

# ***Plant Cycle***

***By James LaJocies***

***During the Spring  
I come to life,  
While my branches bud forth.***

***Summer arrives and  
I have reached the seasons maturity,  
For all to look upon and admire.***

***But during the Fall,  
The life blood of my limbs is being choked.  
And all who come to see, view in awe.***

***During the Winter,  
I succumb to seasons death.***