

Why are people so tired on April 1st? Because they just finished a 31-day March.

—*Boys' Life*

April weather, rain and sunshine both together.

—English Country
Saying

SONG OF A SECOND APRIL

APRIL this year, not otherwise
Than April of a year ago
Is full of whispers, full of sighs,
Dazzling mud and dingy snow;
Hepaticas that pleased you so
Are here again, and butterflies.

There rings a hammering all day,
And shingles lie about the doors;
From orchards near and far away
The gray wood-pecker taps and bores,
And men are merry at their chores,
And children earnest at their play.

The larger streams run still and deep;

Noisy and swift the small brooks run.
Among the mullein stalks the sheep
Go up the hillside in the sun
Pensively; only you are gone,
You that alone I cared to keep.

--Edna St. Vincent Millay

April hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

--William Shakespeare

MARCH

The stormy March has come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies...
For thou, to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

—William Cullen Bryant

It was April in Minneapolis and snowing, the flakes coming down in thick swirls
enchancing the city.

--Cheryl Strayed

The weather wouldn't settle down. It would rain cats and dogs, then stop, then drip
awhile, then stop while it made up its mind what to do next.

--Glendon Swarthout

A MARCH GLEE

I hear the sparrow's ditty
A near my study door;
A simple song of gladness
That winter days are o'er;
My heart is singing with him,
I love him more and more....

Oh, Spring is surely coming,
Her couriers fill the air;
Each morn are new arrivals,
Each night her ways prepare;
I scent her fragrant garments,
Her foot is on the stair.

—John Burroughs

Springtime is the land awakening. The March winds are the morning yawn.

—Lewis Grizzard

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

—Sara Coleridge

And so by degrees the winter wore away... and the chill, bitter, windy, early spring came round. The comic almanacks give us dreadful pictures of January and February; but, in truth, the months which should be made to look gloomy in England are March and April. Let no man boast himself that he has got through the perils of winter till at least the seventh of May.

—Anthony Trollope

December days were brief and chill,
The winds of March were wild and drear,
And, nearing and receding still,
Spring never would, we thought, be here.

—Arthur Hugh Clough

Scrub and polish,—sweep and clean,—
Fling your windows wide!
See, the trees are clad in green!
Coax the spring inside!
Home, be shining fair to-day
For the guest whose name is May!

—Louise Bennett

Courage is not the towering oak
that sees storms come and go;
It is the fragile blossom that opens
in the snow.

--Alice Mackenzie Swain

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory out of desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in a forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

—T. S. Eliot

Now before the full flowering. Now is the deep wonder, for...the way a violet lifts its buds for the sunlight to warm and slowly unfold. That, to me, is April, the swelling bud, the beginning. Today I went up and saw April.

—Hal Borland

Spring has come once more to Green Gables—the beautiful, capricious, reluctant Canadian spring, lingering along through April and May in a succession of sweet, fresh, chilly days, with pink sunsets and miracles of resurrection.

—Lucy Maud
Montgomery

Autumn was kind to them, the winter was long to them—but in April, late April, all the gold sang. Spring came that year like magic and like music and like song. One day its breath was in the air.

—Thomas Wolfe

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dream of its wintry rest.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud, and changing skies...
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me...
Thou ring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

—William Cullen Bryant

Gentle Spring! in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
 and thou,
thou makest the sad heart gay.

—Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

The sun is bright, the air is clear; The darting swallows soar and sing, and from the
stately elms I hear the blue bird prophesying Spring.

—Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

Neither the cry of great, green fields, nor the song of the hills, nor the glory of young
birch trees bursting into life again could have surpassed the wordless and poignant
glory of a single tree in a city street that Spring.

—Tom Wolfe

I opened the large central window of my office room to its full on the fine early May
morning. Then I stood for a few moments, breathing in the soft, warm air that was
charged with the scent of white lilacs below.

—Angus Wilson

Spring has sprung. We're free at last, people. Free at last. Thank you mother
nature, we're free. Time to toss open that metaphysical window and check out that
psychic landscape. See lots of possibilities budding out there. Time to hoe those
rows, feed that seed. Pretty soon you get a garden.

—Robin Green

Sweet May hath come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms don;
And through the blue heavens above us
The very clouds move on.

—Heinrich Heine

Spring makes everything look filthy.

—Katherine Whitehorn

The day the Lord created hope was probably the same day he created Spring.

--Bern Williams

Daylight savings time is a practice of adjusting the clock by one hour in order to make it easier for people in 1918 to tend their crops.

—*TL;DR Wikipedia*

Spring is God's way of saying, 'One more time!'

--Robert Orben

The air and the earth interpenetrated in the warm gusts of spring;
the soil was full of sunlight, and the sunlight full of red dust.
The air one breathed was saturated with earthy smells,
and the grass under foot had a reflection of blue sky in it

—Willa Cather

In our springtime every day has its hidden growth in the mind, as it has in the earth when the little folded blades are getting ready to pierce the ground.

—George Eliot

Oh, what a dawn of day!
How the March sun feels like May!
All is blue again
After last night's rain,
And the south dries the hawthorn-spray.

—Robert Browning

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

--Percy Bysshe Shelley

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies...
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me...
Thou ring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

-- William Cullen Bryant

Gentle Spring!—in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad, and thou, —
thou makest the sad heart gay.

—Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

The sun is bright,—the air is clear; The darting swallows soar and sing, and from
the stately elms I hear the blue bird prophesying Spring.

—Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

--William Shakespeare

Through all the frozen winter
My nose has grown most lonely
For lovely, lovely colored smells
That come in springtime only.

--Kathryn Worth

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.

--Algernon Charles
Swinburne

For this is May! who with a daisy chain
Leads on the laughing Hours....
And the glad earth, caressed by murmuring showers,
Wakes like a bride, to deck herself with flowers.

--Henry Sylvester
Cornwell

April the angel of the months, the young
Love of the year.

--Vita Sackville-West

With rushing winds and gloomy skies,
The dark and stubborn Winter dies:
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise: March!

--Bayard Taylor

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

--Robert Browning

If there comes a little thaw,
Still the air is chill and raw,
Here and there a patch of snow,
Dirtier than the ground below,
Dribbles down a marshy flood;
Ankle-deep you stick in mud
In the meadows while you sing,
 'This is Spring.'

--C. P. Cranch

There is no time like Spring,
When life's alive in every thing.

--Christina Rossetti

Few things demonstrate the cyclical nature of life more clearly than the renewal of
spring.

--Greg Henry Quinn

Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

--Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The Ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon!

There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone.

--William Wordsworth

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

--Alfred, Lord Tennyson

April is hope.

--Gladys Taber

The first day of spring was once the time for taking the young virgins into the fields,
there in dalliance to set an example in fertility for Nature to follow. Now we just set
the clock an hour ahead and change the oil in the crankcase.

--E. B. White

The world's favorite season is the spring. All things seem possible in May.

--Edwin Way Teale

Long stormy spring-time, wet contentious April, winter chilling the lap of very May;
but at length the season of summer does come.

--Thomas Carlyle

Hard is the heart that loveth nought
In May.

--Geoffrey Chaucer

Sweet April showers
Do spring May flowers.

--Thomas Tusser

Rivers, fountains and streams have all put on a sweet livery of jewelled silver drops;
each dresses in new clothes, and the weather has laid aside its winter coat.

--Charles D'Orleans

When the fresh grass and foliage appear, and bloom covers the branches, and the
nightingale lifts up his voice so high and clear and begins his song, I have joy for
him, for the flowers, for myself, and best of all, for my lady.

--Bernard de Ventadour

When the woods and groves are covered with green, and grass and flowers appear in
the orchards and meadows, and the birds who were sad are now gay among the
foliage, then I also sing and exult, I bloom again and flourish, as is my wont.

--Bernard de Ventadour

Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze.

--William Cowper

When the flowers grow through the grass, as if laughing at the playful sunshine
early on a May morning; and the little birds are singing as beautifully as then can;
with what rapture then can we compare all this?

--Walther von der
Vogelweide

Look! No more are the meadows stiff; no torrents come swollen with winter snow.

--Horace

Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.

—James Thomson

The best thing about spring —it comes when it is most needed.

--*New York Times*
Magazine

Spring is sooner recognized by plants than by men.

--Chinese Proverb

Spring has no language but a cry.

--Thomas Wolfe

Every April, God rewrites the *Book of Genesis*.

—Austin O'Malley

MAY

How beautiful are the rosy footsteps of May! Less showery and changeful than April, and not so heated and burdensome as June, she stands like a gentle mediator between the two.... With her soft blue eye, and her mild but radiant countenance, she comes like an angel of light among men.... She scatters in her path the sweetest flowers of nature, and everywhere breathes fragrance and joyousness. The birds of the air are carolling her welcome, and even the mute beasts of the field seem happier at her coming.

—*Eliza Cook's Journal*
(1850)

A little madness in The Spring
Is wholesome even for the King.

--Emily Dickinson

I enjoy the spring more than the autumn now. One does, I think, as one gets older.

— Virginia Woolf

DAFFODOWNDILLY

She wore her yellow sun-bonnet,
She wore her greenest gown;
She turned to the south wind
And curtsied up and down.
She turned to the sunlight
And shook her yellow head,
And whispered to her neighbor:
'Winter is dead.'

— A. A. Milne

About this time of the year spring fever attacks the offending citizen and reduces him to temporary junk. Spring fever is more terrible than other fevers because it cannot be cured by swallowing a clinical thermometer and running out a few yards of tongue in the presence of a doctor. When a man has spring fever he has to suffer along with the knowledge that nothing is the matter with him and there isn't enough sympathy in the wide world to spare him one little tear. Spring fever is so called because it removes the spring from man and leaves him a mass of helpless woe.

—George Fitch

You can't see Canada across lake Erie, but you know it's there. It's the same with spring. You have to have faith, especially in Cleveland.

—Paul Fleischman

But days even earlier than these in April have a charm, — even days that seem raw and rainy.... There is a fascination in walking through these bare early woods, — there is such a pause of preparation, winter's work is so cleanly and thoroughly done. Everything is taken down and put away.... All else is bare, but prophetic: buds everywhere, the whole splendor of the coming summer concentrated in those hard little knobs on every bough.

—Thomas Wentworth
Higginson

A wizard must have passed this way
Since—was it only yesterday?
Then all was bare, and now, behold,
A hundred cups of living gold!

—Emma C. Dowd

Spring translates earth's happiness into colorful flowers.

—Terri Guillemets

Spring is beautiful, and smells sweet. Spring is when you shake the curtains, and pound on the rugs, and take off your long underwear, and wash in all the corners.

—Virginia Cary Hudson

The best cure for spring fever is to loaf in the sun or go fishing. It is Nature's divine intimation to halt for a few moments and watch how she Does Things. In one sense, spring fever is a penalty of civilization. To our savage as well as our animal ancestors, spring was a time of awakening from the winter's torpor, a time of throbbing pulse, of eager running hither and thither, of combat and mating and rioting. It was the real New Year, and should be ours instead of that pale, frost-

bitten shadow of a shade which the almanacs have deluded us into anæmically celebrating in midwinter.

But now, with Puritan perversity, civilized man celebrates the real glad birth of the New Year in April with spring medicines and spring cleanings and the bankruptcies and heartburnings of Easter bonnets. And when, instead of caroling with the birds and gamboling with the young lambs and reveling in the young green of the grass and the scent of the woodland flowers, we feel depressed and headachy and fur-lined and bilious, we say we have spring fever, and proceed to dose ourselves with a 'yarb' tea or a blood medicine. It is a slander upon Nature.

—Woods Hutchinson

Ah, how wonderful is the advent of the Spring!—the great annual miracle... which no force can stay, no violence restrain, like love, that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is divine power. If Spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change!... We are like children who are astonished and delighted only by the second-hand of the clock, not by the hour-hand.

—Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

Spring stirs under silent snow.

—Terri Guillemets

I think that no matter how old or infirm I may become, I will always plant a large garden in the spring. Who can resist the feelings of hope and joy that one gets from participating in nature's rebirth?

—Edward Giobbi

Oh, Spring is surely coming,
Her couriers fill the air;
Each morn are new arrivals,
Each night her ways prepare;
I scent her fragrant garments,
Her foot is on the stair.

—John Burroughs

Everything is blooming most recklessly; if it were voices instead of colors, there would be an unbelievable shrieking into the heart of the night.

—Rainer Maria Rilke

And Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

In the spring, at the end of the day, you should smell like dirt.

—Margaret Atwood

Spring shows what God can do with a drab and dirty world.

—Virgil A. Kraft

I love spring anywhere, but if I could choose I would always greet it in a garden.

—Ruth Stout

Hee that is in a towne in May loseth his spring.

—George Herbert

Springtime is the land awakening.
The March winds are the morning yawn.

—Lewis Grizzard

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun,
And crocus fires are kindling one by one.

--Christina Rossetti

If there comes a little thaw,
Still the air is chill and raw,
Here and there a patch of snow,
Dirtier than the ground below,
Dribbles down a marshy flood;
Ankle-deep you stick in mud
In the meadows while you sing,
'This is Spring.'

--C. P. Cranch

All the efforts of several hundred thousand people, crowded in a small space, to disfigure the land on which they lived; all the stone they covered it with to keep it barren; how so diligently every sprouting blade of grass was removed; all the smoke

of coal and naphtha; all the cutting down of trees and driving off of cattle could not shut out the spring, even from the city. The sun was shedding its light; the grass, revived, was blooming forth, where it was left uncut, not only on the greenswards of the boulevard, but between the flag-stones, and the birches, poplars and wild-berry trees were unfolding their viscous leaves; the limes were unfolding their buds; the daws, sparrows and pigeons were joyfully making their customary nests, and the flies were buzzing on the sun-warmed walls. Plants, birds, insects and children were equally joyful. Only men—grown-up men—continued cheating and tormenting themselves and each other. People saw nothing holy in this spring morning, in this beauty of God's world—a gift to all living creatures—inclining to peace, good-will and love, but worshiped their own inventions for imposing their will on each other.

--Leo Tolstoy

...the sun had come back over the Forest, bringing with it the scent of May, and all the streams of the Forest were tinkling happily to find themselves their own pretty shape again, and the little pools lay dreaming of the life they had seen and the big things they had done, and in the warmth and quiet of the Forest the cuckoo was trying over his voice carefully and listening to see if he liked it, and wood-pigeons were complaining gently to themselves in their lazy comfortable way that it was the other fellow's fault, but it didn't matter very much...

--A. A. Milne

May and June. Soft syllables, gentle names for the two best months in the garden year: cool, misty mornings gently burned away with a warming spring sun, followed by breezy afternoons and chilly nights. The discussion of philosophy is over; it's time for work to begin.

—Peter Loewer

Springtime in Massachusetts is depressing for those who embrace a progressive view of history and experience. It does not gradually develop as spring is supposed to. Instead, the crocuses bloom and the grass grows, but the foliage is independent from the weather, which gets colder and colder and sadder and sadder until June when one day it becomes brutishly hot without warning...It was fitting, then, that the first people who chose to settle there were mentally suspect.

--Rebecca Harrington

The very sight of a daffodil still makes me shiver, because spring in the north of England is always so bitter.

--Bea Davenport

The promise of spring's arrival is enough to get anyone through the bitter winter!

--Jen Selinsky

After the sorts of winters we have had to endure recently, the spring does seem miraculous, because it has become gradually harder and harder to believe that it is actually going to happen. Every February since 1940 I have found myself thinking that this time winter is going to be permanent. But Persephone, like the toads, always rises from the dead at about the same moment. Suddenly, towards the end of March, the miracle happens and the decaying slum in which I live is transfigured.

--George Orwell

Would you like some warm Spring pie?
Then, take a cup of clear blue sky.
Stir in buzzes from a bee,
Add the laughter of a tree.

A dash of sunlight should suffice
To give the dew a hint of spice.
Mix with berries, plump and sweet.
Top with fluffy clouds, and eat!

--Paul F. Kortepeter

It was sunny, a rarity for Indiana in April, and everyone at the farmers' market was wearing short sleeves even though the temperature didn't quite justify it.

--John Green

By March, the worst of the winter would be over. The snow would thaw, the rivers begin to run and the world would wake into itself again.

Not that year.

Winter hung in there, like an invalid refusing to die. Day after grey day the ice stayed hard; the world remained unfriendly and cold.

--Neil Gaiman

What an amazing thing is the coming of spring to London. The very pavements seem ready to crack and lift under the denied earth; in the air is a consciousness of life which tells you that if traffic stopped for a fortnight grass would grow again in Piccadilly and corn would spring in pavement cracks where a horse had spilt his 'feed'. And the squares of London, so dingy and black since the first October gale, fill week by week with the rising tide of life, just as the sea, running up the creeks and pushing itself forward inch by inch towards the land, comes at last to each remote rock pool.

—H. V. Morton

There were no signs of spring. The decay that covered the surface of the mottled ground was not the kind in which life generates. Last year...May had failed to quicken these soiled fields. It had taken all the brutality of July to torture a few green spikes through the exhausted dirt.

—Nathanael West

Persephone...was forced to spend half a year in the darkness deep underground. Winter happened when she was trapped inside the earth. The days shrank, they became cold and short and dark. Living things hid themselves away. Spring came when she was released and made her slow way up to the world again. The world became brighter and bolder in order to welcome her back. It began to be filled with warmth and light. The animals dared to wake, they dared to have their young. Plants dared to send out buds and shoots. Life dared to come back.

--David Almond

Spring is painted in daffodil yellows, robin egg blues, new grass green and the brightness of hope for a better life.

--Toni Sorenson

There is a cleansing from winter darkness the moment we sink our fingers into spring's fresh earth.

--Toni Sorenson

April was just beginning, and after the warm spring day it turned cooler, slightly frosty, and a breath of spring could be felt in the soft, cold air. The road from the convent to town was sandy, they had to go at a walking pace; and on both sides of the carriage, in the bright, still moonlight, pilgrims trudged over the sand. And everyone was silent, deep in thought, everything around was welcoming, young, so near—the trees, the sky, even the moon—and one wanted to think it would always be so.

--Anton Chekhov

Spring came, and with it the outpourings of Nature. The hills were soon splashed with wild flowers; the grass became an altogether new and richer shade of green; and the air became scented with fresh and surprising smells -- of jasmine, honeysuckle, and lavender.

--Dalai Lama XIV

There's nothing more beautiful than watching trees getting dressed up for Spring and Summer.

--Charmaine J. Forde

Spring shows the power and love of the earth; she can grow magnificent flowers from the dirt.

--Debasish Mridha

At last came the golden month of the wild folk-- honey-sweet May, when the birds come back, and the flowers come out, and the air is full of the sunrise scents and songs of the dawning year.

—Samuel Scoville Jr.

I am heartily glad that the trees and plants are still interested in copulatory activities; I only wish they would be so good as to keep their sperm away from my face. Do not pretend that pollen is anything else; it transfers haploid male genetic material and sullies the bedclothes unmercifully.

—Michelle Franklin

The grass danced wildly beneath the wind's merciless command, each feeble blade a slave unto its power, yet together the valleys rolled in such a way, they withdrew some of my sorrow and replaced it with a smile.

—Amelia Dashwood

Every breath of wind penetrates our clothes and runs in violent shivers over our defenceless bodies, and everything is grey around us, and we are grey; in the morning, when it is still dark, we all look at the sky in the east to spot the first signs of a milder season, and the rising of the sun is commented on every day: today a little earlier than yesterday, today a little warmer than yesterday, in two months, in a month, the cold will call a truce and we will have one enemy less. Today the sun rose bright and clear for the first time from the horizon of mud. It is a Polish sun, cold, white, distant, and only warms the skin, but when it dissolved the last mists a murmur ran through our colourless numbers, and when even I felt its lukewarmth through my clothes I understood how men can worship the sun.

—Primo Levi

The first bout of warm spring rain caused normally respectable women to pull off their stockings and run through muddy puddles alongside their children.

—Leslye Walton

Look back upon winter with gratitude. Spring is the harvest of the darker months—everything you know starts to grow in darkness. Don't write and tell me that winter brought you only colds or the ubiquitous virus. Perhaps it did bring those (and to me as well). Who goes through the chilly months unscathed? But it also brought things not to be forgotten—silver moons and snow, brilliant under stars; it brought

Christmas and a new year, and to each of us something happy, something unexpected, which was not another problem but a joy. For the pendulum swings; nothing is static; and the road, however long, does turn.

—Faith Baldwin

Officially it was almost spring but someone had forgotten to pass the news on to winter.

—Robert Harris

Spring is coming....Time for some cleaning. Remove all the self-doubt, worry, jealousy, regret, anger, guilt, or any other negative emotions that are holding you back from your happy, fulfilled life.

