

spring equinox

seasonal fruits magazine



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Crisp Morning Warmth

Nikolette Salas

In the crisp morning, the first day of Spring
The sun comes out and shines down,
Warming up all things around.

You are the feeling of warm light that beams
down from heaven itself.

You are pure warmth that melts the sorrowful
cold,
Leaving the Earth to bring in a new birth
once more.

You soften the place that was once frozen
with your touch.

You do the same to my heart, for you are
Spring,
That is never “too much”.

Your Luscious Rose

Nikolette Salas

For a love, who climbed a Rose

Spring is upon me, I bloom once more.

For a lover, I wait for a caring love to find me.

I don't want another bee to come for their fill,

I want to die a rose that was truly loved, her dreams were fulfilled.

I dance in the wind, I dance for you,

Then there you are, you climbed up my stem,

With your hands so poked and bruised.

I will heal you with my love, and no more must I dance alone.

Let my gentle petals caress your sore heart,

And my heart truly shows,
That this love we have, is more than a rose.

Spingtree Glimpsed in Passing Headlights

Devon Neal

is a school of green minnows
darting in some unknown pattern
into the depths of black morning sky.

Springtime on Our Street

Devon Neal

Mrs. Tidwell's house this year
is speckled with white, purple, and pink
primroses
and her mailbox is framed in ruby-red tulips.
She walks the street with tiny dogs like house
slippers,
and the old man, in his grocery-bag skin,
waves from the front porch.

Mrs. Beatrice is out in her teal shorts,
her white hair short and adorned with black
sunglasses.
She defies her age, working down on her
knees,
gloved hands digging into the earth,
planting daffodil and peony alongside the
flagpole

whose ropes in the wind ring like a bell.

The Munson's ATVs are out today,
spattered in mud, squat and roaring in the
gravel,
and Ms. Mayberry's son repairs their fence,
the hammer cracking, the new board a bright
yellow
standing tall alongside sun-faded pastels.

Yards are strewn with bicycles and scooters
like insects, exoskeletons shining in the sun.
The Westboro's new pool pump hums
stubbornly,
stirring a stew of bright blue water
and the scent of powdered chlorine.

Jamie's lawnmower is louder than ours;
it whirs as she drops the blades and spices
the air
with the chopped lawn. Elsewhere, the

rubber punches
of basketballs on asphalt, kids' voices shrill
and shriller still
as the ice cream truck, its melody cracking on
old speakers,
rounds the corner.

In bloom, full bloom

Heloise Flores

Tiny daffodils and *dandelions* slowly grow as snowflakes go.

The goddess of the wind blew clouds away for stars to follow.

Paint me in peace, make way for *spring*.

Let the fairies give life to each growing flower.

Lay me down in the field of petals and dead winter leaves.

Autumn was once a *gothic* spring while winter became a memory.

Sunlit petal blankets remind thee of fairy wings.

Dear fairies, fly me to the unknown of the aurora valleys.

Let me breathe. Let me breathe.

From the blank canvas of old winter snow,

spring gave the lifeless cold a subtle glow.

In bloom, full bloom.

Free from the breeze of the snow queen.

In bloom, full bloom.

Where love has a place to be delivered by a golden fleece.

In bloom, full bloom.

Keep me safe in warmth and comfort.

Where spring lies, I'm free from cruel gray skies.

Once upon a springtime

Heloise Flores

Once upon a *spring*, you were all I could see.
You were *flesh* before you became a memory.
For once in my life, everything felt like
magic.

Tinker Bell must have dropped some fairy
dust made by pink pixies
since you are an unspoken tale of mine, caged
in my world of fiction.

Where the Moon rises, *Peter Pan*, played you
like a fool

but I tried to warn you that he had better
clues.

Captain Hook showed no mercy for someone
like you.

You're just as cunning and playful as his
little goon.

But here I am, trapped with Wendy.

Like any lead of a story, she headed summer while I headed *spring*.

I escaped from the scary forest Alice once hid in.

Upon my arrival, the flower queen prepared a brewed cup of *coffee*.

