

Four hours

It feels like my whole life could be divided into four hours.

One, taking in the sight of blooming flowers,

The second, breathing deeply in the early morning hours;

In tribute to the morning showers.

Retreating to the third hour, I find that my clothes are wet and soured.

Rain soaked, I find that the sky has turned an ugly lour.

After my fourth hour, I will find solace in heading to my bowers.