—Nanette Mathews

Agatha surveys the garden, its rows of crinkled spring cabbages and beanstalks entwining bowers of hawthorn and hazel. The rosemary is dotted with pale blue stars of blossom and chives nod heads of tousled purple. New sage leaves sprout silver green among the brittle, frost-browned remains of last year's growth. Lily of the valley, she thinks, that will be out in the cloister garden at Saint Justina's by now.

—Sarah Bower

I can still bring into my body the joy I felt at seeing the first trillium of spring, which seemed to be telling me, 'Never give up hope, spring will come.'

—Jessica Stern

After that hard winter, one could not get enough of the nimble air. Every morning I wakened with a fresh consciousness that winter was over. There were none of the signs of spring for which I used to watch in Virginia, no budding woods or blooming gardens. There was only—spring itself; the throb of it, the light restlessness, the vital essence of it everywhere: in the sky, in the swift clouds, in the pale sunshine, and in the warm, high wind—rising suddenly, sinking suddenly, impulsive and playful like a big puppy that pawed you and then lay down to be petted. If I had been tossed down blindfold on that red prairie, I should have known that it was spring.

—Willa Cather

The snow has not yet left the earth, but spring is already asking to enter your heart. If you have ever recovered from a serious illness, you will be familiar with the blessed state when you are in a delicious state of anticipation, and are liable to smile without any obvious reason. Evidently that is what nature is experiencing just now. The ground is cold, mud and snow squelches under foot, but how cheerful,

gentle and inviting everything is! The air is so clear and transparent that if you were to climb to the top of the pigeon loft or the bell tower, you feel you might actually see the whole universe from end to end. The sun is shining brightly, and its playful, beaming rays are bathing in the puddles along with the sparrows. The river is swelling and darkening; it has already woken up and very soon will begin to roar. The trees are bare, but they are already living and breathing.

—Anton Chekhov

People talk about the beauty of the spring, but I can't see it. The trees are brown and bare, slimy with rain. Some are crawling with new purple hairs. And the buds are bulging like tumorous acne, and I can tell that something wet, and soft, and cold, and misshapen is about to be born.

—M. T. Anderson

When the groundhog casts his shadow
And the small birds sing
And the pussywillows happen
And the sun shines warm
And when the peepers peep
Then it is Spring.

—Margaret Wise Brown

Easter is...
Joining in a birdsong,
Eying an early sunrise,
Smelling yellow daffodils,
Unbolting windows and doors,
Skipping through meadows,
Cuddling newborns,
Hoping, believing,
Reviving spent life,
Inhaling fresh air,
Sprinkling seeds along furrows,
Tracking in the mud.
Easter is the soul's first taste of spring.

—Richelle E. Goodrich

Spring work is going on with joyful enthusiasm.

—John Muir

The world is exploding in emerald, sage, and lusty chartreuse—neon green with so much yellow in it. It is an explosive green that, if one could watch it moment by moment throughout the day, would grow in every dimension.

—Amy Seidl

Too much sun after a Syracuse winter does strange things to your head, makes you feel strong, even if you aren't.

—Laurie Halse Anderson

Can words describe the fragrance of the very breath of spring?

—Neltje Blanchan

Spring shows what God can do with a drab and dirty world.

—Victor Kraft

The first day of spring is one thing, and the first spring day is another. The difference between them is sometimes as great as a month.

—Henry Van Dyke

Spring drew on...and a greenness grew over those brown beds, which, freshening daily, suggested the thought that Hope traversed them at night, and left each morning brighter traces of her steps.

—Charlotte Brontë

Every spring
I hear the thrush singing
in the glowing woods
he is only passing through.
His voice is deep,
then he lifts it until it seems
to fall from the sky.
I am thrilled.
I am grateful.
Then, by the end of morning,
he's gone, nothing but silence
out of the tree
where he rested for a night.
And this I find acceptable.
Not enough is a poor life.
But too much is, well, too much.

Imagine Verdi or Mahler
every day, all day.
It would exhaust anyone.

—Mary Oliver

With so many trees in the city, you could see the spring coming each day until a night of warm wind would bring it suddenly in one morning. Sometimes the heavy cold rains would beat it back so that it would seem that it would never come and that you were losing a season out of your life. This was the only truly sad time in Paris because it was unnatural. You expected to be sad in the fall. Part of you died each year when the leaves fell from the trees and their branches were bare against the wind and the cold, wintry light. But you knew there would always be the spring, as you knew the river would flow again after it was frozen. When the cold rains kept on and killed the spring, it was as though a young person had died for no reason. In those days, though, the spring always came finally but it was frightening that it had nearly failed.

—Ernest Hemingway

April hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

—William Shakespeare

Spring is the time of plans and projects.

—Leo Tolstoy

Spring is not the best of seasons.
Cold and flu are two good reasons;
Wind and rain and other sorrow,
Warm today and cold tomorrow.
Whoever said Spring was romantic?
The word that best applies is frantic!

—Unknown

The seasons are shifting, The winter shades lifting,
The springtime is filling
Earth's children with mirth.
The daffodil yellow, The south wind so mellow,
The gentle rain falling,
Upon the green earth.
The song sparrow singing, New life quickly springing,
All nature is telling
A tale of rebirth:

The deep wells of being, Beyond each day's seeing,
O'er flowing with new Life,
Restoring the earth.

—David E. Bumbaugh

Spring being a tough act to follow, God created June.

—Al Bernstein

Spring is nature's way of saying, 'Let's party!'

—Robin Williams

Spring time is nature at its best.

—Lailah Gifty Akita

She told us about the goddess called Persephone, who was forced to spend half a year in the darkness deep underground. Winter happened when she was trapped inside the earth. The days shrank, they became cold and short and dark. Living things hid themselves away. Spring came when she was released and made her slow way up to the world again. The world became brighter and bolder in order to welcome her back. It began to be filled with warmth and light. The animals dared to wake, they dared to have their young. Plants dared to send out buds and shoots. Life dared to come back.

—David Almond

Indoors or out, no one relaxes in March, that month of wind and taxes, the wind will presently disappear, the taxes last us all the year.

—Ogden Nash

Daffodils are yellow trumpets of spring.

—Richard L. Ratliff

To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough.
You can no longer quiet me with the redness
Of little leaves opening stickily.
I know what I know.
The sun is hot on my neck as I observe
The spikes of the crocus.
The smell of the earth is good.
It is apparent that there is no death.
But what does that signify?

Not only under ground are the brains of men
Eaten by maggots.
Life in itself
Is nothing,
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,
April
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

—Edna St. Vincent
Millay

We say that flowers return every spring, but that is a lie. It is true that the world is renewed. It is also true that that renewal comes at a price, for even if the flower grows from an ancient vine, the flowers of spring are themselves new to the world, untried and untested.

The flower that wilted last year is gone. Petals once fallen are fallen forever. Flowers do not return in the spring, rather they are replaced. It is in this difference between returned and replaced that the price of renewal is paid.

And as it is for spring flowers, so it is for us.

—Daniel Abraham

Would you like some warm Spring pie?
Then, take a cup of clear blue sky.
Stir in buzzes from a bee,
Add the laughter of a tree.

A dash of sunlight should suffice
To give the dew a hint of spice.
Mix with berries, plump and sweet.
Top with fluffy clouds, and eat!

--Paul F. Kortepeter

It's not the deprivations of winter that get you, or the damp of spring, but the no-man's land between.

--Kristin Kimball

It's exciting to see things coming up again, plants that you've had twenty or thirty years. It's like seeing an old friend.

--Tasha Tudor

Five girls sat beside, and upon the branches of, the oldest apple tree in the orchard, its huge trunk making a fine seat and support; and whenever the May breeze blew, the pink blossoms tumbled down like snow, coming to rest in their hair and on their skirts. The afternoon sunlight dappled green and silver and gold through the leaves in the apple orchard.

--Neil Gaiman

Dull indeed would be the man that did not feel the thrill awakened by the first glimpse of brilliant color in the orchard, and the cheery warbling notes borne to our ears on the first gentle breath of spring!

--Arthur Cleveland Bent

The rich, sweet smell of the hay-ricks rose to his chamber window; the hundred perfumes of the little flower-garden beneath scented the air around; the deep green meadows shone in the morning dew that glistened on every leaf as it trembled in the gentle air; and the birds sang as if every sparkling drop were a fountain of inspiration to them.

--Charles Dickens

It was such a pleasure to sink one's hands into the warm earth, to feel at one's fingertips the possibilities of the new season.

—Kate Morton

Gardening is growing things.... You start in the front with parsley, and lettuce, and onions, and radishes.... Then comes the beets, and the carrots, and the peas, and the bunch beans. The potatoes are over in a field by themselves. Then comes the asparagus, and the celery, and last of all the pole beans, and the butter beans, and the sweet corn. Then you bound your garden on the north and the east with cantaloupes and on the south and the west with watermelons. Then you plant sunflowers and hollyhocks in the back corners. Then you pray for the rain to come and if too much comes, you pray for it to stop. It keeps you busy all summer praying and hoeing.

—Virginia Cary Hudson

Nobody knows how April got its name. Some suggest it comes from the Roman word *Aprifis*, meaning 'to open.' Others think it may have come from Aphrodite, the Greek name for the goddess of love.

—Roger Matile

SUMMER

Summer was our best season: it was sleeping on the back screened porch in cots, or trying to sleep in the treehouse; summer was everything good to eat; it was a thousand colors in a parched landscape.

— Harper Lee

The month of August had turned into a griddle where the days just lay there and sizzled.

--Sue Monk Kidd

It is 32c today, and the only thing keeping me from hanging myself is the small sense of relief I glean from attaching my body to the vents of my delicious cooling piece. It is a stunning unit, exquisite in all its forms, exceptional in its application, and effective in all its functions. I would marry it, if only I knew it would not die on me sometime within the next five years. Appliances, like obedient children or silent extroverts, cannot last forever, and while my unbidden affection kept my other air conditioner alive for the better part of ten years, not all inanimate objects can be fueled by my love.

--Michelle Franklin

I love how summer just wraps it's arms around you like a warm blanky.

--Kellie Elmore

Every summer, like the roses, childhood returns.

— Marty Rubin

Summer, after all, is a time when wonderful things can happen to quiet people. For those few months, you're not required to be who everyone thinks you are, and that cut-grass smell in the air and the chance to dive into the deep end of a pool give you a courage you don't have the rest of the year. You can be grateful and easy, with no eyes on you, and no past. Summer just opens the door and lets you out.

—Deb Caletti

Iced tea! Nothing is half so refreshing as a glass of black tea piled high with ice! More than a quencher of thirst, it is a tamer of tempers, a lifter of lethargy, and a brightener of smiles. It is a taste of Winter's chill, magically trapped in midsummer's glass.

— Paul F. Kortepeter

Early summer days are a jubilee time for birds. In the fields, around the house, in the barn, in the woods, in the swamp—everywhere love and songs and nests and eggs.

— E. B. White

In the morning light, I remembered how much I loved the sound of wind through the trees. I laid back and closed my eyes, and I was comforted by the sound of a million tiny leaves dancing on a summer morning.

— Patrick Carman

August rain: the best of the summer gone, and the new fall not yet born. The odd uneven time.

— Sylvia Plath

September was a thirty-days long goodbye to summer, to the season that left everybody both happy and weary of the warm, humid weather and the exhausting but thrilling adventures. It didn't feel like fresh air either, it made me suffocate. It was like the days would be dragging some kind of sickness, one that we knew wouldn't last, but made us uncomfortable anyway. The atmosphere felt dusty and stifling.

--Lea Malot

Dandelion wine. The words were summer on the tongue. The wine was summer caught and stoppered...sealed away for opening on a January day with snow falling fast and the sun unseen for weeks...

— Ray Bradbury

Summer breeze, light fluffy clouds...Mother Nature has a canvas for every season.

—Terri Guillemets

TV was entertainment of the last resort. There was nothing on during the day in the summer other than game shows and soap operas. Besides, a TV-watching child was considered available for chores: take out the trash, clean your room, pick up that mess, fold those towels, mow the lawn... the list was endless. We all became adept at chore-avoidance. Staying out of sight was a reliable strategy. Drawing or painting was another: to my mother, making art trumped making beds. A third chore-avoidance technique was to read. A kid with his or her nose in a book is a kid who is not fighting, yelling, throwing, breaking things, bleeding, whining, or otherwise creating a Mom-size headache. Reading a book was almost like being invisible—a good thing for all concerned.

— Pete Hautman

Rest is not idleness, and to lie sometimes on the grass under trees on a summer's day, listening to the murmur of the water, or watching the clouds float across the sky, is by no means a waste of time.

—John Lubbock

Summer afternoon—to me those have always been the two most beautiful words in the English language.

—Henry James

Hot weather opens the skull of a city, exposing its white brain, and its heart of nerves, which sizzle like the wires inside a lightbulb. And there exudes a sour extra-human smell that makes the very stone seem flesh-alive, webbed and pulsing.

—Truman Capote

Quinnipeague in August was a lush green place where inchworms dangled from trees whose leaves were so full that the eaten parts were barely missed. Mornings meant 'thick o' fog' that caught on rooftops and dripped, blurring weathered gray shingles while barely muting the deep pink of rosa rugosa or the hydrangea's blue. Wood smoke filled the air on rainy days, pine sap on sunny ones, and wafting through it all was the briny smell of the sea.

— Barbara Delinsky

Everything good, everything magical happens between the months of June and August.

—Jenny Han

August was nearly over —the month of apples and falling stars, the last care-free month for the school children. The days were not hot, but sunny and limpidly clear—the first sign of advancing autumn.

--Victor Nekrasov

In early June the world of leaf and blade and flowers explodes, and every sunset is different.

--John Steinbeck

It was June, and the world smelled of roses. The sunshine was like powdered gold over the grassy hillside.

--Maud Hart Lovelace

I have only to break into the tightness of a strawberry, and I see summer—its dust and lowering skies.

—Toni Morrison

The beauty of that June day was almost staggering. After the wet spring, everything that could turn green had outdone itself in greenness and everything that could even dream of blooming or blossoming was in bloom and blossom. The sunlight was a benediction. The breezes were so caressingly soft and intimate on the skin as to be embarrassing.

—Dan Simmons

August has passed, and yet summer continues by force to grow days. They sprout secretly between the chapters of the year, covertly included between its pages.

—Jonathan Safran Foer

Again and again, the cicada's untiring cry pierced the sultry summer air like a needle at work on thick cotton cloth.

—Yukio Mishima

The summer stretched out the daylight as if on a rack. Each moment was drawn out until its anatomy collapsed. Time broke down. The day progressed in an endless sequence of dead moments.

—China Miéville

And so with the sunshine and the great bursts of leaves growing on the trees, just as things grow in fast movies, I had that familiar conviction that life was beginning over again with the summer.

—F. Scott Fitzgerald

We can't possibly have a summer love. So many people have tried that the name's become proverbial. Summer is only the unfulfilled promise of spring, a charlatan in place of the warm balmy nights I dream of in April. It's a sad season of life without growth...It has no day.

--F. Scott Fitzgerald

Summer is vacation time, sweet clover time, swing and see-saw time, watermelon time, swimming and picnic and camping and Fourth-of-July time....It is fishing time, canoeing time, baseball time. It is, for millions of Americans, 'the good old summertime.'

—Edwin Way Teale

Shedding late-summer tears for the end of cherry season. Patiently and hopefully waiting for pumpkin pie season.

—Terri Guillemets

People look down on stuff like geography and meteorology, and not only because they're standing on one and being soaked by the other. They don't look quite like real science. But geography is only physics slowed down and with a few trees stuck on it, and meteorology is full of excitingly fashionable chaos and complexity. And summer isn't a time. It's a place as well. Summer is a moving creature and likes to go south for the winter.

—Terry Pratchett

Purpose of school: without school there wouldn't be a reason for holidays and summer vacation.

—Unknown

School is in the air. It is the time of year when millions of apprehensive young people are crammed into their parents' cars along with all their worldly gadgets and driven off to college.

--Niall Ferguson

What is one to say about June, the time of perfect young summer, the fulfillment of the promise of the earlier months, and with as yet no sign to remind one that its fresh young beauty will ever fade.

—Gertrude Jekyll

It was one of those late summer days when the sun surprises and delights us, that we sat on the wooden bridge spanning the six foot stream just below the springhead. The water was perfectly clear, waving through cress as it so gently flowed into the pond.

—Unknown

The flowers are nature's jewels, with whose wealth she decks her summer beauty.

—George Croly

Summer: The time of the year when parents realize just how grossly underpaid teachers actually are.

—*someecards.com*

Summer grass aches and whispers.
It wants something: it calls and sings: it pours
out wishes to the overhead stars.
The rain hears; the rain answers; the rain is slow
coming; the rain wets the face of the grass.

—Carl Sandburg

On some summer days in New York City, the air hangs thickly visible, like the combined exhalations of eight million souls. Steam rising from vents underground makes you wonder if there isn't one giant sweat gland lodged beneath the city.

—Diane Ackerman

It was a quiet morning, the town covered over with darkness and at ease in bed. Summer gathered in the weather, the wind had the proper touch, the breathing of the world was long and warm and slow. You had only rise, lean from your window, and know that this indeed was the first real time of freedom and living, this was the first morning of summer.

--Ray Bradbury

Whether the children rolled in the grass, or waded in the brook, or swam in the salt ocean, or sailed in the bay, or fished for smelts in the creeks, or netted minnows in the salt-marshes, or took to the pine-woods and the granite quarries, or chased muskrats and hunted snapping-turtles in the swamps, or mushrooms or nuts on the autumn hills, summer and country were always sensual living, while winter was always compulsory learning. Summer was the multiplicity of nature; winter was school.

--Henry Adams

Don't you love it in the summer when it's so hot you can hardly move and you lie in the shade outside and you watch the clouds move and someone tells a slow story?

--Vera Williams

Summer: The season when children slam the doors they left open all winter.

--*Changing Times*

Those seriously hot days this year brought back memories of my childhood summers. I remember that sizzling sound, and the delicious smell of meat cooking, when my wet thighs hit the car seat.

--Daniel Liebert

Slower! sweet June,
Each step more slow;
Linger and loiter as you go;
Linger a little while to dream,
Or see yourself in yonder stream,
Fly not across the summer so.
Sweet June! be slow.

—*New York Tribune*

If a June night could talk, it would probably boast that it invented romance.

--Bern Williams

The summer fog was so low the whole world seemed to drip.

--Beverly Cleary

I always like summer best
you can eat fresh corn...
and go barefooted
and be warm
all the time.

--Nikki Giovanni

August is motionless, and hot. It is curiously silent, too, with blank white dawns and glaring noons, and sunsets smeared with too much color....These are strange and breathless days, the dog days, when people are led to do things they are sure to be sorry for.

--Natalie Babbitt

August is the mute month,
In a doze,
Leaf-laden and lackluster,
Comatose.

--Helen Bevington

Summer is here when the chair you're sitting on gets up when you do.

--Unknown

Summer is the long season of uncomfortable weather between a pleasant week in the spring and a pleasant week in the fall.

--Unknown

Summer is the season that you look forward to all year, gripe about when it arrives, and are sorry when it's gone.

--Unknown

Summer is a season divided into three parts: anticipation, vacation, recuperation.

--Evan Esar

Summer is the season when the air pollution is much warmer.

--Unknown

July is the month when mothers are again reminded why school teachers need long summer vacations.

--Unknown

Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare,
And left the flushed print in a poppy there.

--Francis Thompson

Is not all summer akin to paradise?

--Henry David Thoreau

No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

--James Russell Lowell

An English summer—three fine days and a thunderstorm.

--Unknown

I should like to enjoy this summer flower by flower, as if it were to be the last one for me.

--André Gide

Summer—summer—summer! The soundless footsteps on the grass!

--John Galsworthy

Noon, that summer king, spread over the plain, falls in silver sheets from the heights of the blue sky. Everything is quiet. The air blazes and burns breathlessly. The earth drowns in its fiery robe.

--Leconte de Lisle

When magnificent summer comes round again, I go off all alone to the woods, lie down on the rich grass, and am lost in its green shroud.

--Gerard de Nerval

Beautiful summer! How fond of you I could be, were it not for the heat, the dust, the mosquitoes, and the flies!

--Aleksandr Sergeevich
Pushkin

Is there anything more soothing than the quiet whir of a lawnmower on a summer afternoon?

--F. Scott Fitzgerald

'Heat, ma'am!' I said. It was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.

--Sydney Smith

Summertime, oh, summertime, pattern of life indelible, the fade-proof lake, the woods unshatterable, the pasture with the sweetfern and the juniper forever and ever...the cottages with their innocent and tranquil design, their tiny docks with the flagpole and the American flag floating against the white clouds in the blue sky, the little paths over the roots of the trees leading from camp to camp. This was the American family at play, escaping the city heat.

