

Not  
same as  
Ironic  
version  

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Color-Coded

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Four months the river spreads a wash of gray  
While spackling wrinkled margins winter-dull.  
At last the palette changes, textured schemes  
Of light and hue from April's interplay  
Begin to rearrange and then annul  
The drabness. Passing lightning rips the seams  
In blue, revealing shades of lullabies.  
July is flashed with cubist fireflies.  
A nouveau movement sweeps down from the hill.  
Impressionism blends with chemistry;  
The spectrum's rendered molten in a kiln  
While classicism turns extempore.  
Seurat's staccato stipples chlorophyll;  
Picasso brushes fall's last simile.

--Glenna Holloway