--E. B. White

How slow the days are to die in these endless summer evenings!

--Marcel Proust

Kansas afternoons in late summer are peculiar and wondrous things. Often they are pregnant, if not over-ripe, with a pensive and latent energy that is utterly incapable of ever finding an adequate release for itself. This results in a palpable, almost frenetic tension that hangs in the air just below the clouds. By dusk, spread thin across the quilt-work farmlands by disparate prairie winds, this formless energy creates an abscess in the fabric of space and time that most individuals rarely take notice of. But in the soulish chambers of particularly sensitive observers, it elicits a familiar recognition—a vague remembrance—of something both dark and beautiful. Some understand it simply as an undefined tranquility tinged with despair over the loss of something now forgotten. For others, it signifies something far more sinister, and is therefore something to be feared.

— P. S. Baber

Early summer evenings, when the first stars come out, the warm glow of sunset still stains the rim of the western sky.

Sometimes, the moon is also visible, a pale white slice, while the sun tarries.

Just think—all the celestial lights are present at the same time!

These are moments of wonder—see them and remember.

— Vera Nazarian

The summer ended. Day by day, and taking its time, the summer ended. The noises in the street began to change, diminish, voices became fewer, the music sparse. Daily, blocks and blocks of children were spirited away. Grownups retreated from the streets, into the houses. Adolescents moved from the sidewalk to the stoop to the hallway to the stairs, and rooftops were abandoned. Such trees as there were allowed their leaves to fall—they fell unnoticed—seeming to promise, not without bitterness, to endure another year. At night, from a distance, the parks and playgrounds seemed inhabited by fireflies, and the night came sooner, inched in closer, fell with a greater weight. The sound of the alarm clock conquered the sound of the tambourine, the houses put on their winter faces. The houses stared down a bitter landscape, seeming, not without bitterness, to have resolved to endure another year.

— James Baldwin

Summer rushes in on the heels of spring, eager to take her turn; and then she dances with wild abandon. But the time soon comes when she gratefully falls, exhausted and sated, into the auburn arms of autumn.

— Cristen Rodgers

What a strange thing it is to wake up to a milk-white overcast June morning! The sun is hidden by a thick cotton blanket of clouds, and the air is vapor-filled and hazy with a concentration of blooming scent.

The world is somnolent and cool, in a temporary reprieve from the normal heat and radiance.

But the sensation of illusion is strong. Because the sun can break through the clouds at any moment . . .

What a soft thoughtful time.

In this illusory gloom, like a night-blooming flower, let your imagination bloom in a riot of color.

—Vera Nazarian

One of my favourite things about dining outdoors in a warmer season is that it frees hands and bares skin. ... When we don't need to wear or carry heavy clothing, our bodies feel lighter and our hands are freed for other things. Like carrying bottles of

rosé; bags of stone fruit, fish, and clams; and a simple kettle and a tiny grill for a quiet, all-day beach excursion. Then we can eat well.

— Kirstin Jackson

In summer, welcoming summer, the rocks are soft-fledged with moss. The forest floor is bouncy with fresh shoots and enthusiastic blooms; the twisted angles of the branches are laced by bud and leaf.

— Tara O’Brady

Those who forget history are doomed to repeat it in summer school.

— Josh Stern

Summer is a period of luxurious growth. To be in harmony with the atmosphere of summer, awaken early in the morning and reach to the sun for nourishment to flourish as the gardens do. Work, play, travel, be joyful, and grow into selfless service. The bounty of the outside world enters and enlivens us.

— Paul Pitchford

Summer has weeks left, but once the calendar displays the word ‘September,’ you’d think it was Latin for ‘evacuate.’ I pity them for missing the best weather and the most energized time of year...It’s an extremely impressive display of life at the apogee of summer, the year’s productivity mounded and piled past the angle of repose. It is a world lush with the living, a world that-despite the problems- still has what it takes to really produce.

— Carl Safina

Though it was mid-July, the morning was brisk, the sky a gray cotton of clouds, and Puget Sound a steely, cold blue. Most of Seattle grumbled, worn with winterish weather, impatient for the elusive summer sun. With umbrellas tucked away in the trunks of cars, sunglasses lost and separated from their original purchasers, the Pacific Northwest was a bastion of misty air and pale, complaining residents.

— Courtney Kirchoff

August in Mississippi is different from July. As to heat, it is not a question of degree but of kind. July heat is furious, but in August the heat has killed even itself and lies dead over us.

— Elizabeth Spencer

When it’s summer, people sit a lot. Or lie. Lie in the sense of recumbency. A good heavy book holds you down. It’s an anchor that keeps you from getting up and having another gin and tonic. Many a person has been saved from summer

alcoholism, not to mention hypertoxicity, by Dostoyevsky. Put *The Idiot* in your lap or over your face, and you know where you are going to be for the afternoon.

— Roy Blount Jr.

I have heard several people justify working long hours and getting home from work late at night by saying things like, 'I have to put in all this time to make up for the vacation we're going to take this summer.' I bet if I asked your kids, they'd say that they'd rather have you home every night to play with them than the weeklong summer trip to the lake where you're stressed out the whole time anyways.

— Daniel Willey

Summer in Honolulu brings the sweet smell of mangoes, guava, and passionfruit, ripe for picking; it arbors the streets with the fiery red umbrellas of poincianta trees and decorates the sidewalks with the pink and white puffs of blossoming monkeypods. Cooling trade winds prevail all summer, bringing what the old Hawaiians called makani 'olu' 'olu--- 'fair wind'.

— Alan Brennert

The cotton was open and spilling into the fields; the very air smelled of it. In field after field as he passed along the pickers, arrested in stooping attitudes, seemed fixed amid the constant surf of bursting bolls like piles in surf, the long, partly-filled sacks streaming away behind them like rigid frozen flags. The air was hot, vivid and breathless--a final fierce concentration of the doomed and dying summer.

— William Faulkner

Summer is the worst time of all to be alone. The earth is warm and lovely, free to go about in; and always somewhere in the distance there is a place where two people might be happy if only they were together. It is in the spring that one dreams of such places; one thinks of the summer which is coming, and the heart dreams of its friend.

— Robert Nathan

Then there were long, lazy summer afternoons when there was nothing to do but read. And dream. And watch the town go by to supper. I think that is why our great men and women so often have sprung from small towns, or villages. They have had time to dream in their adolescence. No cars to catch, no matinees, no city streets, none of the teeming, empty, energy-consuming occupations of the city child. Little that is competitive, much that is unconsciously absorbed at the most impressionable period, long evenings for reading, long afternoons in the fields or woods.

— Edna Ferber

The sidewalks were haunted by dust ghosts all night as the furnace wind summoned them up, swung them about, and gentled them down in a warm spice on the lawns. Trees, shaken by the footsteps of late-night strollers, sifted avalanches of dust. From midnight on, it seemed a volcano beyond the town was showering red-hot ashes everywhere, crusting slumberless night watchmen and irritable dogs. Each house was a yellow attic smoldering with spontaneous combustion at three in the morning.

Dawn, then, was a time where things changed element for element. Air ran like hot spring waters nowhere, with no sound. The lake was a quantity of steam very still and deep over valleys of fish and sand held baking under its serene vapors. Tar was poured licorice in the streets, red bricks were brass and gold, roof tops were paved with bronze. The high-tension wires were lightning held forever, blazing, a threat above the unslept houses.

The cicadas sang louder and yet louder. The sun did not rise, it overflowed.

— Ray Bradbury

There are two times in a person's life when there is the possibility of pure happiness: in youth and in summer.

— Brielle A. Marino

Every summer there are a number of nights, not many, but a number, when everything is perfect. The light, the warmth, the smells, the mist, the birdsong—the moths. Who can sleep? Who wants to?

— Fredrik Sjöberg

To me, summer has always been about potential. This was especially true when I was in high school. Those 3 or so months between 1 school year and the next always meant change. People got taller or wider or smaller. They broke up or came together, lost friends or gained them, had life experiences that you could tell had transformed them even if you didn't know what they were. In the summer, the days were long, stretching into each other. Out of school, everything was on pause and yet happening at the same time, this collection of weeks when anything was possible. As a teenager, I was always hoping to change, to become someone other than who I was. Each summer, I felt I had the chance to do that. All I had to do was wait and see what happened.

— Sarah Dessen

Everyone tends to think of October as being an autumn month. Not so much in south Alabama, usually. There, it's another warm, if not hot, summer month. But the Alabama summer heat will sometimes get broken by cooler days. The haze of the depth of summer lifts, the humidity backs off, and the sky takes on a clearer,

sharper blueness that the more languid summer days rarely could manage. And sometimes, there will be a day where the temperature gives a clear peek of what's coming.

— J. F. Smith

The day inevitably comes when the scrapbook of summer, smeared with ice cream slurps and sweat stains, gives way to that new clean white notebook, spine unbroken, begging to be smudged with the enthusiasm of a number two pencil and a mind open to the possibilities.

— Toni Sorenson

Most people who spend their lives are dreaming of having a summer house somewhere in the suburb of their city where they could lie in the hot sun all day long, drinking coffee and juice. They think they are enjoying life, but really they are spending life.

--Sunday Adelaja

It was a beautiful summer afternoon, at that delicious period of the year when summer has just burst forth from the growth of spring; when the summer is yet but three days old, and all the various shades of green which nature can put forth are still in their unsoiled purity of freshness.

--Anthony Trollope

A thin grey fog hung over the city, and the streets were very cold; for summer was in England.

--Rudyard Kipling

As we gather around the rough-hewn farm table made by my grandfather, I am reminded that my family has come together for generations in this same way. Summers were always our favorite times; we would eat outdoors under the shade of a tree—hand-rolled pasta with a sauce of fresh tomatoes and basil from the garden, cheese from my Aunt Carmella, olive oil sent by our cousin in Santa Margherita, and wine from our own jugs. After having our fill of food and laughter, we'd pluck ripe figs right off the trees, peel and eat them until the sun disappeared into the blue. I can still taste those summer days, and will always do everything in my power to re-create them.

--Adriana Trigiani

These summer nights are short. Going to bed before midnight is unthinkable and talk, wine, moonlight and the warm air are often in league to defer it one, two or three hours more. It seems only a moment after falling asleep out of doors that dawn touches one gently on the shoulder, and, completely refreshed, up one gets, or

creeps into the shade or indoors for another luxurious couple of hours. The afternoon is the time for real sleep: into the abyss one goes to emerge when the colours begin to revive and the world to breathe again about five o'clock, ready once more for the rigours and pleasures of late afternoon, the evening, and the night.

--Patrick Leigh Fermor

I felt the air grow lighter in my lungs. It was as if the city had been one large pressure cooker, simmering in its own juices. With the top down on the coupe and a stalwart, man-made breeze blowing steadily in my face, I tallied the city's many summertime brutalities: the heat that radiated from the gray asphalt and made the air dance in wavy shimmers; the stagnant ponds in Central Park that turned a milky, putrid, almost phosphorescent green and incubated countless mosquitoes; the blasts of hot dirty air that breathed upward from every subway grate; oh, and how the loud noises pouring from construction sites even somehow seemed to further agitate and heat the air!

--Suzanne Rindell

Their house was about a mile outside of town. The kids would play outdoors, in the backyard and the large stubble field behind the house. Dusk seemed to last for hours, and when it was finally dark they would sit under the porch light, catching thickly buzzing June bugs and moths, or even an occasional toad who hopped into the circle of light, tempted by the halo of insects that floated around the bare orange lightbulb next to the front door.

--Dan Chaon

The end-of-summer winds make people restless.

--Sebastian Faulks

But here I am in July, and why am I thinking about Christmas pudding? Probably because we always pine for what we do not have. The winter seems cozy and romantic in the hell of summer, but hot beaches and sunlight are what we yearn for all winter.

--Joanna Franklin Bell

Summer vacation is about watermelons, shaved ice, Popsicles, summer festivals with fireworks, and the ocean!!! That's what summer has been about for elementary school kids since the dawn of time! But no, you're worried about UV rays!

Oh my.

I don't think they had elementary school at the dawn of time.

--Peach-Pit

Some of the best memories are made in flip flops.

--Kellie Elmore

[T]hat old September feeling, left over from school days, of summer passing, vacation nearly done, obligations gathering, books and football in the air ... Another fall, another turned page: there was something of jubilee in that annual autumnal beginning, as if last year's mistakes had been wiped clean by summer.

--Wallace Stegner

Maycomb was a tired old town, even in 1932 when I first knew it. Somehow, it was hotter then. Men's stiff collars wilted by nine in the morning. Ladies bathed before noon after their three o'clock naps. And by nightfall were like soft teacakes with frosting from sweating and sweet talcum. The day was twenty-four hours long, but it seemed longer. There's no hurry, for there's nowhere to go and nothing to buy...and no money to buy it with.

--Harper Lee

My room was in one of those turrets and at night I could hear the sea and the faint rustle of eelgrass in the soft wind. The weather was perfect that summer. No storms. Blue skies and just the right amount of wind every day.

--Katherine Hall Page

The luxury of all summer's sweet sensation is to be found when one lies at length in the warm, fragrant grass, soaked with sunshine, aware of regions of blossoming clover and of a high heaven filled with the hum of innumerable bees.

—Harriet E. Prescott

One benefit of Summer was that each day we had more light to read by.

--Jeannette Walls

If it could only be like this always—always summer, always alone, the fruit always ripe.

—Evelyn Waugh

This was one of those perfect New England days in late summer where the spirit of autumn takes a first stealing flight, like a spy, through the ripening country-side, and, with feigned sympathy for those who droop with August heat, puts her cool cloak of bracing air about leaf and flower and human shoulders.

—Sarah Orne Jewett

JULY

The year has now attained his manhood, and we are in midsummer; the sun is in full power, and at noon all nature is silent under his spell; even the bee hangs silent upon the flower; the mowers rest in the fields, and lay themselves down in the hot sun to sleep away the midday hour.... The pulse of nature stands still. Glancing across the plain, you see the rarefied and glimmering air ascending from the heated earth....

The silence is broken by the muttering of distant thunder. A cloud no bigger than a man's hand rises in the west, the heat becomes more overpowering, the air more sultry, the sky is overcast, and peal after peal of Heaven's artillery resounds through the concave; cloud thunders to cloud, and the forked lightning instantly shoots in a brilliant stream from side to side of the heavens. The rain comes pouring down, and the parched earth is refreshed, and drinks in the moisture like a sponge. How delicious to walk out after a shower, and inhale the odour...

In our gardens the fruits are fast reaching perfection; all esculent plants are in full use; the rich juicy black currant is ripe, and the gooseberries are full almost to bursting. Ripe strawberries nestle under every leaf.... Now is the season for bathing, whether in river or ocean. How delicious is a plunge in this thirsty weather!

—*Eliza Cooks Journal*,
(1850)

Summer is the time when one sheds one's tensions with one's clothes, and the right kind of day is jeweled balm for the battered spirit.

—Ada Louise
Huxtable

It's a cruel season that makes you get ready for bed while it's light out.

—Bill Watterson

In our methodical American life, we still recognize some magic in summer. Most persons at least resign themselves to being decently happy in June. They accept June. They compliment its weather. They complain of the earlier months as cold, and so spend them in the city; and they complain of the later months as hot, and so refrigerate themselves on some barren sea-coast. God offers us yearly a necklace of twelve pearls; most men choose the fairest, label it June, and cast the rest away.

—Thomas Wentworth
Higginson

Bees do have a smell, you know, and if they don't they should, for their feet are dusted with spices from a million flowers.

--Ray Bradbury

'Come with me,' Mom says.
To the library.
Books and summertime
go together.

--Lisa Schroeder

I almost wish we were butterflies and liv'd but three summer days —three such days with you I could fill with more delight than fifty common years could ever contain.

--John Keats

Spring flew swiftly by, and summer came; and if the village had been beautiful at first, it was now in the full glow and luxuriance of its richness. The great trees, which had looked shrunken and bare in the earlier months, had now burst into strong life and health; and stretching forth their green arms over the thirsty ground, converted open and naked spots into choice nooks, where was a deep and pleasant shade from which to look upon the wide prospect, steeped in sunshine, which lay stretched out beyond. The earth had donned her mantle of brightest green; and shed her richest perfumes abroad. It was the prime and vigour of the year; all things were glad and flourishing.

—Charles Dickens

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer quite the other way
I have to go to bed by day.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

Ah, summer, what power you have to make us suffer and like it.

—Russel Baker

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

--William Shakespeare

The spring rains woke the dormant tillers, and bright green shoots sprang from the moist earth and rose like sleepers stretching after a long nap. As spring gave way to summer, the bright green stalks darkened, became tan, turned golden brown. The days grew long and hot. Thick towers of swirling black clouds brought rain, and the

brown stems glistened in the perpetual twilight that dwelled beneath the canopy. The wheat rose and the ripening heads bent in the prairie wind, a rippling curtain, an endless, undulating sea that stretched to the horizon.

—Rick Yancey

Do what we can, summer will have its flies.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

The crickets felt it was their duty to warn everybody that summertime cannot last for ever. Even on the most beautiful days in the whole year – the days when summer is changing into autumn – the crickets spread the rumor of sadness and change.

—E. B. White

Being a child at home alone in the summer is a high-risk occupation. If you call your mother at work thirteen times an hour, she can hurt you.

—Erma Bombeck

In the summer, the days were long, stretching into each other. Out of school, everything was on pause and yet happening at the same time, this collection of weeks when anything was possible.

—Sarah Dessen

The first week of August hangs at the very top of summer, the top of the live-long year, like the highest seat of a Ferris wheel when it pauses in its turning.

—Natalie Babbitt

Deep summer is when laziness finds respectability.

—Sam Keen

Summer is a promissory note signed in June, its long days spent and gone before you know it, and due to be repaid next January.

—Hal Borland

A perfect summer day is when the sun is shining, the breeze is blowing, the birds are singing, and the lawn mower is broken.

—James Dent

Summer was full on and the nights hot. It was like lying in warm syrup there in the dark under the viaduct, in the steady whine of gnats and nightbugs.

--Cormac McCarthy

I believe someone made a grievous mistake when summer was created; no novice or god in their right mind would make a season akin to hell on purpose. Someone should be fired.

—Michelle Franklin

August is ripening grain in the fields blowing hot and sunny, the scent of tree-ripened peaches, of hot buttered sweet corn on the cob. Vivid dahlias fling huge tousled blossoms through gardens and joe-pye-weed dusts the meadow purple.

--Jean Hersey

I just arrived back home from Europe with 850,000 other half-wits who think that a summer not spent among the decay and mortification of the Old World is a summer squandered.

—Will Rogers

August is dust here. Drought stuns the road,
but juice gathers in the berries.

—Robert Hass

Enjoy each moment of the summer Steep thyself in a bowl of summertime.

—Virgil

There are two times in a person's life when there is the possibility of pure happiness: in youth and in summer.

—Brielle A. Marino

Summer. The season when we old folks like to remind you young 'uns what you'll look like in 50 years!

—*facebook.com/grumpyoldgits*

FALL

Autumn is a second spring when every leaf is a flower.

—Albert Camus

One drifting yellow leaf on a windowsill can be a city dweller's fall, pungent and melancholy as any hillside in New England.

--E. B. White

Autumn wins you best by this, its mute appeal to sympathy for its decay.

—Robert Browning

Autumn...the year's last, loveliest smile.

— William Cullen Bryant

Fall has always been my favorite season. The time when everything bursts with its last beauty, as if nature had been saving up all year for the grand finale.

— Lauren DeStefano

Autumn stomps around outside the house like an annoying little sister, tapping on all the shutters, kicking up the piles of leaves you rake, pretending to howl like a wolf.

— Karen Finneyfrock

Now is the time of the illuminated woods...every leaf glows like a tiny lamp; one walks through their lighted halls with a curious enjoyment.

--John Burroughs

By the middle of the month most of the trees will be stripped bare and the ground below each tree will be covered with leaves, in crumpled flat heaps of colour, like the petticoat out of which a woman has stepped at bedtime.

--Clare Leighton

She calls it 'stick season,' this slow disrobing of summer, leaf by leaf, till the bores of tall trees rattle and scrape in the wind.

—Eric Pinder

In November, the trees are standing all sticks and bones. Without their leaves, how lovely they are, spreading their arms like dancers. They know it is time to be still.

--Cynthia Rylant

A native New Englander does not gush over leaves. OK, so we don't gush over anything, but leaves—never going to happen. Actually, we try to pretend the leaves are still green, because long after all the peepers have gone home, we have to dispose of all those leaves. Raking leaves is a horrible, Sisyphean chore. I'm quite sure that it's the main reason New Englanders are so grumpy....The misery of raking cannot be exaggerated. Imagine standing for hours in the sun, dragging a huge metal salad fork back and forth, back and forth. Your vertebrae compress. Your hands break out in blisters. Your feet sweat and swell. Sometimes the rake moves the leaves toward the pile, but more often the leaves clog the rake, requiring

you to stop, remove them by hand, and place them on a huge pile of already raked leaves. A huge pile, by the way, that attracts wind, dogs, small children, and fire like nobody's business. It's easier to get a cat into a sack than to keep a pile of leaves together. Seems Mother Nature is determined to protect her precious babies from spending eternity in garbage bags.

—*Newsweek Staff*

UK—We call it Autumn, from the French word 'autompne' and later, the latin 'autumnus.'

USA—We call it fall because leaf fall down.

--Unknown

October's poplars are flaming torches lighting the way to winter.

—Nova Schubert

Jam in November took away the worries, It was like tasting summer.

--El Fuego

My favorite color is October.

—Internet Meme

November is usually such a disagreeable month...as if the year had suddenly found out that she was growing old and could do nothing but weep and fret over it. This year is growing old gracefully...just like a stately old lady who knows she can be charming even with gray hair and wrinkles. We've had lovely days and delicious twilights.

—Lucy Maud
Montgomery

The grim frost is at hand, when apples will fall thick, almost thunderous, on the hardened earth.

—D. H. Lawrence

In November, the earth is growing quiet. It is making its bed, a winter bed for flowers and small creatures. The bed is white and silent, and much life can hide beneath its blankets.

--Cynthia Rylant

I have come to regard November as the older, harder man's October. I appreciate the early darkness and cooler temperatures. It puts my mind in a different place

than October. It is a month for a quieter, slightly more subdued celebration of summer's death as winter tightens its grip.

—Henry Rollins

Autumn in the country advances in a predictable path, taking its place among the unyielding rhythms of the passing seasons. It follows the summer harvest, ushering in cooler nights, and shorter days, enveloping all of Lanark County in a spectacular riot of colour. Brilliant hues of yellow, orange and red exclaim, in no uncertain terms, that these are the trees where maple syrup legends are born.

--Arlene Stafford-Wilson

The leaves begin then to drop from the trees; the flowers and shrubs, with which the fields were adorned in the summer months, decay; the woods and groves are silent; the sun himself seems gradually to withdraw his light, or to become enfeebled in his power. Who at this season does not feel impressed with a sentiment of melancholy? or who is able to resist that current of thought, which, from such appearances of decay, so naturally leads him to the solemn imagination of that inevitable fate which is to bring on alike the decay of life, of empire, and of nature itself?

—Sir A. Alison

Autumn is here and winter is coming.
Two guests I could do without.
I am afraid of them, these strangers
living outside my greenhouse.
They press against the glass, voyeurs,
these seasonal saboteurs.

—Anne Fall

Don't wait until the fourth Thursday in November, to sit with family and friends to give thanks.
Make every day a day of Thanksgiving!

--Charmaine J. Forde

Fear not November's challenge bold—
We've books and friends,
And hearths that never can grow cold:
These make amends!

—Alexander L. Fraser

A barren realm of withered fields,
Bleak woods, and falling leaves,
The palest morns that ever dawned;
The dreariest of eves.

It is no wonder that she comes,
Poor month! with tears of pain;
For what can one so hopeless do
But weep, and weep again.

—R. H. Stoddard

November, n. The eleventh twelfth of a weariness.

—Ambrose Bierce

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no 't'other side the way'—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No traveling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
'No go'—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

--Thomas Hood

In November, people are good to each other. They carry pies to each other's homes and talk by crackling woodstoves, sipping mellow cider. They travel very far on a special November day just to share a meal with one another and to give thanks for their many blessings—for the food on their tables and the babies in their arms.

--Cynthia Rylant

In November, some birds move away and some birds stay. The air is full of good-byes and well-wishes. The birds who are leaving look very serious. No silly spring chirping now. They have long journeys and must watch where they are going. The staying birds are serious, too, for cold times lie ahead. Hard times. All berries will be treasures.

--Cynthia Rylant

How sad would be November if we had no knowledge of the spring!

—Edwin Way Teale

In November, the smell of food is different. It is an orange smell. A squash and pumpkin smell. It tastes like cinnamon and can fill up a house in the morning, can pull everyone from bed in a fog. Food is better in November than any other time of the year.

--Cynthia Rylant

November--with uncanny witchery in its changed trees. With murky red sunsets flaming in smoky crimson behind the westering hills. With dear days when the austere woods were beautiful and gracious in a dignified serenity of folded hands and closed eyes--days full of a fine, pale sunshine that sifted through the late, leafless gold of the juniper-trees and glimmered among the grey beeches, lighting up evergreen banks of moss and washing the colonnades of the pines. Days with a high-sprung sky of flawless turquoise. Days when an exquisite melancholy seemed to hang over the landscape and dream about the lake. But days, too, of the wild blackness of great autumn storms, followed by dank, wet, streaming nights when there was witch-laughter in the pines and fitful moans among the mainland trees. What cared they? Old Tom had built his roof well, and his chimney drew.

—Lucy Maud
Montgomery

Well, the crickets still sing in October
And Lily's still trying to bloom
Though she's resting her head on the shoulder of death
She still shines by the light of the moon...
Well, the sun's setting quicker and colder
Than the last time you saw it in June

And the tree colors fade to a dark shade of grey
When they're lit by the fire and the moon.

—Kevin Dalton

For anyone who lives in the oak-and-maple area of New England there is a perennial temptation to plunge into a purple sea of adjectives about October.

—Hal Borland

The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

—John Greenleaf
Whittier

September is dressing herself in showy dahlias and splendid marigolds and starry zinnias. October, the extravagant sister, has ordered an immense amount of the most gorgeous forest tapestry for her grand reception.

—Oliver Wendell
Holmes

It was October again... a glorious October, all red and gold, with mellow mornings when the valleys were filled with delicate mists as if the spirit of autumn had poured them in for the sun to drain — amethyst, pearl, silver, rose, and smoke-blue. The dews were so heavy that the fields glistened like cloth of silver and there were such heaps of rustling leaves in the hollows of many-stemmed woods to run crisply through.

—Lucy Maud
Montgomery

October extinguished itself in a rush of howling winds and driving rain and November arrived, cold as frozen iron, with hard frosts every morning and icy draughts that bit at exposed hands and faces.

—J. K. Rowling

October's the month
When the smallest breeze
Gives us a shower
Of autumn leaves.
Bonfires and pumpkins,
Leaves sailing down —

October is red
And golden and brown.

—Unknown

October is Nature's funeral month. Nature glories in death more than in life. The month of departure is more beautiful than the month of coming—October than May. Every green thing loves to die in bright colors.

—Henry Ward Beecher

There is no season when such pleasant and sunny spots may be lighted on, and produce so pleasant an effect on the feelings, as now in October. The sunshine is particularly genial.... It seems to be of a kindly and homely nature. And the green grass, strewn with a few withered leaves, looks the more green and beautiful for them. In summer or spring, Nature is farther from one's sympathies.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne

In the entire circle of the year there are no days so delightful as those of a fine October, when the trees are bare to the mild heavens, and the red leaves bestrew the road, and you can feel the breath of winter morning and evening—no days so calm, so tenderly solemn, and with such a reverent meekness in the air.

—Alexander Smith

Listen! the wind is rising,
and the air is wild with leaves.
We have had our summer evenings,
now for October eves.

—Humbert Wolfe

From the latter weeks of October to Christmas-eve... is the period during which happiness is in season, which, in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray.

—Thomas De Quincey

Bittersweet October. The mellow, messy, leaf-kicking, perfect pause between the opposing miseries of summer and winter.

—Carol Bishop Hipps

October gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came,—
The Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
And leaves of every name.
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And every thing was grand;

Miss Weather led the dancing;
Professor Wind, the band....
The sight was like a rainbow
New-fallen from the sky....

—George Cooper

Somewhere along the way, I realized that the new year doesn't begin for me in January. The new and fresh has always come for me in the Fall. Ironically, as leaves are falling like rain, crunching beneath my feet with finality, I am vibrating with the excitement of birth and new beginnings.... My year begins in Autumn.

—Betsy Cañas Garmon

October was a beautiful month at Green Gables, when the birches in the hollow turned as golden as sunshine and the maples behind the orchard were royal crimson and the wild cherry trees along the lane put on the loveliest shades of dark red and bronzy green, while the fields sunned themselves in the aftermaths. Anne reveled in the world of color about her.... 'I'm so glad I live in a world where there are Octobers. It would be terrible if we just skipped from September to November, wouldn't it?'

—Lucy Maud
Montgomery

October sunshine bathed the park with such a melting light that it had the dimmed impressive look of a landscape by an old master. Leaves, one, two at a time, sidled down through the windless air.

—Elizabeth Enright

October is crisp days and cool nights, a time to curl up around the dancing flames and sink into a good book.

—John Sinor

October is the month for painted leaves.... As fruits and leaves and the day itself acquire a bright tint just before they fall, so the year near its setting. October is its sunset sky; November the later twilight.

—Henry David Thoreau

London...was of all cities in the world the most autumnal —its mellow brickwork harmonizing with fallen leaves and October sunsets, just as the etched grays of November composed themselves with the light and shade of Portland stone. There was a charm, a deathless charm, about a city whose inhabitants went about

muttering, 'The nights are drawing in,' as if it were a spell to invoke the vast, sprawling creature-comfort of winter.

--James Hilton

October air, complete with dancing leaves and sighing winds greeted him as he stepped from the bus onto the dusty highway. Coolness embraced. The scent of burning wood hung crisp in the air from somewhere far in the distance. His backpack dropped in a flutter of dust. He surveyed dying cornfields from the gas station bus stop.

--Jaime Allison Parker

What could be more exciting than an October day? It's your birthday, Fourth of July and Christmas all rolled into one.

--Peggy Toney Horton

October had tremendous possibility. The summer's oppressive heat was a distant memory, and the golden leaves promised a world full of beautiful adventures. They made me believe in miracles.

--Sarah Guillory

September was a thirty-days long goodbye to summer, to the season that left everybody both happy and weary of the warm, humid weather and the exhausting but thrilling adventures. It didn't feel like fresh air either, it made me suffocate. It was like the days would be dragging some kind of sickness, one that we knew wouldn't last, but made us uncomfortable anyway. The atmosphere felt dusty and stifling.

--Lea Malot

The last dying days of summer, fall coming on fast. A cold night, the first of the season, a change from the usual bland Maryland climate. Cold, thought the boy; his mind felt numb. The trees he could see through his bedroom window were tall charcoal sticks, shivering, afraid of the wind or only trying to stand against it. Every tree was alone out there. The animals were alone, each in its hole, in its thin fur, and anything that got hit on the road tonight would die alone. Before morning, he thought, its blood would freeze in the cracks of the asphalt.

--Poppy Z. Brite

The fallen leaves in the forest seemed to make even the ground glow and burn with light.

--Malcolm Lowry

The first flash of color always excites me as much as the first frail, courageous bloom of spring. This is, in a sense, my season--sometimes warm and, when the wind blows an alert, sometimes cold. But there is a clarity about September. On clear days, the sun seems brighter, the sky more blue, the white clouds take on marvelous shapes; the moon is a wonderful apparition, rising gold, cooling to silver; and the stars are so big. The September storms—the hurricane warnings far away, the sudden gales, the downpour of rain that we have so badly needed here for so long—are exhilarating, and there's a promise that what September starts, October will carry on, catching the torch flung into her hand.

--Faith Baldwin

October, baptize me with leaves! Swaddle me in corduroy and nurse me with split pea soup. October, tuck tiny candy bars in my pockets and carve my smile into a thousand pumpkins. O autumn! O teakettle! O grace!

--Rainbow Rowell

Outside the leaves on the trees constricted slightly; they were the deep done green of the beginning of autumn. It was a Sunday in September. There would only be four. The clouds were high and the swallows would be here for another month or so before they left for the south before they returned again next summer.

--Ali Smit

Ah, September! You are the doorway to the season that awakens my soul... but I must confess that I love you only because you are a prelude to my beloved October.

--Peggy Toney Horton

There was a filmy veil of soft dull mist obscuring, but not hiding, all objects, giving them a lilac hue, for the sun had not yet fully set; a robin was singing ... The leaves were more gorgeous than ever; the first touch of frost would lay them all low to the ground. Already one or two kept constantly floating down, amber and golden in the low slanting sun-rays.

--Elizabeth Gaskell

Fall colors are funny. They're so bright and intense and beautiful. It's like nature is trying to fill you up with color, to saturate you so you can stockpile it before winter turns everything muted and dreary.

--Siobhan Vivian

Autumn is a cunning muse who steals by degrees my warmth and light. So distracted by her glorious painting of colors, I scarcely realize my losses until the last fiery leaf has fallen to the ground and the final pumpkin shrinks. Autumn

departs with a cold kiss, leaving me to suffer the frigid grasp of winter in prolonged nightfall.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

Sad; so sad, those smoky-rose, smoky-mauve evenings of late autumn, sad enough to pierce the heart. The sun departs the sky in winding sheets of gaudy cloud; anguish enters the city, a sense of the bitterest regret, a nostalgia for things we never knew, anguish of the turn of the year, the time of impotent yearning, the inconsolable season.

--Angela Carter

A wet autumn morning, a garbage truck clattering down the street. The first snowfall of the season, blossom sized flakes falling languidly and melting on the ground, a premature snow fall delicate as lace, rapidly melting.

--Joyce Carol Oates

She went to the window. A fine sheen of sugary frost covered everything in sight, and white smoke rose from chimneys in the valley below the resort town. The window opened to a rush of sharp early November air that would have the town in a flurry of activity, anticipating the tourists the colder weather always brought to the high mountains of North Carolina.

She stuck her head out and took a deep breath. If she could eat the cold air, she would. She thought cold snaps were like cookies, like gingersnaps. In her mind they were made with white chocolate chunks and had a cool, brittle vanilla frosting. They melted like snow in her mouth, turning creamy and warm.

--Sarah Addison Allen

I once saw a grown man cry over a particularly lovely stand of maple trees, and he was covered in Army tattoos. Tears aren't the telltale sign of a leaf peeper—or 'outsider,' as we locals like to call them. Outsiders are the ones who throw around phrases such as 'nature's majesty' or 'breathtaking array,' all while walking around with their heads cocked permanently skyward (I've always assumed that the first call they make on Monday morning is to their chiropractor). Sure, all those leaf voyeurs drop millions of dollars on that horrible maple-syrup candy that I've never seen anyone actually eat. But they also clog up the winding country roads, jack up the prices in restaurants, and buy up all the really big pumpkins.

—*Newsweek Staff*

As the slow sea sucked at the shore and then withdrew, leaving the strip of seaweed bare and the shingle churned, the sea birds raced and ran upon the beaches. Then that same impulse to flight seized upon them too. Crying, whistling, calling, they

skimmed the placid sea and left the shore. Make haste, make speed, hurry and begone; yet where, and to what purpose? The restless urge of autumn, unsatisfying, sad, had put a spell upon them and they must flock, and wheel, and cry; they must spill themselves of motion before winter came.

--Daphne du Maurier

The falling leaves drift by the window
The autumn leaves of red and gold....
I see your lips, the summer kisses
The sunburned hands, I used to hold
Since you went away, the days grow long
And soon I'll hear ol' winter's song.
But I miss you most of all my darling,
When autumn leaves start to fall.

—Johnny Mercer

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.

—Robert Frost

The stripped and shapely
Maple grieves
The ghosts of her
Departed leaves.

The ground is hard,
As hard as stone.
The year is old,
The birds are flown.

—John Updike

Autumn begins with a subtle change in the light, with skies a deeper blue, and nights that become suddenly clear and chilled. The season comes full with the first frost, the

disappearance of migrant birds, and the harvesting of
the season's last crops.

—Glenn Wolff and Jerry
Dennis

I love the fall. I love it because...things are dying, things that you don't have to take
care of anymore, and the grass stops growing.

—Mark Van Doren

A tangerine and russet cascade of kaleidoscopic leaves, creates a tapestry of autumn
magic upon the emerald carpet of fading summer.

—Judith A. Lindberg

Autumn, gorgeous in yellow and red,
Is the harvest time, when man is led
To garner the fruits of sweat and toil
From dear Mother Earth, the deep rich soil...

—Gertrude Tooley
Buckingham

The autumn always gets me badly, as it breaks into colours. I want to go south,
where there is no autumn, where the cold doesn't crouch over one like a snow-
leopard waiting to pounce.

—D. H. Lawrence

Fiery colors begin their yearly conquest of the hills, propelled by the autumn winds.
Fall is the artist.

—Takayuki Ikkaku,
Arisa Hosaka, and
Toshihiro
Kawabata

Thanksgiving is the winding up of autumn. The leaves are off the trees, except here
and there on a beech or an oak; there is nothing left on the boughs but a few nuts
and empty birds' nests. The earth looks desolate, and it will be a comfort to have the
snow on the ground, and to hear the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

Another equinox occurs and, by those charts and markers we use to divide time and
measure our lives, today is autumn. For a little while now, days and nights will be
almost equal, dawn to dusk, dusk to dawn, and the sun will rise and set almost true

east and west. Then it will be October, tenth month of our twelve-month year, and moving toward the winter solstice.

So much for the arbitrary boundaries, which are for the almanacs and the record books, even less imperative than the figures on a sundial. The autumn with which we live is as variable as the wind, the weather, the land itself. Its schedule is that of the woodland trees, the wild grasses, the migrant birds. Go to northern Maine and you can walk with frost. Go to Carolina and you can bask in late summer sun. Travel north or south and you touch the year in another place. Stay where you are and it comes to you in its own time....

Leave the equinox to the record-keepers and know autumn where you find it, when it comes. See it, smell it, taste it, and forget the time of day or year. Autumn needs no clock or calendar.

—Hal Borland

A moral character is attached to autumnal scenes; the leaves falling like our years, the flowers fading like our hours, the clouds fleeting like our illusions, the light diminishing like our intelligence, the sun growing colder like our affections, the rivers becoming frozen like our lives, all bear secret relation to our destinies. It gave me indescribable pleasure to see the return of the tempestuous season.

—François-René de
Chateaubriand

It was in the declining flush of a beautiful autumn evening, that I stood alone in the quiet solitude of a stately forest's edge. I had wandered long, in the spirit of deep and solemn meditation, through scenes which might well arouse the soul of the poet, or quicken the painter's eye.... The forest was full of rich coloring and exuberant foliage. Scarlet, purple, gold—the different shades of brown, from its darkest and reddest duskiness, to the palest fawn hue—a soft and saddening intermixture of greyish tints, contrasting with the glossy green of the yet unchanged oak, the monarch of trees, and his many and strong wood relatives—and with the bluer verdure of the pines, the silver-lined laurel leaves, and the feathery cedar—all these were mingled to make a splendor gorgeous, yet harmonious, and as I gazed upward at the sun, which beamed, mild and red, through an atmosphere of blue and softening mist, I caught his ruby glance down the glossy green ash-leaves, and thought in my soul that there ought to be, if there were not, an inhabiting spirit for every leaf in the forest, and for every rich sun-gleam that colored and rayed the air, in this glowing and glorious Indian summer!

—Mary Howard

Wild is the music of autumnal winds
Amongst the faded woods.

—William Wordsworth

[Fall] hurries you along as you walk the roads, crunching the leaves that have fallen in mad and variegated drifts. The wind makes you ache in some place that is deeper than your bones. It may be that it touches something old in the human soul, a chord of race memory that says Migrate or die—migrate or die.

—Stephen King

Fall, leaves, fall; die, flowers, away;
Lengthen night and shorten day!
Every leaf speaks bliss to me,
Fluttering from the autumn tree.

—Emily Brontë

Autumn is the hush before winter.

—French Proverb

There is no season in all the year so beautiful, so radiant with glory, as the early autumn. There is no time when the human soul drinks in so fully the glory and beauty of nature. All objects of beauty are more beautiful while passing away from us. The closing up of a beautiful life—the fading of the holy stars in the dim light of morning—the ending of a quiet summer day and the passing away of the bright summer glory, are all more sweet and lovely as they are lost to us. The death-glow always beautifies anything that wears the trace of beauty ere it goes back to nothingness. We do not understand the secret of this principle, yet we know that it is some law of the infinite mind.

—Northern Advocate

Essentially, autumn is the quiet completion of spring and summer. Spring was all eagerness and beginnings, summer was growth and flowering. Autumn is the achievement summarized, the harvested grain, the ripened apple, the grape in the wine press. Autumn is the bright leaf in the woodland, the opened husk on the bittersweet berry, the fruit of asters at the roadside.

—Hal Borland

Around and around the house the leaves fall thick—but never fast, for they come circling down with a dead lightness that is sombre and slow. Let the gardener sweep and sweep the turf as he will, and press the leaves into full barrows, and wheel them off, still they lie ankle-deep.

—Charles Dickens

I cherish the loneliness of autumn.... I am forty, I have become mortal. I have no further psychic, emotional, or intellectual need to prolong summer seasons, and it is

only when autumn begins its play that I can truly focus on the rich and vital life I am living. All of a sudden I grow alert. October is a hallelujah! reverberating in my body year-round.... The air is dusty, it smells of dry pine needles; yet I sense imminent ice in the clear blue sky.... How I appreciate everything...fully! After all, tomorrow this reprieve will be buried by blizzards, crushed under slabs of doomsday ice. I cannot waste a minute indoors! I must take advantage of this gift, wedged so tentatively between summer's hectic somnolence and winter's harsh apogee.... Each perfect day, I know, is going to be the last beautiful day of autumn

—John Nichols

Ah, yes, autumn, when the trees blush at the thought of stripping naked in public.

—Robert Brault

I walked alone in the depths of Autumn woods;
The ruthless winds had left the maple bare;
The fern was withered, and the sweetbrier's breath
No longer gave its fragrance to the air.

—Albert Lighton

On the whole I take it that middle age is a happier period than youth. In the entire circle of the year there are no days so delightful as those of a fine October, when the trees are bare to the mild heavens, and the red leaves bestrew the road, and you can feel the breath of winter morning and evening—no days so calm, so tenderly solemn, and with such a reverent meekness in the air.

—Alexander Smith

If you stand still outside you can hear it... Winter's footsteps, the sound of falling leaves.

—Takayuki Ikkaku,
Arisa Hosaka, and
Toshihiro
Kawabata

Methinks I see the sunset light flooding the river valley, the western hills stretching to the horizon, overhung with trees gorgeous and glowing with the tints of autumn—a mighty flower garden, blossoming under the spell of the enchanter, Frost.

—John Greenleaf
Whittier

Autumn is springtime in reverse.

—Terri Guillemets

I can smell autumn dancing in the breeze.
The sweet chill of pumpkin and crisp sunburnt leaves.

—Ann Drake

I cannot endure to waste anything so precious as autumnal sunshine by staying in the house. So I have spent almost all the daylight hours in the open air.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne

Dead leaves heap on the window-sill,
Dead leaves drift on the path below,
And full of wintry, prophetic chill
The dreary tempests of autumn blow.

—Elizabeth Anne Chase
Akers Allen

As the days grow short, some faces grow long. But not mine. Every autumn, when the wind turns cold and darkness comes early, I am suddenly happy. It's time to start making soup again.

—Leslie Newman

Autumn is the bite of the harvest apple.

—Christina Petrowsky

When autumn shadows throw their patterns across the land, they are not the images of fragile, dying leaves, not the bared arms of lofty elms, not shadows of a fading summer; but swinging shapes as of books upon a strap, of round and square boxes held under an arm, of hurrying little people heading toward the nearest school.

--Djuna Barnes

From his pipe the smoke ascending
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,
Filled the air with dreamy softness,
Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
Brought the tender Indian Summer
To the melancholy north-land,
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

—Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

Autumn—the season for preparing meals that warm our homes. The trees change, the horizon darkens early, and the temperature dips. We begin to habitually ease into our seasonal traditions sometimes not even realizing that it's begun.

—Kimberley Schumacher

Many of the birds go south cheerfully, indifferently, but the bluebirds seem to linger sadly and lovingly, and to feel that the migration is an enforced exile from the home they love best.

—Frank Bolles

Autumn is the nickname Yale literature professors gave to the season of fall.

—*TL;DR Wikipedia*

The door was shut, as doors should be
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver-white.

—Gabriel Seloun

The first sorrow of autumn is the slow good-bye of the garden that stands so long in the evening—a brown poppy head, the stalk of a lily, and still cannot go.

The second sorrow is the empty feet of a pheasant who hangs from a hook with his brothers. The woodland of gold is folded in feathers with its head in a bag.

And the third sorrow is the slow good-bye of the sun who has gathered the birds and who gathers the minutes of evening, the golden and holy ground of the picture.

The fourth sorrow is the pond gone black, ruined, and sunken the city of water—the beetle's palace, the catacombs of the dragonfly.

And the fifth sorrow is the slow good-bye of the woodland that quietly breaks up its camp. One day it's gone. It has only left litter—firewood, tent poles.

And the sixth sorrow is the fox's sorrow, the joy of the huntsman, the joy of the hounds, the hooves that pound; till earth closes her ear to the fox's prayer.

And the seventh sorrow is the slow good-bye of the face with its wrinkles that looks through the window as the year packs up like a tatty fairground that came for the children.

—Ted Hughes

Cicadas, buckling and unbuckling their stomach muscles, yield the sound of someone sharpening scissors. Fall field crickets, the thermometer hounds, add high-pitched tinkling chirps to the jazz, and their call quickens with warm weather, slows again with cool.

—Diane Ackerman

October is the month for painted leaves, their rich glow now flashes round the world.

—Henry David
Thoreau

Already the cricket is busy with hints of soberer days, and
the goldenrod lights slowly its torch for the
autumn blaze.

O brief, bright smile of summer!

O days divine and dear!

The voices of winter's sorrow already we can hear.

—Celia Thaxter

Indian summer is like a woman. Ripe, hotly passionate, but fickle, she comes and goes as she pleases so that one is never sure whether she will come at all, nor for how long she will stay. In northern New England, Indian summer puts up a scarlet-tipped hand to hold winter back for a little while. She brings with her the time of the last warm spell, an uncharted season which lives until Winter moves in with its backbone of ice and accoutrements of leafless trees and hard frozen ground.

—Grace Metalious

Like a laughing, lovely woman Indian summer came and spread herself over the countryside and made everything hurtfully beautiful to the eye. The sky was low, of a solidly unbroken blue. The maples and oaks and ashes, all dark red and brown and yellow, preened themselves in the unseasonably hot light, under the Indian summer sun. The conifers stood like disapproving old men on all the hills...and gave off a greenish yellow light. On the roads and sidewalks of the town there were fallen leaves which made such a gay crackling when stepped upon and sent up such a sweet scent when crushed that it was only the very old who walked over them and thought of death and decay.

—Grace Metalious

In September, we will wander through the warm winds of summer's wreckage. We will welcome summer's ghost.

--Henry Rollins

It's not as if the leaves are doing anything miraculous....Cold weather stops photosynthesis, and the leaves die. All that bright color is a death shroud.

--Raina Kelley

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

--Helen Hunt Jackson

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

--Helen Hunt Jackson

Autumn hath all the summer's fruitful treasure...
Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace;
Ah, who shall hide us from winter's face?

—Thomas Nashe

Fall, leaves, fall; die flowers away;
Lengthen night and shorten day;
Every leaf speaks bliss to me
fluttering from the autumn tree.

—Emily Brontë

Magnificent Autumn! He comes not like a pilgrim, clad in russet weeds. He comes not like a hermit, clad in gray. But he comes like a warrior, with the stain of blood upon his brazen mail. His crimson scarf is rent; his scarlet banner dripping with gore; his step like a flail on the threshing floor. The wind.... wafts to us the odor of forest leaves, that hang wilted on the dripping branches, or drop into the stream. Their gorgeous tints are gone, as if the autumnal rains had washed them out. Orange, yellow, and scarlet, all are changed to one melancholy russet hue.... There is a melancholy and continual roar in the tops of the tall pines.... It is the funeral anthem of the dying year.

—Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

It was one of those perfect English autumnal days which occur more frequently in memory than in life. The rich colours of grass and earth were intensified by the mellow light of a sun almost warm enough for spring.

—P. D. James

The foliage has been losing its freshness through the month of August, and here and there a yellow leaf shows itself like the first gray hair amidst the locks of a beauty who has seen one season too many.... September is dressing herself in showy dahlias and splendid marigolds and starry zinnias. October, the extravagant sister, has ordered an immense amount of the most gorgeous forest tapestry for her grand reception.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

Every blade in the field, every leaf in the forest, lays down its life in its season, as beautifully as it was taken up. It is the pastime of a full quarter of the year. Dead trees, sere leaves, dried grass and herbs—are not these a good part of our life? And what is that pride of our autumnal scenery but the hectic flush, the sallow and cadaverous countenance of vegetation? Its painted throes, with the November air for canvas?

—Henry David Thoreau

It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.

—Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

To me there is no season so lovely as the autumn. There is a gayety about the spring with which I have no sympathy: its perpetual revival of leaf and bloom is too great a contrast to the inner world, where so many feelings lie barren, and so many hopes withered. There is an activity about it, from which the wearied spirits shrink; and a joyousness, which but makes you turn more sadly upon yourself; but about autumn there is a tender melancholy inexpressibly soothing; decay is around, but such is in your own heart. There is a languor in the air which encourages your own, and the poetry of memory is in every drooping flower and falling leaf. The very magnificence of its Assyrian array is touched with the light of imagination: even while you watch it, it passes away as your brightest hopes have done before.

—Letitia Elizabeth
Landon

Autumn: The maple wears a gayer scarf, the field a scarlet gown.

--Emily Dickinson

Is not this a true autumn day? Just the still melancholy that I love —that makes life and nature harmonize. The birds are consulting about their migrations, the trees are putting on the hectic or the pallid hues of decay, and begin to strew the ground, that one's very footsteps may not disturb the repose of earth and air, while they give us a scent that is a perfect anodyne to the restless spirit. Delicious autumn! My very soul is wedded to it, and if I were a bird I would fly about the earth seeking the successive autumns.

—George Eliot

Autumn repays the earth the leaves which summer lent it.

—Georg Christoph
Lichtenberg

New sounds to
walk on
today—

dry
leaves,
talking
in hoarse
whispers,
under bare trees.

--Lilian Moore

Autumn was blithely indifferent to the tumult in the land that year. Color splashed through the woods as if it had been thrown about by some madcap wastrel who spilled out, during the weeks of one brief autumn, beauty enough to last for years.

--Irene Hunt

Autumn begins to decorate the ground
with its fragile bits of loosened gold.

--Teresita Fernández

Autumn burned brightly, a running flame through the mountains, a torch flung to the trees.

--Faith Baldwin

Delicious autumn! My very soul is wedded to it, and if I were a bird I would fly about the earth seeking the successive autumns.

--George Eliot

As dyed in blood the streaming vines appear,
While long and low the wind about them grieves:
The heart of Autumn must have broken here,
And poured its treasure out upon the leaves.

--Charlotte Fiske Bates

Autumn....asks that we learn to let go—to acknowledge the beauty of sparseness.

--Bonaro W. Overstreet

Autumn is full of leave-taking. In September the swallows are chattering of destination and departure like a crowd of tourists.

--Mary Webb

Autumn is the best season in which to sniff, and to sniff for pleasure, for this is the season of universal pungency.

--Bertha Damon

I've never known anyone who doesn't suffer a certain restlessness when autumn rolls around....We're all eight years old again and anything is possible.

--Sue Grafton

Autumn comes to the sea with a fresh blaze of phosphorescence, when every wave crest is aflame. Here and there the whole surface may glow with sheets of cold fire, while below schools of fish pour through the water like molten metal.

--Rachel Carson

Fall is my favorite season in Los Angeles, watching the birds change color and fall from the trees.

--David Letterman

October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one lingers;
Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

--Thomas Bailey Aldrich

The tints of autumn—a mighty flower garden, blossoming under the spell of the enchanter, frost.

—John Greenleaf
Whittier

All things on earth point home in old October: sailors to sea, travellers to walls and fences, hunters to field and hollow and the long voice of the hounds, the lover to the love he has forsaken.

--Thomas Wolfe

Every autumn your mellow leaves fall in waves, like a winter cloak on your native hillside.

--Victor de Laprade

Autumn, the bringer of fruit, has poured out her riches, and soon sluggish winter returns.

--Horace

The grove is already shaking the last leaves from its bare branches. The autumn cold has breathed; the road is becoming frozen; the stream still flows, murmuring, beyond the mill, but ice has already formed on the pond.

--Aleksandr Sergeevich
Pushkin

Then summer fades and passes, and October comes. Will smell smoke then, and feel an unsuspected sharpness, a thrill of nervous, swift elation, a sense of sadness and departure.

--Thomas Wolfe

And the great winds howl and swoop across the land: they make a distant roaring in great trees, and boys in bed will stir in ecstasy, thinking of demons and vast sweepings through the earth. All through the night there is the clean, the bitter rain of acorns, and the chestnut burrs are plopping to the ground.

--Thomas Wolfe

The day not merely bright, but radiant, full of glory....I have to pause and regard the day as one presses a rose to his nose; all the maple trees in the valley burning.

--John Burroughs

Autumn is the bite of a harvest apple.

--Christina Petrowsky

Fallen leaves lying on the grass in November bring more happiness than the daffodils.

--Cyril Connolly

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.
The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

--Emily Dickinson

No Spring, nor Summer beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one Autumnal face.

--John Donne

If winter is slumber and spring is birth, and summer is life, then autumn rounds out to be reflection. It's a time of year when the leaves are down and the harvest is in and the perennials are gone. Mother Earth just closed up the drapes on another year and it's time to reflect on what's come before.

--Mitchell Burgess

For us old-age pensioners, autumn is on the whole a dangerous season. He who knows how difficult it is for us to achieve any stability at all, how difficult it is to avoid distraction or destruction by one's own hand, will understand that autumn, its winds, disturbances, and atmospheric confusions, does not favour our existence, which is precarious anyway.

--Bruno Schulz

Outside, with Labor Day having come and gone, summer is fighting a dying battle against the fall air. The leaves are hanging perilously on the trees, knowing full well they're going to make the plunge, clinging on as if they stand a chance not to. The garbage smell that has wafted around us for the better part of August is dissipating, ushered out with the humidity, and in its place a briskness is filtering in, like something you'd smell from a bottle of Tide.

--Allison Winn Scotch

Autumn flings her fiery cloak over the sumac, beech and oak.

--Susan Lendroth

I knew by the signs it would be a hard winter. The hollies bore a heavy crop of berries and birds stripped them bare. Crows quarreled in reaped fields and owls cried in the mountains, mournful as widows. Fur and moss grew thicker than usual. Cold rains came, driven sideways through the trees by north winds, and snows followed.

--Sarah Micklem

The multicolored leaves were softly glowing against the black sky, creating an untimely nocturnal rainbow which scattered its spectral tints everywhere and dyed the night with a harvest of hues: peach gold and pumpkin orange, honey yellow and winy amber, apple red and plum violet. Luminous within their leafy shapes, the colors cast themselves across the darkness and were splattered upon our streets and our fields and our faces. Everything was resplendent with the pyrotechnics of a new autumn.

--Thomas Ligotti

The trees go all red and blazing orange and gold, and wood fires burn at night so everything smells of crisp branches. The world rolls about delightedly in a heap of cider and candy and apples and pumpkins and cold stars rush by through wispy, ragged clouds, past a moon like a bony knee. You have, no doubt, experienced a Halloween or two.

--Catherynne M. Valente

The ripe, the golden month has come again, and in Virginia the chinkapins are falling. Frost sharps the middle music of the seasons, and all things living on the earth turn home again... the fields are cut, the granaries are full, the bins are loaded to the brim with fatness, and from the cider-press the rich brown ooings of the York Imperials run. The bee bores to the belly of the grape, the fly gets old and fat and blue, he buzzes loud, crawls slow, creeps heavily to death on sill and ceiling, the sun goes down in blood and pollen across the bronzed and mown fields of the old October.

— Thomas Wolfe

Squeeze your eyes closed, as tight as you can, and think of all your favorite autumns, crisp and perfect, all bound up together like a stack of cards. That is what it is like, the awful, wonderful brightness of Fairy colors. Try to smell the hard, pale wood sending up sharp, green smoke into the afternoon. To feel the mellow, golden sun on your skin, more gentle and cozier and more golden than even the light of your favorite reading nook at the close of the day.

--Catherynne M. Valente

Autumn. It's crispness, it's anticipation, it's melancholia, it's cool breezes replacing summer's heat. It's long days in the field, a harvest festival when work's done, a cheering crowd in a football stadium, chrysanthemums punctuating a somber landscape. It's Halloween highjinx, pumpkins grinning toothy smiles, the crack of pecan pressed against pecan. It's the first curls of woodsmoke, fresh blisters from pushing a rake. It's crisp and fresh and mellow and snug, solemn and melancholy. And it's very, very welcome.

—*Good Housekeeping Magazine*

It was one of those sumptuous days when the world is full of autumn muskiness and tangy, crisp perfection: vivid blue sky, deep green fields, leaves in a thousand luminous hues. It is a truly astounding sight when every tree in a landscape becomes individual, when each winding back highway and plump hillside is suddenly and infinitely splashed with every sharp shade that nature can bestow—flaming scarlet, lustrous gold, throbbing vermilion, fiery orange.

— Bill Bryson

November is usually such a disagreeable month...as if the year had suddenly found out that she was growing old and could do nothing but weep and fret over it. This year is growing old gracefully...just like a stately old lady who knows she can be charming even with gray hair and wrinkles. We've had lovely days and delicious twilights.

—Lucy Maud Montgomery

I am made for autumn. Summer and I have a fickle relationship, but everything about autumn is perfect to me. Woolly jumpers, Wellington boots, scarves, thin first, then thick, socks. The low slanting light, the crisp mornings, the chill in my fingers, those last warm sunny days before the rain and the wind. Her moody hues and subdued palate punctuated every now and again by a brilliant orange, scarlet or copper goodbye. She is my true love.

— Alys Fowler

After the keen still days of September, the October sun filled the world with mellow warmth...The maple tree in front of the doorstep burned like a gigantic red torch. The oaks along the roadway glowed yellow and bronze. The fields stretched like a carpet of jewels, emerald and topaz and garnet. Everywhere she walked the color shouted and sang around her...In October any wonderful unexpected thing might be possible.

—Elizabeth George Speare

It was one of those cold nights at the end of October, when the weathercocks, shaken by the north wind, turn giddily on the high roofs, and cry with shrilly voices, 'Winter! —Winter!—Winter is come!'

--Erckmann-Chatrian

Autumns reward western Kansas for the evils that the remaining seasons impose: winter's rough Colorado winds and hip-high, sheep-slaughtering snows; the slushes and the strange land fogs of spring; and summer, when even crows seek the puny shade, and the tawny infinitude of wheatstalks bristle, blaze. At last, after September, another weather arrives, an Indian summer that occasionally endures until Christmas.

— Truman Capote

Autumn has come to northeast Montana. The vapor of one's breath, the clarity of the stars, the smell of wood smoke, the stones underfoot that even a full day of sunlight won't warm—these all say there will be no more days that can be mistaken for summer.

— Larry Watson

It is Autumn, as you know, and things are beginning to die. It is so wonderful to be out in the crisp Fall air, with the leaves turning gold and the grass turning brown and the warmth going out of the sunlight and big hot fires in the fireplace while Buddy rakes the lawn. We see a lot of bombs on TV because we watch it a lot more, now that the days get shorter and shorter, and darkness comes so soon, and all the flowers die from freezing.

— Hunter S. Thompson

Autumn is Nature's last party of the year. And dressing for the occasion, forests don their brightest attire, while the creatures follow suit with plush coats of fur. As the birds savor their final flights in the waning embers of light, Nature's children scamper about in search of manna for their winter pantries, pausing long enough to frolic in the heaps of newly fallen leaves.

— Debra Welsh

Autumn is a cunning muse who steals by degrees my warmth and light. So distracted by her glorious painting of colors, I scarcely realize my losses until the last fiery leaf has fallen to the ground and the final pumpkin shrinks. Autumn departs with a cold kiss, leaving me to suffer the frigid grasp of winter in prolonged nightfall.

— Richelle E. Goodrich

Late autumn this year had violence in her hair, angry crimson, orange, and yellow. The trees wrestled to free themselves of their cloaks, crumpled up their old leaves and threw them straight out into the string wind rather than just let them fall to the ground. Dry leaves ran across the ground with the crackle of fire.

— Cecilia Ekbäck

Autumn teaches us a valuable lesson. During summer, all the green trees are beautiful. But there is no time of the year when the trees are more beautiful than when they are different colors. Diversity adds beauty to our world.

— Donald L. Hicks

You did not feel autumn so much, not as you felt the heat of summer or the bite of winter air, or even the slush of spring.

— William Trevor

Speaking of happiness, those distinctive moments are found outdoors—in the fall, in the winter and always in the mountains where people are few, wildlife is abundant and there is peace in the quiet.

— Donna Lynn Hope

And every year there is a brief, startling moment
When we pause in the middle of a long walk home and
Suddenly feel something invisible and weightless
Touching our shoulders, sweeping down from the air:
It is the autumn wind pressing against our bodies;
It is the changing light of fall falling on us.

— Edward Hirsch

In September countless sand and house-martins jazz above the river, taking insects from the surface, from the air, thousands of birds kissing the river farewell. They creak, a sound like the air rubbing against itself. Summer is everything they know; they're preparing themselves, sensing in the shortening days a door they must dash through before it shuts.

— Kathleen Jamie

October air, complete with dancing leaves and sighing winds greeted him as he stepped from the bus onto the dusty highway. Coolness embraced. The scent of burning wood hung crisp in the air from somewhere far in the distance. His backpack dropped in a flutter of dust. He surveyed dying cornfields from the gas station bus stop.

— Jaime Allison Parker

Autumn was her happiest season. There was an expectancy about its sounds and shapes: the distant thunk pomp of leather and young bodies on the practice field near her house made her think of bands and cold Coca-Colas, parched peanuts and the sight of people's breath in the air. There was even something to look forward to when school started—renewals of old feuds and friendships, weeks of learning again what one half forgot in the long summer. Fall was hot-supper time with everything to eat one missed in the morning when too sleepy to enjoy it.

— Harper Lee

Leaves grow old gracefully, bring such joy in their last lingering days. How vibrant and bright is their final flurry of life.

—Karen Gibbs

The first flash of color always excites me as much as the first frail, courageous bloom of spring. This is, in a sense, my season--sometimes warm and, when the wind blows an alert, sometimes cold. But there is a clarity about September. On clear days, the sun seems brighter, the sky more blue, the white clouds take on marvelous shapes; the moon is a wonderful apparition, rising gold, cooling to silver; and the stars are so big. The September storms—the hurricane warnings far away, the sudden gales, the downpour of rain that we have so badly needed here for so long—are exhilarating, and there's a promise that what September starts, October will carry on, catching the torch flung into her hand.

—Faith Baldwin

Wind warns November's done with. The blown leaves make bat-shapes, Web-winged and furious.

—Sylvia Plath

For as long as she could remember, she had thought that autumn air went well with books, that the two both somehow belonged with blankets, comfortable armchairs, and big cups of coffee or tea.

—Katarina Bivald

There's an energy to these autumn nights that touches something primal inside of me. Something from long ago. From my childhood in western Iowa. I think of high school football games and the stadium lights blazing down on the players. I smell ripening apples, and the sour reek of beer from keg parties in the cornfields. I feel the wind in my face as I ride in the bed of an old pickup truck down a country road at night, dust swirling in the taillights and the entire span of my life yawning out ahead of me.

— Blake Crouch

We were letting go of October, relinquishing color,
readying ourselves for streets lacquered with ice,
the town closed like a walnut, locked inside the cold.

— Mark Perlberg

There is a particular kind of afternoon sun that exists only in autumn. A golden light drapes itself over the world of that hour. It falls through the afternoon sky, fine and faint as a swirl of cigarette smoke caught in the wind, nearly transparent. So sweet, that light, insisting softly, goldly against the windows.

— Ayana Mathis

The last dead leaves of fall crackled underfoot, winter-crisp.

— Neil Gaiman

Leaves covered pavement like soggy cereal.

— Patricia Cornwell

The goldenrod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown...
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

— Helen Hunt Jackson

Give me juicy autumnal fruit, ripe and red from the orchard.

— Walt Whitman

I was drinking in the surroundings: air so crisp you could snap it with your fingers and greens in every lush shade imaginable offset by autumnal flashes of red and yellow.

— Wendy Delsol

The first day of fall: bright flame before winter's deadness; harvest; orange, gold, amber; cool nights and the smell of fire. Our tree-lined streets are set ablaze, our kitchens filled with the smells of nostalgia: apples bubbling into sauce, roasting squash, cinnamon, nutmeg, cider, warmth itself. The leaves as they spark into wild color just before they die are the world's oldest performance art, and everything we see is celebrating one last violently hued hurrah before the black and white silence of winter.

— Shauna Niequist

It was one of those days you sometimes get latish in the autumn when the sun beams, the birds toot, and there is a bracing tang in the air that sends the blood beetling briskly through the veins.

— P. G. Wodehouse

Two sounds of autumn are unmistakable...the hurrying rustle of crisp leaves blown along the street...by a gusty wind, and the gabble of a flock of migrating geese.

— Hal Borland

Autumn is the mellower season, and what we lose in flowers we more than gain in fruits.

— Samuel Butler

LONDON. Michaelmas Term lately over, and the Lord Chancellor sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall. Implacable November weather. As much mud in the streets as if the waters had but newly retired from the face of the earth, and it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus, forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill. Smoke lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot in it as big as full-grown snow-flakes — gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun. Dogs, undistinguishable in mire. Horses, scarcely better; splashed to their very blinkers. Foot passengers, jostling one another's umbrellas in a general infection of ill-temper, and losing their foot-hold at street-corners, where tens of thousands of other foot passengers have been slipping and sliding since the day broke (if the day ever broke), adding new deposits to the crust upon crust of mud, sticking at those points tenaciously to the pavement, and accumulating at compound interest.

—Charles Dickens

You expected to be sad in the fall. Part of you died each year when the leaves fell from the trees and their branches were bare against the wind and the cold, wintery light.

—Ernest Hemingway

It looked like the world was covered in a cobbler crust of brown sugar and cinnamon.

—Sarah Addison Allen

I'm so glad I live in a world where there are Octobers.

—Lucy Maud
Montgomery

Autumn...is a transitory period that allows the earth to rest before it sees the harshness of winter and hears the promise of spring.

—Kamand Kojouri

I like spring, but it is too young. I like summer, but it is too proud. So I like best of all autumn, because its tone is mellower, its colours are richer, and it is tinged with a little sorrow. Its golden richness speaks not of the innocence of spring, nor the power of summer, but of the mellowness and kindly wisdom of approaching age. It knows the limitations of life and its content.

—Lin Yutang

The heat of autumn is different from the heat of summer. One ripens apples, the other turns them to cider.

—Jane Hirshfield

THE MELANCHOLY days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

—William Cullen Bryant

Autumn is a fleeting season, melancholy by nature. Its ghostly beauty cultivates a fertile atmosphere for memories that wrote their history on a tablet of fallen leaves—I recall them with the greatest clarity... Whatever else autumn may be, it is the prophet of winter. Winter lasts forever.

—Brian P. Easton

The moon grew plump and pale as a peeled apple, waned into the passing nights, then showed itself again as a thin silver crescent in the twilit western sky. The shed of leaves became a cascade of red and gold and after a time the trees stood skeletal against a sky of weathered tin. The land lay bled of its colors. The nights lengthened, went darker, brightened in their clustered stars. The chilled air smelled of woodsmoke, of distances and passing time. Frost glimmered on the morning fields. Crows called across the pewter afternoons. The first hard freeze cast the countryside in ice and trees split open with sounds like whipcracks. Came a snow flurry one night and then a heavy falling the next day, and that evening the land lay white and still under a high ivory moon.

—James Carlos Blake

October is the fallen leaf, but it is also a wider horizon more clearly seen. It is the distant hills once more in sight, and the enduring constellations above them once again.

—Hal Borland

The mountain trees that grew between the pines were a brilliant blaze of fall colors, like fire against the emerald green of the pines, firs and spruces. And it was, as I'd told myself long ago, the year's last passionate love affair before it grew old and died from the frosty bite of winter.

—V. C. Andrews

The air was fresh and crisp and had a distinct smell which was a mixture of the dried leaves on the ground and the smoke from the chimneys and the sweet ripe apples that were still clinging onto the branches in the orchard behind the house.

--Arlene Stafford-Wilson

The quiet transition from autumn to winter is not a bad time at all. It's a time for protecting and securing things and for making sure you've got in as many supplies as you can. It's nice to gather together everything you possess as close to you as possible, to store up your warmth and your thoughts and burrow yourself into a deep hole inside, a core of safety where you can defend what is important and precious and your very own. Then the cold and the storms and the darkness can do their worst. They can grope their way up the walls looking for a way in, but they won't find one, everything is shut, and you sit inside, laughing in your warmth and your solitude, for you have had foresight.

—Tove Jansson

What is more cheerful, now, in the fall of the year, than an open-wood-fire? Do you hear those little chirps and twitters coming out of that piece of apple-wood? Those are the ghosts of the robins and blue-birds that sang upon the bough when it was in blossom last Spring. In Summer whole flocks of them come fluttering about the fruit-trees under the window: so I have singing birds all the year round.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich

The leaves fall, the wind blows, and the farm country slowly changes from the summer cottons into its winter wools.

—Henry Beston

There is something incredibly nostalgic and significant about the annual cascade of autumn leaves.

—Joe L. Wheeler

At no other time (than autumn) does the earth let itself be inhaled in one smell, the ripe earth; in a smell that is in no way inferior to the smell of the sea, bitter where it borders on taste, and more honeysweet where you feel it touching the first sounds. Containing depth within itself, darkness, something of the grave almost.

—Rainer Maria Rilke

Aprils have never meant much to me; autumns seem that season of beginning, spring.

—Truman Capote

But when fall comes, kicking summer out on its treacherous ass as it always does one day sometime after the midpoint of September, it stays awhile like an old friend that you have missed. It settles in the way an old friend will settle into your favorite chair and take out his pipe and light it and then fill the afternoon with stories of places he has been and things he has done since last he saw you.

—Stephen King

Don't you love New York in the fall? It makes me want to buy school supplies.

—Nora Ephron

I cannot endure to waste anything so precious as autumnal sunshine by staying in the house.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne

I loved autumn, the one season of the year that God seemed to have put there just for the beauty of it.

—Lee Maynard

FIRST SNOW

Snow was coming down in big, white clumps, and I felt very empty inside. I remember the snow that cold autumn and the stillness. There was a grim hush about the city and cold, icy winds, gusts of freezing air, swept down Park Avenue. At night the city was deserted. It felt desolate. In the early mornings, I could hear the sirens from the ambulances, all day I felt the brutality of Christmas.

—Margaret Barbour
Gilbert

How beautifully leaves grow old. How full of light and color are their last days.

--John Burroughs

If you stand in a wheat field at this time of year, a few weeks from harvest, it's not hard to imagine you're looking at something out of mythology: all this golden sunlight brought down to earth, captured in kernels of gold, and rendered fit for mortals to eat. But of course this is no myth at all, just the plain miraculous fact.

--Michael Pollan

SEPTEMBER

The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.
The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.
The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook,
From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.
By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.
But none of all this beauty
Which floods the earth and air
Is unto me the secret
Which makes September fair.
'T is a thing which I remember;
To name it thrills me yet:
One day of one September
I never can forget.

—Helen Hunt Jackson

A woodland in full color is awesome as a forest fire, in magnitude at least, but a single tree is like a dancing tongue of flame to warm the heart.

—Hal Borland

In a very real way, television is the new mythos. It defines the world, reinterprets it. The seasons do not change because Persephone goes underground. They change because new episodes air, because sweeps week demands conflagrations and ritual deaths. The television series rises slowly, arcs, descends into hiatus, and rises again with the bright, burning autumn.

--Catherynne M. Valente

A pear should come to the table popped with juice,
Ripened in warmth and served in warmth. On terms
Like these, autumn beguiles the fatalist.

—Wallace Stevens

LOVE IN AUTUMN

I sought among the drifting leaves,
The golden leaves that once were green,
To see if Love were hiding there
And peeping out between.

For thro' the silver showers of May
And thro' the summer's heavy heat,
In vain I sought his golden head
And light, fast-flying feet.

Perhaps when all the world is bare
And cruel winter holds the land,
The Love that finds no place to hide
Will run and catch my hand.

I shall not care to have him then,
I shall be bitter and a-cold—
It grows too late for frolicking
When all the world is old.

Then little hiding Love, come forth,
Come forth before the autumn goes,
And let us seek thro' ruined paths
The garden's last red rose.

—Sara Teasdale

It's September in my garden. Green beans abound. My mouth waters for the ripening sweet corn. Winter carrots slowly set down their tender roots. A breeze brings the smell of apples. Kale, collards and broccoli unfurl their leafy coats, getting ready for frost.

—Kristina Turner

The year is getting to feel rich, for his golden fruits are ripening fast, and he has a large balance in the barns, which are his banks. The members of his family have found out that he is well to do in the world. September is dressing herself in show of dahlias and splendid marigolds and starry zinnias. October, the extravagant sister, has ordered an immense amount of the most gorgeous forest tapestry for her grand reception.

—Oliver Wendell
Holmes Sr.

In the fall my family likes to play a little game—how long can we freeze before we turn on the heat for the first time.

—Internet Meme

Life starts all over again when it gets crisp in the fall.

—F. Scott Fitzgerald

WINTER

Our favourite amusement during that winter was tobogganing. In places the shore of the lake rises abruptly from the water's edge. Down these steep slopes we used to coast. We would get on our toboggan, a boy would give us a shove, and off we went! Plunging through drifts, leaping hollows, swooping down upon the lake, we would shoot across its gleaming surface to the opposite bank. What joy! What exhilarating madness! For one wild, glad moment we snapped the chain that binds us to earth, and joining hands with the winds we felt ourselves divine!

--Helen Keller

The most serious charge which can be brought against New England is not Puritanism, but February.... Spring is too far away to comfort even by anticipation, and winter long ago lost the charm of novelty. This is the very three a.m. of the calendar.

—Joseph Wood Krutch

In Winter, Mother Nature dims the lights, sleeps late, hides from the world, and regenerates. Winter is the hangover of seasons.

—Terri Guillemets

I miss the snow. I miss looking at it, walking in it, tasting it. I used to love those days when it was so cold everyone else would be tucked away inside trying to stay warm. I would be the only one out walking, so I could look across the fields and see miles of snow without a single footprint in it. It would be completely silent—no cars, no birds singing, no doors slamming. Just silence and snow. God, I miss snow. The stars, the moon, the wind, and blankets of pure, pristine snow.

--Damien Echols

The day I arrived in Yakutsk...it was 46 below. When our plane landed, the door was frozen solidly shut, and it took about half an hour for a powerful hot-air blower—standard equipment at Siberian airports—to break the icy seal. Stepping outside was like stepping onto another planet, for at those low temperatures nothing seems quite normal. The air burns. Sounds are brittle. Every breath hovers in a strangle slow-motion cloud, adding to the mist of ice that pervades the city and blurs the sun. When the breath freezes into ice dust and falls almost silently to the ground, Siberians call it the whisper of stars.

--David K. Shipler

In reality, Little Ones, there are two winters. One made for kids; the other for adults. The one made for adults is always too cold and always too long. The one made for kids is always perfect. A kid winter is an endless and wild snow carnival where all the rides are free.

--Carew Papritz

DUST OF SNOW

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
from a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued.

—Robert Frost

The first fall of snow is not only an event but it is a magical event. You go to bed in one kind of a world and wake up to find yourself in another quite different, and if this is not enchantment, then where is it to be found?

--J. B. Priestley

When the cold comes to New England it arrives in sheets of sleet and ice. In December, the wind wraps itself around bare trees and twists in between husbands and wives asleep in their beds. It shakes the shingles from the roofs and sifts through cracks in the plaster. The only green things left are the holly bushes and the old boxwood hedges in the village, and these are often painted white with snow. Chipmunks and weasels come to nest in basements and barns; owls find their way into attics. At night, the dark is blue and bluer still, as sapphire of night.

--Alice Hoffman

Just when the air turns frosty and the days shrink into darkness, the Christmas season arrives in America. It begins at Thanksgiving—with families, feasts and football. Then during the next six weeks we shop and decorate, worship and make merry. Our hearts warm in the winter cold. We find compassion for strangers, and we remember there are miracles. Pious or festive or both, we join together in an extraordinary national festival.

--J. Curtis Sanburn

Snow flurries began to fall and they swirled around people's legs like house cats. It was magical, this snow globe world.

--Sarah Addison Allen

By lunchtime the valley was lightly coated, like a cake with confectioner's sugar...there was white fur on the antlers of the iron deer and on the melancholy boughs of the Norway spruce.

--Elizabeth Enright

Look back upon winter with gratitude. Spring is the harvest of the darker months—everything you know starts to grow in darkness. Don't write and tell me that winter brought you only colds or the ubiquitous virus. Perhaps it did bring those (and to me as well). Who goes through the chilly months unscathed? But it also brought things not to be forgotten—silver moons and snow, brilliant under stars; it brought Christmas and a new year, and to each of us something happy, something unexpected, which was not another problem but a joy. For the pendulum swings; nothing is static; and the road, however long, does turn.

—Faith Baldwin

Dear Winter, I'm breaking up with you. I think it's time I start seeing other seasons. Summer is hotter than you.

—Internet Meme

In the winter she curls up around a good book and dreams away the cold.

—Ben Aaronovitch

Following the bird you lay into a deep turn in the steepening descent. It [the snow] is super soft, bottomless and amazingly light, yet supportive. It feels like something in between floating on top, and within the top of a deep-pile carpet as you link turn after turn down the open glacier. Each side of you are fellow riders, though not too close, whooping with exhilaration and flying down, down towards the valley below. The pitch gets steeper and the slope widens out, with seemingly endless space to the sides and an untracked oblivion ahead and beneath you. Each turn is delicious softness; you can almost feel every snow crystal reacting with the base of your skis. Those skis feel like extensions of your feet, and you connect with the mountain through a portal link created by the snowpack, as the spray from the turn hangs in the air behind you.

--Steve Baldwin

After the sorts of winters we have had to endure recently, the spring does seem miraculous, because it has become gradually harder and harder to believe that it is actually going to happen. Every February since 1940 I have found myself thinking that this time winter is going to be permanent.

--George Orwell

To survive the Canadian winter, one needs a body of brass, eyes of glass, and blood made of brandy.

—Louis Armand de Lom
d'Arce Lahontan

The pale, cold light of the winter sunset did not beautify—it was like the light of truth itself. When the smoky clouds hung low in the west and the red sun went down behind them, leaving a pink flush on the snowy roofs and the blue drifts, then the wind sprang up afresh, with a kind of bitter song, as if it said, "This is reality, whether you like it or not. All those frivolities of summer, the light and shadow, the living mask of green that trembled over everything, they were lies, and this is what was underneath. This is the truth." It was as if we were being punished for loving the loveliness of summer.

--Willa Cather

There's a time each winter when things go from magical to miserable. They call it January.

—Internet Meme

The snow came up to the top of Georgie's calves—she had to lift her feet high to make any progress. Her ears and eyelids were freezing...God, she'd never even been able to imagine this much cold before. How could people live someplace that so obviously didn't want them?

--Rainbow Rowell

Snow harder! Snow more!
Snow blizzards galore!
I can't get enough
Of the fluffy white stuff!
Snow! Snow! Snow!
Snow a ton! Snow a heap!
Snow ten feet deep!
I wouldn't cry
If it snowed til July.
Snow! Snow! Snow!

--Paul F. Kortepeter

Winter is not a season in the North Middlewest; it is an industry.

--Sinclair Lewis

It was Christmas Eve. Big snowflakes fluttered slowly through the air like white feathers and made all of the Heavenly Valley smooth and white and quiet and beautiful.

Tall fir trees stood up to their knees in snow and their outstretched hands were heaped with it. Those that were bare of leaves wore soft white fur on their scrawny, reaching arms and all the stumps and low bushes had been turned into fat white cupcakes.

--Betty MacDonald

It was one of those bitter mornings when the whole of nature is shiny, brittle, and hard, like crystal. The trees, decked out in frost, seem to have sweated ice; the earth resounds beneath one's feet; the tiniest sounds carry a long way in the dry air; the blue sky is bright as a mirror, and the sun moves through space in icy brilliance, casting on the frozen world rays which bestow no warmth upon anything.

--Guy de Maupassant

Winter is not a season, it's a celebration.

--Anamika Mishra

It is in the coldest months that hugs linger snug, and they warm the soul the most.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

The hard soil and four months of snow make the inhabitants of the northern temperate zone wiser and abler than his fellow who enjoys the fixed smile of the tropics.

--Ralph Waldo Emerson

Slush is frozen over. People say that winter lasts forever, but it's because they obsess over the thermometer. North in the mountains, the maple syrup is trickling. Brave geese punch through the thin ice left on the lake. Underground, pale seeds roll over in their sleep. Starting to get restless. Starting to dream green.

--Laurie Halse Anderson

You have to feel the bite of the wind to appreciate the warmth of a winter coat.

--Fennel Hudson

DREAM OF THE TUNDRA SWAN

Dusk fell
and the cold came creeping,
came prickling into our hearts.
As we tucked beaks
into feathers and settled for sleep,
our wings knew.

That night, we dreamed the journey:
ice-blue sky and the yodel of flight,
the sun's pale wafer,
the crisp drink of clouds.
We dreamed ourselves so far aloft
that the earth curved beneath us
and nothing sang but
a whistling vee of light.

When we woke, we were covered with snow.
We rose in a billow of white.

--Joyce Sidman

The cold is waiting to ooze through the soles of your shoes.

—Emmanuelle de
Maupassant

Winter was gray and mean upon the city, and every night was a package of cold bleak hours.

--David Goodis

I remember a time in a class on a cold winter morning a Japanese girl came with a surgical mask & I thought 'wow people would go to extremes NOT to get sick in Japan' afterwards on a break I approached her & asked in a cynical manner: why the mask? Are you afraid of catching a cold? & then she said 'in Japan you use it when YOU are under the weather & you don't want other people to get sick, it is the polite thing to do' wow! that's a lesson I will never forget.

--Pablo

In the spring and summer I watched my plants flower, but it was, perhaps, in winter that I loved them best, when their skeletons were exposed. Then I felt they had more to say to me, were not simply dressing themselves for the crowds. Stripped of their leaves, their identities showed forth stark, essential.

--Pamela Erens

Here I am in July, and why am I thinking about Christmas pudding? Probably because we always pine for what we do not have. The winter seems cozy and romantic in the hell of summer, but hot beaches and sunlight are what we yearn for all winter.

--Joanna Franklin Bell

When the winds in winter moan
And snow descends in frigid flakes,
Upon a naked branch, alone,
The final leaf of summer shakes!

--Alexander Pushkin

It is winter proper; the cold weather, such as it is, has come to stay. I bloom indoors in the winter like a forced forsythia; I come in to come out. At night I read and write, and things I have never understood become clear; I reap the harvest of the rest of the year's planting.

The woods are acres of sticks: I could walk to the Gulf of Mexico in a straight line. When the leaves fall, the striptease is over; things stand mute and revealed. Everywhere skies extend, vistas deepen, walls become windows, doors open.

--Annie Dillard

Winters when the sloughs were frozen over and dead and I could walk across the ice and snow between the dead cattails and see nothing but grey skies and dead things and cold.

--Robert M. Pirsig

People make a great deal of the flowers of spring and the leaves of autumn, but for me a night like this, with a clear moon shining on snow, is the best—and there is not a trace of color in it. I cannot describe the effect it has on me, weird and unearthly somehow. I do not understand people who find a winter evening forbidding.

--Murasaki Shikibu

Reading books is like wearing winter clothes; it covers and warms up the body of your naked soul.

--Munia Khan

I love winter. The bugs are dead, and the people are indoors.

--Dennis Ruane

Isn't it true that a pleasant house makes winter more poetic, and doesn't winter add to the poetry of a house?

--Charles Baudelaire

There's relief in not having to be outside. No gardening, no mowing the lawn, no tyranny of long daylight hours to fill with productive activity. We rip through summer, burning the hours and tearing up the land. Then snow comes like a bandage, and winter heals the wounds.

--Jerry Dennis

She loved winter. Winter was beautiful 'up back'—almost intolerably beautiful. Days of clear brilliance. Evenings that were like cups of glamour—the purest vintage of winter's wine. Nights with their fire of stars. Cold, exquisite winter sunrises. Lovely ferns of ice all over the windows of the Blue Castle. Moonlight on birches in a silver thaw. Ragged shadows on windy evenings—torn, twisted, fantastic shadows. Great silences, austere and searching. Jewelled, barbaric hills. The sun suddenly breaking through grey clouds over long, white Mistawis. Ice-grey twilights, broken by snow-squalls, when their cosy living-room, with its goblins of

firelight and inscrutable cats, seemed cosier than ever. Every hour brought a new revelation and wonder.

—Lucy Maud
Montgomery

Real Canada is where people wear sweaters for survival, not style.

--Mark Leiren-Young

All day the storm lasted. The windows were white and the wind never stopped howling and screaming. It was pleasant in the warm house. Laura and Mary did their lessons, then Pa played the fiddle while Ma rocked and knitted, and bean soup simmered on the stove.

All night the storm lasted, and all the next day. Fire-light danced out of the stove's draught, and Pa told stories and played the fiddle.

--Laura Ingalls Wilder

Each February/March the entire country takes a 'ski week'. The schools shut down, parents take off work, dogs go to the in-laws, and Finland's middle and upper classes go on holiday. But not all at once. They can't have the entire country gandala-ing up to Lapland at one time (AVALANCHES!). So the country takes turns. The best region goes first: Southern Finland. Then the second best: Central Finland. Then the reindeer herders and forest people take a week off from unemployment and go last: Northern Finland.

--Phil Schwarzmann

Nothing can be as peaceful and endless as a long winter darkness, going on and on, like living in a tunnel where the dark sometimes deepens into night and sometimes eases to twilight, you're screened from everything, protected, even more alone than usual.

--Tove Jansson

As a kid, snow served the useful purpose of closing schools. As an adult—it shuts down any activity a decent, suntanned person over the age of thirty-five enjoys. I don't do snow forts, snowballs, snow angels, snowmen, snowmobiles, or snowshoes. I don't like to walk in it, drive in it, ski on it, or sled on it. Other than that, snow is just ducky.

--Michael Holbrook

Winters are a desolate time where all senses are wiped away, and here in Canada, this is especially true. All smells are sucked clean from the air, leaving only a harsh, icy crispness. Colours are stripped away, leaving a stark white landscape, a sky which stays black at night and gray in the day, a world of only three shades. Stay

outside too long, and your hands will get so cold that they'll go numb and turn red, like the claws of a lobster. During a whiteout, even sight itself is reduced to nothingness.

--Rebecca McNutt

When I got home, my roof was gone. Overnight the weight of the snow became too much to carry. What tipped the scale? Think about it: there must have been a final snowflake that did it, a fraction of a fraction of a fraction of a milligram that made all the difference.

--Lauren Oliver

The elk that you glimpse in the summer, those at the forest edge, are survivors of winter, only the strongest. You see one just before dusk that summer, standing at the perimeter of the meadow so it can step back to the forest and vanish. You can't help imagining the still, frozen nights behind it, so cold that the slightest motion is monumental. I have found their bodies, half drifted over in snow, no sign of animal attack or injury. Just toppled over one night with ice working into their lungs. You wouldn't want to stand outside for more than a few minutes in that kind of weather. If you lived through only one of those winters the way this elk has, you would write books about it. You would become a shaman. You would be forever changed. That elk from the winter stands there on the summer evening, watching from beside the forest. It keeps its story to itself.

--Craig Childs

The tunnel of winter had settled over our lives, ushered in by that great official Hoodwink, the end of daylight saving time. Personally I would vote for one more hour of light on winter evenings instead of the sudden, extra-early blackout. Whose idea was it to jilt us this way, leaving us in cold November with our unsaved remnants of daylight petering out before the workday ends? In my childhood, as early as that, I remember observing the same despair every autumn: the feeling that sunshine, summertime, and probably life itself had passed me by before I'd even finished a halfway decent tree fort. But mine is not to question those who command the springing forward and the falling back. I only vow each winter to try harder to live like a potato, with its tacit understanding that time is time, no matter what any clock might say. I get through the hibernation months by hovering as close as possible to the woodstove without actual self-immolation, and catching up on my reading, cheered at regular intervals by the excess of holidays that collect in a festive logjam at the outflow end of our calendar.

--Barbara Kingsolver

March came in that winter like the meekest and mildest of lambs, bringing days that were crisp and golden and tingling, each followed by a frosty pink twilight which gradually lost itself in an elfland of moonshine.

—Lucy Maud
Montgomery

Look back upon winter with gratitude. Spring is the harvest of the darker months—everything you know starts to grow in darkness. Don't write and tell me that winter brought you only colds or the ubiquitous virus. Perhaps it did bring those (and to me as well). Who goes through the chilly months unscathed? But it also brought things not to be forgotten—silver moons and snow, brilliant under stars; it brought Christmas and a new year, and to each of us something happy, something unexpected, which was not another problem but a joy. For the pendulum swings; nothing is static; and the road, however long, does turn.

--Faith Baldwin

It was early autumn, then, before the snow began to fly. (There's an expression for you, born in the country, born from the imaginations of men and their feeling for the right word, the only word, to mirror clearly what they see! Those with few words must know how to use them.) Men who have seen it, who have watched it day by day outside their cabin window coming down from the sky, like the visible remorse of an ageing year; who have watched it bead upon the ears of the horses they rode, muffle the sound of hoofs on the trail, lie upon spruce boughs and over grass—cover, as if forever, the landscape in which they moved, round off the mountains, blanket the ice in the rivers—for them the snow flies. The snow doesn't fall. It may ride the wind. It may descend slowly, in utter quiet, from the grey and laden clouds, so that you can hear the flakes touching lightly on the wide white waste, as they come to rest at the end of their flight. Flight—that's the word. They beat in the air like wings, as if reluctant ever to touch the ground. I have observed them coming down, on a very cold day, near its end when the sky above me was still blue, in flakes great and wide as the palm of my hand. They were like immense moths winging down in the twilight, making the silence about me visible.

—Howard O'Hagan

Colored lights blink on and off, racing across the green boughs. Their reflections dance across exquisite glass globes and splinter into shards against tinsel thread and garlands of metallic filaments that disappear underneath the other ornaments and finery.

Shadows follow, joyful, laughing sprites.

The tree is rich with potential wonder.

All it needs is a glance from you to come alive.

--Vera Nazarian

Withstanding the cold develops vigor for the relaxing days of spring and summer. Besides, in this matter as in many others, it is evident that nature abhors a quitter.

--Arthur C. Crandall

The day, a compunctious Sunday after a week of blizzards, had been part jewel, part mud. In the midst of my usual afternoon stroll through the small hilly town attached to the girls' college where I taught French literature, I had stopped to watch a family of brilliant icicles drip-dripping from the eaves of a frame house. So clear-cut were their pointed shadows on the white boards behind them that I was sure the shadows of the falling drops should be visible too. But they were not.

--Vladimir Nabokov

A few feathery flakes are scattered widely through the air, and hover downward with uncertain flight, now almost alighting on the earth, now whirled again aloft into remote regions of the atmosphere.

--Nathaniel Hawthorne

Frost grows on the window glass, forming whorl patterns of lovely translucent geometry.

Breathe on the glass, and you give frost more ammunition.

Now it can build castles and cities and whole ice continents with your breath's vapor.

In a few blinks you can almost see the winter fairies moving in.

--Vera Nazarian

Winter came in days that were gray and still. They were the kind of days in which people locked in their animals and themselves and nothing seemed to stir but the smoke curling upwards from clay chimneys and an occasional red-winged blackbird which refused to be grounded. And it was cold. Not the windy cold like Uncle Hammer said swept the northern winter, but a frosty, idle cold that seeped across a hot land ever looking toward the days of green and ripening fields, a cold that lay uneasy during during its short stay as it crept through the cracks of poorly constructed houses and forced the people inside huddled around ever-burning fires to wish it gone.

--Mildred D. Taylor

It snowed all week. Wheels and footsteps moved soundlessly on the street, as if the business of living continued secretly behind a pale but impenetrable curtain. In the falling quiet there was no sky or earth, only snow lifting in the wind, frosting the

window glass, chilling the rooms, deadening and hushing the city. At all hours it was necessary to keep a lamp lighted.

--Truman Capote

The snow itself is lonely or, if you prefer, self-sufficient. There is no other time when the whole world seems composed of one thing and one thing only.

—Joseph Wood Krutch

In Seattle a dusty inch of anything white and chilly means the city lapses into full-on panic mode, as if each falling flake crashes to earth with its own individual baggie of used hypodermic needles. It's ridiculous.

--Cherie Priest

There are adventures of the spirit and one can travel in books and interest oneself in people and affairs. One need never be dull as long as one has friends to help, gardens to enjoy and books in the long winter evenings.

—D. E. Stevenson

When Josey woke up and saw the feathery frost on her windowpane, she smiled. Finally, it was cold enough to wear long coats and tights. It was cold enough for scarves and shirts worn in layers, like camouflage. It was cold enough for her lucky red cardigan, which she swore had a power of its own. She loved this time of year. Summer was tedious with the light dresses she pretended to be comfortable in while secretly sure she looked like a loaf of white bread wearing a belt. The cold was such a relief.

--Sarah Addison Allen

I wonder if the snow loves the trees and fields, that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt; and perhaps it says, 'Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again.'

--Lewis Carroll

I prefer winter and fall, when you feel the bone structure of the landscape—the loneliness of it, the dead feeling of winter. Something waits beneath it, the whole story doesn't show.

—Andrew Wyeth

Clearly, any well-kept garden will be a source of pleasure in the summer months; in the bleak urban midwinter, however, there are few activities more likely to energise the spirit than a botanical walk.

—John Burnside

If you do not drive in sleet to the woods, singing, you have to drive crying.
--Czech Proverb

Winter has settled down over the Divide again; the season in which Nature recuperates, in which she sinks to sleep between the fruitfulness of autumn and the passion of spring.

—Willa Cather

Even in winter an isolated patch of snow has a special quality.

—Andy Goldsworthy

There is nothing better on a cold wintry day than a properly made pot pie.

—Craig Claiborne

Around February...midway through what most people call the winter but Californians call the spring ('winter' in California is widely construed as beginning and ending with the Christmas season.

—Joan Didion

When men were all asleep the snow came flying,
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying...
Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing;
Lazily and incessantly floating down and down.

—Robert Bridges

It is the first mild day of March;
Each minute sweeter than before,
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

—William Wordsworth

In the depth of winter I finally learned that there was in me an invincible summer.

—Albert Camus

Winter, a lingering season, is a time to gather golden moments, embark upon a sentimental journey and enjoy every idle hour.

—John Boswell

January is the worst month. You're fat and broke from Christmas. It's cold and dark 24/7. You're paler than ever. It's just such a struggle.

—Internet Meme

Chill airs and wintry winds!
My ear has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.

—Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

When the snow is still blowing against the window-pane in January and February and the wild winds are howling without, what pleasure it is to plan for summer that is to be!

—Celia Thaxter

Out of the bosom of the Air,
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
 Silent, and soft, and slow
 Descends the snow.

—Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

—T. S. Eliot

Perhaps I am a bear, or some hibernating animal underneath, for the instinct to be half asleep all winter is so strong in me.

—Anne Morrow
Lindbergh

My favorite thing about winter? When it's over.

—*someecards.com*

Weather reporters are forecasting a 'wintry mess,' which is what I call drunk white women in Uggs.

—Kate Hendricks

Anyone who thinks gardening begins in the spring and ends in the fall is missing the best part of the year...for gardening begins in January, with the dream.

—Josephine Nuese

I grew up thinking of snow as a luxury you visit.

—John Landis

In the northern hemisphere, winter is the coldest and most Netflix bandwidthy season of the year.

—*TL;DR Wikipedia*

Snow provokes responses that reach right back to childhood.

--Andy Goldsworthy

When the mesmerizer Snow
With his hand's first sweep
Put the earth to sleep
It was a time when the heart could show
All—how was earth to know,
'Neath the mute hand's
to-and-fro?

—Robert Browning

And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown
October's wood.

—John Greenleaf
Whittier

I used to hate winter. Then my girlfriend told me I need to be more positive...now I'm positive I hate winter.

--Wayne Pearson

Of winter's lifeless world each tree
Now seems a perfect part, yet each one holds summer's secret
Deep down within its heart.

--Charles G. Stater

The year is young and does not know
Wee violets sleep beneath the snow.
The ermine-tipped oak is silvered by night.
And the pine is a pyramid of white.

—Charles G. Stater

Chill airs and wintry winds!
My ear has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

—Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

If I had my way, I'd remove January from the calendar altogether and have an
extra July instead.

--Roald Dahl

I shall smile when wreaths of snow
Blossom where the rose should grow.

—Emily Brontë

JANUARY

The days are short,
The sun a spark
Hung thin between
The dark and the dark.

--John Updike

Winter, a lingering season, is a time to gather golden moments, embark upon a
sentimental journey and enjoy every idle hour.

—James Boswell

The Giant did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

--Oscar Wilde

Christmas is the season when a smart child writes a letter to Santa Claus, but a smarter child writes one to Grandma.

--*Green Bay Press-Gazette*

The English winter—ending in July,
To recommence in August.

--Lord Byron

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind!
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

--Percy Bysshe Shelley

Snow. Fire. Waves: the three great hypnotizers. I can sit in front of a window of falling snow for hours, just watching, or before the restless flames in the fireplace. Perhaps it is the incessant movement of each, or the deceptive domesticity beyond which, biding its time, waits danger.

--Linda Pastan

If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant; if we did not sometimes taste of adversity, prosperity would not be so welcome.

--Anne Bradstreet

His breath like silver arrows pierced the air,
The naked earth crouched shuddering at his feet,
His finger on all flowing waters sweet
Forbidding lay—motion nor sound was there:—
Nature lay frozen dead—and still and slow,
A winding sheet fell o'er her body fair,
Flaky and soft, from his wide wings of snow.

--Frances Anne Kemble

Winter is the season of the year when you always decide that you like summer best.

--Evan Esar

O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,...
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'nings know.

—William Cowper

Every mile is two in winter.

--George Herbert

Honest Winter, snow-clad, and with the frosted beard, I can welcome not
uncordially; But that long deferment of the calendar's promise, that weeping gloom
of March and April, that bitter blast outraging the honour of May how often has it
robbed me of heart and hope?

--George Gissing

Snow is all right while it is snowing; It is like inebriation because it is very pleasing
when it is coming, but very unpleasing when it is going.

--Ogden Nash

Snow is what you are up to your neck in when people send you postcards from
Florida saying they wish you were there.

--Ogden Nash

Here comes February, a little girl with her first valentine, a red bow in her
windblown hair, a kiss waiting on her lips, a tantrum just back of her laughter.

--Hal Borland

A hush is over everything—
Silent as women wait for love,
The world is waiting for the spring.

--Sara Teasdale

The birds abandon us, the leaves fall, and love is quenched, for it is winter.

--Theophile Gautier

Winter is a disease.

--Alfred de Musset

Thus potently the year ends with golden wine and garden fruits. Around us the woodlands are silently wonderful and are the companions of the solitary.

--Georg Trakl

The mountains in the Wintertime had a stern and demonic quality of savage joy that was, in its own way, as strangely, wildly haunting as all the magic and the gold of April.

--Thomas Wolfe

The fire is Winter's fruit.

--Arab Proverb

In a winter landscape—especially in a wood—there is the same kind of purity that the Greeks saw in the unclad human form; it is like a young athlete, ready for racing, with his flowing garments flung aside. It is an education in restraint; after seeing it; one cannot forget the fine severity beneath all natural beauty.

--Mary Webb

There's a certain slant of light
On winter afternoons,
That oppresses like the weight
Of cathedral tunes.

--Emily Dickinson

In good health, the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. I am glad to the brink of fear.

--Ralph Waldo Emerson

January, month of empty pockets! Let us endure this evil month, anxious as a theatrical producer's forehead.

—Sidonie Gabrielle
Colette

Winter is the real spring, the time when the inner things happen, the resurge of nature.

—Edna O'Brien

No matter where one looked, the sky had a clean-washed appearance. There was not a trace of a cloud to be seen anywhere in its vast expanse. It was one of those

days that made one want to open doors and gates to release the last traces of winter, to watch them disappear like thin wisps of smoke into the farthest reaches of the sky.

—Der Nister

I wonder if the snow loves the trees and fields, that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt; and perhaps it says, ‘Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again.’

—Lewis Carroll

How could it be winter without snow? I appreciated every season, but winter was my favorite. I loved when it was time to pull out my thick sweaters. I loved the smell of a wood fire. I loved skiing and snow boarding and sledding, when I could find the time—although time was in a short supply when school was in session. I even enjoyed the cold, wintry weather, it was great for snuggling.

--Rachel Hawthorne

It was snowing when I got off the bus at Flax Hill. Not quite regular snowfall, not exactly a blizzard. This is how it was: The snow came down heavily, settled for about a minute, then the wind moved it—more rolled it, really—onto another target. One minute you were covered in snow, then it sped off sideways, as if a brisk, invisible giant had taken pity and brushed you down.

--Helen Oyeyemi

Dandelion wine. The words were summer on the tongue. The wine was summer caught and stoppered...sealed away for opening on a January day with snow falling fast and the sun unseen for weeks.

--Ray Bradbury

To wish for the happiest days is to wish for a season of sorrow; for it is only after prolonged, wintry darkness that the summer sun appears to shine at its brightest.

--Richelle E. Goodrich

At sunset the clouds gathered again, bringing an earlier night, and the snow began to fall straight and steadily from a sky without wind, in a soft universal diffusion more confusing than the gusts and eddies of the morning. It seemed to be a part of the thickening darkness, to be the winter night itself descending on us layer by layer.

--Edith Wharton

The moon grew plump and pale as a peeled apple, waned into the passing nights, then showed itself again as a thin silver crescent in the twilit western sky. The shed

of leaves became a cascade of red and gold and after a time the trees stood skeletal against a sky of weathered tin. The land lay bleached of its colors. The nights lengthened, went darker, brightened in their clustered stars. The chilled air smelled of woodsmoke, of distances and passing time. Frost glimmered on the morning fields. Crows called across the pewter afternoons. The first hard freeze cast the countryside in ice and trees split open with sounds like whipcracks. Came a snow flurry one night and then a heavy falling the next day, and that evening the land lay white and still under a high ivory moon.

--James Carlos Blake

In January in Northern Russia, everything vanishes beneath a deep blanket of whiteness. Rivers, fields, trees, roads, and houses disappear, and the landscape becomes a white sea of mounds and hollows. On days when the sky is gray, it is hard to see where earth merges with air. On brilliant days when the sky is a rich blue, the sunlight is blinding, as if millions of diamonds were scattered on the snow, refracting light.

--Robert K. Massie

There are winter evenings in Massachusetts when there is no wind and the crust on the snow seems to hold in the cold. And if the moon is three-quarters full, its light adds a kind of warmth to the surrounding earth.

--Kathleen Kent

The winter is kind and leaves red berries on the boughs for hungry sparrows.

--John Geddes

You can only look forward to a South Dakota winter if, as with childbirth, remodeling a house, or writing a novel, you're able to forget how bad it was the last time.

--Dan O'Brien

These Winter nights against my window-pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which she will make when summer comes again—
Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings.

—Thomas Bailey
Aldrich

Winter is the time for stories, staying fast by the glow of fire. And outside, in the darkness, the stars are brighter than you can possibly imagine.

--Isabel Greenberg

The tendinous part of the mind, so to speak, is more developed in winter; the fleshy, in summer. I should say winter had given the bone and sinew to literature, summer the tissues and the blood.

--John Burroughs

The frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind.

—Samuel Taylor
Coleridge

And there is quite a different sort of conversation around a fire than there is in the shadow of a beech tree.... [F]our dry logs have in them all the circumstance necessary to a conversation of four or five hours, with chestnuts on the plate and a jug of wine between the legs. Yes, let us love winter, for it is the spring of genius.

—Pietro Aretino

Winter is nature's way of saying, 'Up yours.'

—Robert Byrne

What a wild winter sound,— wild and weird, up among the ghostly hills.... I get up in the middle of the night to hear it. It is refreshing to the ear, and one delights to know that such wild creatures are among us. At this season Nature makes the most of every throb of life that can withstand her severity.

—John Burroughs

Spring, summer, and fall fill us with hope; winter alone reminds us of the human condition.

—Mignon McLaughlin

Let there be a cottage.... a real cottage... a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering round the windows through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn—beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, not be spring, nor summer, nor autumn—but winter, in his sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, and think it matter of congratulation that winter is going; or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm, of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly

afford us. Surely every body is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fire-side: candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without.

—Thomas De Quincey

the soft twinkle of a snowflake hitting the ground;
the silence of winter mornings. gentle, calm, serene.

—*thunderstormsuggestions.tumblr.com*

[A] winter evening.... fruits which cannot be ripened without weather stormy or inclement, in some way or other. I am not 'particular,' as people say, whether it be snow, or black frost, or wind so strong, that (as Mr.— says) 'you may lean your back against it like a post.' I can put up even with rain, provided it rains cats and dogs: but something of the sort I must have: and, if I have it not, I think myself in a manner ill-used: for why am I called on to pay so heavily for winter, in coals, and candles, and various privations that will occur even to gentlemen, if I am not to have the article good of its kind?... [A] winter night... must be divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and sunshine.—From the latter weeks of October to Christmas-eve, therefore, is the period during which happiness is in season, which, in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray.

—Thomas De Quincey

There are two seasons in Scotland: June and Winter.

—Billy Connolly

Though it was scarcely six o'clock, the night was already pitch-dark. The fog, made thicker by its proximity to the Seine, blurred every detail with its ragged veils, punctured at various distances by the reddish glow of streetlamps and threads of light escaping from illuminated windows. The rain-drenched pavement glistened under the lamps like a lake reflecting strings of lights. A bitter wind, heavy with sleet, whipped at my face, its howling forming the high notes of a symphony whose bass was played by swollen waves crashing into the piers of the bridges below. The evening lacked none of winter's rough poetry.

—Théophile Gautier

The earth tucked herself in for the year with winter's cold, white scarf of snow.

—Terri Guillemets

In winter there is no heat, no light, no noon, evening touches morning, there is fog, and mist, the window is frosted, and you cannot see clearly. The sky is but the

mouth of a cave. The whole day is the cave.... Frightful season! Winter changes into stone the water of heaven and the heart of man.

—Victor Hugo

Winter is the time for comfort, for good food and warmth, for the touch of a friendly hand and for a talk beside the fire: it is the time for home. It is no season in which to wander the world as if one were the wind blowing aimlessly along the streets without a place to rest, without food, and without time meaning anything to one, just as time means nothing to the wind.

—Edith Sitwell

I am grateful for the silence of winter mornings, for the beauty and wonder of the glint of sunlight in frost melting to dew, for the early-riser's peaceful solitude that sets a mood of thankfulness, hope, and calm for the dawning day.

—Terri Guillemets

We are accustomed to consider Winter the grave of the year, but it is not so in reality. In the stripped trees, the mute birds, the disconsolate gardens, the frosty ground, there is only an apparent cessation of Nature's activities. Winter is pause in music, but during the pause the musicians are privately tuning their strings, to prepare for the coming outburst. When the curtain falls on one piece at the theatre, the people are busy behind the scenes making arrangements for that which is to follow. Winter is such pause, such fall of the curtain. Underground, beneath snow and frost, next spring and summer are secretly getting ready. The roses which young ladies will gather six months hence for hair or bosom, are already in hand. In Nature there is no such thing as paralysis. Each thing flows into the other, as movement into movement in graceful dances Nature's colours blend in imperceptible gradation all her notes are sequacious.

—Alexander Smith

Winter is the king of showmen,
Turning tree stumps into snowmen
And houses into birthday cakes
And spreading sugar over lakes.
Smooth and clean and frosty white,
The world looks good enough to bite.
That's the season to be young,
Catching snowflakes on your tongue.
Snow is snowy when it's snowing,
I'm sorry it's slushy when it's going.

—Ogden Nash

Winter, then in its early and clear stages, was a purifying engine that ran unhindered over city and country, alerting the stars to sparkle violently and shower their silver light into the arms of bare upreaching trees. It was a mad and beautiful thing that scoured raw the souls of animals and man, driving them before it until they loved to run. And what it did to Northern forests can hardly be described, considering that it iced the branches of the sycamores on Chrystie Street and swept them back and forth until they rang like ranks of bells.

—Mark Helprin

The sugar covered landscapes of winter are breathtaking. Nothing can match the crystal clear silence of a winter morning or the sea smoke rising off a bay in soft tendrils. There is a special quality, not only to the scenery, but also to the quieter pace of life. Winter's peace is incomparable.

—*Maine's DownEast &
Acadia Regional
Tourism*

The shed of leaves became a cascade of red and gold and after a time the trees stood skeletal against a sky of weathered tin. The land lay bled of its colors. The nights lengthened, went darker, brightened in their clustered stars. The chilled air smelled of woodsmoke, of distances and passing time. Frost glimmered on the morning fields. Crows called across the pewter afternoons.

—James Carlos Blake

The cold was our pride, the snow was our beauty. It fell and fell, lacing day and night together in a milky haze, making everything quieter as it fell, so that winter seemed to partake of religion in a way no other season did, hushed, solemn.

—Patricia Hampl

There is a privacy about it which no other season gives you In spring, summer and fall people sort of have an open season on each other; only in the winter, in the country, can you have longer, quiet stretches when you can savor belonging to yourself.

—Ruth Stout

Plow, naked man! Sow, naked man! Winter is farmer's lazy time.

In cold weather the farmers enjoy their gain for the most part
and they happily prepare feasts for each other.

Friendly winter is inviting and lightens their cares,
as when loaded boats at last reach port
and the happy sailors place crowns upon the sterns.

Still, then is the time to pick the oaken acorns,
the laurel's berries, the olive and the blood-red myrtle;
the time to set traps for cranes and nets for stags;
the time to chase the long-eared rabbits, to smite the does
as you whirl the thongs of a Balearic sling,
when the snow lies deep and the rivers push ice.

—Publius Vergilius Maro

Every gardener knows that under the cloak of winter lies a miracle ... a seed
waiting to sprout, a bulb opening to the light, a bud straining to unfurl. And the
anticipation nurtures our dream.

—Barbara Winkler

I frequently tramped eight or ten miles through the deepest snow to keep an
appointment with a beech-tree, or a yellow birch, or an old acquaintance among the
pines.

—Henry David Thoreau

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter,
Long ago.

—Christina Rossetti

It is growing cold. Winter is putting footsteps in the meadow. What whiteness
boasts that sun that comes into this wood! One would say milk-colored maidens are
dancing on the petals of orchids. How coldly burns our sun! One would say its rays
of light are shards of snow, one imagines the sun lives upon a snow crested peak on
this day. One would say she is a woman who wears a gown of winter frost that
blinds the eyes. Helplessness has weakened me. Wandering has wearied my legs.

--Roman Payne

When one reads a poet in January, it is as lovely as when one goes to walk in June.

—Jean Paul Friedrich
Richter

The leaves hop, scraping on the ground.
It is deep January. The sky is hard.
The stalks are firmly rooted in ice.
It is in this solitude, a syllable,
Out of these gawky flutterings,
Intones its single emptiness,
The savagest hollow of winter-sound.

—Wallace Stevens

To see a hillside white with dogwood bloom is to know a particular ecstasy of beauty, but to walk the gray Winter woods and find the buds which will resurrect that beauty in another May is to partake of continuity.

—Hal Borland

Sharks are hardy creatures.... Sharks are as tough as those football fans who take their shirts off during games in Chicago in January, only more intelligent.

—Dave Barry

There are two seasonal diversions that can ease the bite of any winter. One is the January thaw. The other is the seed catalogues.

—Hal Borland

February is merely as long as is needed to pass the time until March.

—J. R. Stockton

When God was making the months I think February was a mistake, like a burp. There it was, small, dark, and prickly. It had absolutely no redeeming qualities.

--Shannon Wiersbitzky

Today is the first of February, snowy, brilliant, but dripping with the sound of spring wherever the sun lies warm, and calling with the heart of spring yonder where the crows are assembling. There is spring in the talk of the chickadees outside my window, and in the cheerful bluster of a red squirrel in the hickory.

—Dallas Lore Sharp

A small bird twitters on a leafless spray,
Across the snow-waste breaks a gleam of gold:
What token can I give my friend to-day
But February blossoms, pure and cold?
Frail gifts from Nature's half-reluctant hand...
I see the signs of spring about the land...

[T]hese chill snowdrops, fresh from wintry bowers,
Are the forerunners of a world of flowers.

—Sarah Doudney

Even winter—the hardest season, the most implacable—dreams, as February creeps on, of the flame that will presently melt it away. Everything tires with time, and starts to seek some opposition, to save it from itself.

—Clive Barker

With the lengthening days which distinguish the third month of winter from its predecessor, come ardent desires for spring, and longings for the time of birds and flowers. An adventurous swallow too early flying from the south, a vision of snowdrops in the snow, a day of April warmth lit by a slant February sun, are all hailed with pleasure as harbingers of a more gracious season on its northland way.

—Oscar Fay Adams

I miss everything about Chicago, except January and February.

—Gary Cole

I thought the world was cold in death;
The flowers, the birds, all life was gone,
For January's bitter breath
Had slain the bloom and hushed the song.
And still the earth is cold and white,
And mead and forest yet are bare;
But there's a something in the light
That says the germ of life is there.

—Mrs. Jane [Goodwin]
Austin

[I]n the gloomy month of February.... The Deserts of Arabia are not more dreary and inhospitable than the streets of London at such a time.

—Washington Irving

The shortest day has passed, and whatever nastiness of weather we may look forward to in January and February, at least we notice that the days are getting longer. Minute by minute they lengthen out. It takes some weeks before we become aware of the change. It is imperceptible even as the growth of a child, as you watch it day by day, until the moment comes when with a start of delighted surprise we

realize that we can stay out of doors in a twilight lasting for another quarter of a precious hour.

—V. Sackville-West

On the wind in February
Snowflakes float still,
Half inclined to turn to rain,
Nipping, dripping, chill.

—Christina Georgina
Rossetti

February is the border between winter and spring.

—Terri Guillemets

Along about the beginning of February, when the days of winter seem endless and no amount of wistful recollecting can bring back any air of summer, I caught one of those colds which last for two days in the children and two weeks with me.

—Shirley Jackson

It must be terrible to bury someone you love in early May... Or in September... Or at Christmas. It must be terrible at Christmas. February is a suitable month for dying. Everything around is dead, the trees black and frozen so that the appearance of green shoots two months hence seems preposterous, the ground hard and cold, the snow dirty, the winter hateful, hanging on too long.

—Anna Quindlen

WASHING WINTER AWAY

Despite March's windy reputation, winter isn't really blown away; it is washed away. It flows down all the hills, goes swirling down the valleys and spills out to sea. Like so many of this earth's elements, winter itself is soluble in water.... It is a wet world, winter's harsh grip beginning to relax.... An outcropping ledge on the hillside sheds its beard of icicles and becomes a seep spring that drips into a shallow pool that feeds a growing runlet.

—*The New York Times*

How cold it is! Even the lights are cold;
They have put shawls of fog around them, see!
...What a silver night!

—Sara Teasdale

Cosy fire a-burning bright,—

Cosy tables robed in white,—
Dainty dishes smoking hot,—
Home! And cold and snow forgot!

—Louise Bennett Weaver
and Helen Cowles
LeCron

Judith stood before her little library in the dark November dawn, with a candle in her hand, scanning the familiar titles with weary eyes.... these last few days she had taken to waking at dawn, to lying for hours wide-eyed in her little white bed, while the slow day grew. But to-day it was intolerable, she could bear it no longer.... She would try a book; not a very hopeful remedy in her own opinion, but one which [those] who were troubled by sleeplessness, regarded, she knew, as the best thing under the circumstances.

—Amy Levy

We seldom think of November in terms of beauty or any other specially satisfying tribute. November is simply that interval between colorful and dark December. Then, nearly every year, come a few November days of clear, crisp weather that makes one wonder why November seldom gets its due.

There is the November sky, clean of summer dust, blown clear this day of the urban smog that so often hazes autumn....

There is the touch of November in the air, chill enough to have a slight tang, like properly aged cider. Not air that caresses, nor yet air that nips. Air that makes one breathe deeply and think of spring water and walk briskly.

—Hal Borland

November comes

And November goes,
With the last red berries
And the first white snows.

With night coming early,
And dawn coming late,
And ice in the bucket
And frost by the gate.

The fires burn

And the kettles sing,
And earth sinks to rest
Until next spring.

—Elizabeth Coatsworth

November is usually such a disagreeable month...as if the year had suddenly found out that she was growing old and could do nothing but weep and fret over it. This year is growing old gracefully...just like a stately old lady who knows she can be charming even with gray hair and wrinkles. We've had lovely days and delicious twilights. This last fortnight has been so peaceful.... How quiet the woods are to-day...not a murmur except that soft wind purring in the treetops! It sounds like surf on a faraway shore.

—Lucy Maud
Montgomery

The quiet of October is refreshing
The quiet of November, oppressing

—Terri Guillemets

It is November. The noons are more
laconic and the sundowns sterner.
November always seemed to me
the Norway of the year...

—Emily Dickinson

I love to see the cottage smoke
Curl upwards through the trees,
The pigeons nestled round the cote
On November days like these...

—John Clare

December's wintery breath is already clouding the pond, frosting the pane,
obscuring summer's memory.

--John Geddes

This is November of the hardest kind, bare frozen ground covered with pale brown or straw-colored herbage, a strong, cold, cutting north wind.... This month taxes a walker's resources more than any other.... If you do feel any fire at this season out of doors, you may depend upon it, it is your own.... You can hardly screw up your courage to take a walk when all is thus tightly locked or frozen up, and so little is to be seen in field or wood.... Nature has herself become, like the few fruits she still affords, a very thick-shelled nut with a shrunken meat within. If I find anything to excite a warming thought abroad, it is an agreeable disappointment, for I am obliged to go willfully and against my inclination at first, the prospect looks so barren, so many springs are frozen up, not a flower, perchance, and few birds left, not a companion abroad in all these fields for me. I seem to anticipate a fruitless

walk.... But then I am often unexpectedly compensated, and the thinnest yellow light of November is more warming and exhilarating than any wine they tell of.

—Henry David Thoreau

When dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away;
When short and scant the sun-beam throws,
Upon the weary waste of snows...

—Walter Scott

November's days are thirty:
November's earth is dirty,
Those thirty days, from first to last;
And the prettiest things on ground are the paths....
Few care for the mixture of earth and water,
Twig, leaf, flint, thorn,
Straw, feather, all that men scorn,
Pounded up and sodden by flood,
Condemned as mud.

—Edward Thomas

When I was a kid, Toronto streets were deserted and quiet on Sundays, except for the sound of church bells. I stood on the sidewalk one December listening to the Christmas bells—I've never forgotten that moment.

--John Geddes

The rapid nightfall of mid-December had quite beset the little village as they approached it on soft feet over a first thin fall of powdery snow. Little was visible but squares of a dusky orange-red on either side of the street, where the firelight or lamplight of each cottage overflowed through the casements into the dark world without. Most of the low latticed windows were innocent of blinds, and to the lookers-in from outside, the inmates, gathered round the tea-table, absorbed in handiwork, or talking with laughter and gesture, had each that happy grace which is the last thing the skilled actor shall capture--the natural grace which goes with perfect unconsciousness of observation. Moving at will from one theatre to another, the two spectators, so far from home themselves, had something of wistfulness in their eyes as they watched a cat being stroked, a sleepy child picked up and huddled off to bed, or a tired man stretch and knock out his pipe on the end of a smouldering log.

--Kenneth Grahame

By December an elastic skin of ice reached out hundreds of miles into the sea,
rolling with every wave.

--Will Chancellor

The crisp path through the field in this December snow, in the deep dark, where we
trod the buried grass like ghosts on dry toast.

--Dylan Thomas

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

—Sara Coleridge

A bare tree stands
with roots on both ends
in December days.

—Kiran Bantawa

I heard a bird sing
In the dark of December,
A magical thing,
And sweet to remember:
'We are nearer to spring
Than we were in September.'

—Oliver Herford

I wander forth this chill December dawn:
John Frost and all his elves are out, I see,
As busy as the elfin world can be,
Clothing a world asleep with fleecy lawn.

—Robert Buchanan

The aging process has you firmly in its grasp if you never get the urge to throw a
snowball.

--Doug Larson

Snowstorms may yet whiten fields and gardens, high winds may howl about the
trees and chimneys, but the little blue heralds persistently proclaim from the
orchard and the garden that the spring procession has begun to move.

--Neltje Blanchan

The landscape is barren of objects—the trees being leafless—and so little light in the sky for variety. Such a day as will almost oblige a man to eat his own heart. A day in which you must hold on to life by your teeth. You can hardly ruck up any skin on nature's bones. The sap is down—she won't peel... Truly a hard day, hard times these. Not a mosquito left. Not an insect to hum. Crickets gone into winter quarters. Friends long since gone there—and you left to walk on frozen ground, with your hands in your pockets.

—Henry David Thoreau

It'll be spring soon. And the orchards will be in blossom. And the birds will be nesting in the hazel thicket. And they'll be sowing the summer barley in the lower fields... and eating the first of the strawberries with cream.

—J. R. R. Tolkien

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

—Sara Coleridge

Winter would be pretty scary if snow was black instead.

—Internet Meme

Soon will the winter be on us,
Snow-hushed and heartless.

—Sara Teasdale

Snowflakes are angel kisses that say you're never alone.

—Jane Lee Logan

If you choose not to find joy in the snow, you will have less joy in your life but still the same amount of snow.

—@mindfulfitness

It's like winter is really mad and keeps storming out of the room and then coming back yelling, 'And another thing!'

—Internet Meme