Mr. Toad and Mrs. Frog surprised me with a tea party.

They welcomed me with open arms, but I searched for you in the swarm.

Further, *we went*, those tiny bees tried to sting me until I fed them their own honey.

The sweet glorious blossom came to an end.

Tell me why you brought me here in the first place if you wouldn't give me a happy ending?

This story ends with the heroine finding her way back home and thinking about where you have gone.

In springtime, I yearn no more for your presence, for you're just an epic created for this written poem.

Slow Moving River Season

Ryann Holland

I was sent a letter and I recognized her
handwriting immediately
Does that place inside you still wait for me?
and it smelled just like her, too
cinnamon and oranges and grass
and something warm and animalic
it couldn't have been that long if I can
picture
her image wrapped in sheets and sun so
perfectly
of course that place still waits
and I've felt her all along
the way alligators feel vibrations in their
entire body
when living things move in murky waters
how long have I clung to the vision of
baptism

the cleansing that she gives
the only kind that comes from getting
filthy in the rain and mud

since then I've been untangling all my
overgrown roots
with my own hands
digging up all the underground vegetables
washing them clean and boiling them soft
I've been cooking in the kitchen every day
paying attention to the trees and
rejoicing in the smell of my body that comes
up
when I take my clothes off
just like she did

been learning to protect my home with my
body
from hurricanes and angry sea gods
like swamp water does
the kind of protection that deserves offerings
which I give my body generously

I have ventured inland
grown accustomed to the changing landscape
and with every new encounter and trail
marker

I've carried that place that waits for her
held my breath there and kept it clean,
waiting

thank the gods in the morning
that the slow moving river season is ending
and so soon my love will be back
when the river takes its turn running fast
she's never seen the river move so fast

A Walk in the Park

Claudia Wysocky

They said it would be easy,
a simple walk in the park.

But I knew better,
with each step came a pounding in my head,
a weight around my arms,
a vice around my throat.

I couldn't keep going,
but I had to,
forced to press on,
choking on the heaviness that dragged me
down.

The final ascent seemed insurmountable,
the end a distant dream,
but I fought for each breath,

clutching at each haggard breath,
ignoring the whispers of failure,
trusting in the echoes of triumph within me.

I was close, so close,
my goal within reach,

Until—

“Lovely day in the park, isn’t it?”

Yes, it was,

I am most definitely in a park on a lovely,
sunny day,

with flowers blooming all around me,

birds singing and children laughing,

and a soft, cool breeze washing over my skin,

And—

“A death walk? Haha, how ironic.”

The echoes fade,
and I am left standing,
alone, in the park,
breathing deep and laughing,
in the quiet moments—
the moments of peace and clarity,
those that I fight for,
but I am alive,
breathing,

and maybe—

maybe—

I should just enjoy it,

My little walk in the park.

Océane, ma jaune

Emilie Haakansson

The first time we met,
was a day of early spring.
I felt your warmth
and saw your yellow.

I would later tell you
what I had seen
and you would reply
'I don't even like yellow'.

A few years of yellow,
taught me that
you aren't just yellow.
You are the sun.
I know this
because I am the moon.

Every night
before I go to sleep
you touch my heart
lighting it up.

From a distance
I glare at you
and you at me.
Forevermore,
in a symbiotic energy.

As if it seems

Irina Tall

As if it seems like a shadow
Sliding through buildings
like a squirrel jumps onto your hand,
Left, always left
And stops
Right at the heart, intercepting
breathing, wanting to become alive...
Only Wood, with hollows
on green bark
Plowed by time
It remains to be seen
to my quick death
Touching your fingertips
Soft unripe leaves...

The Seasonal Cycle of Emotions

Dru Marie

Spring

When we wake from the depths of our winter
depression

When the snow falls dripping from our eyes
defrost into rain

Letting our tears fall to nourish our world of
ambition

"Turn that pain into power" they said

"Gladly" is the response

You use that sadness, that heartbreak to
write

To give birth to great valleys of calm and
fields of wheat that fuel our summer feast

They laugh and cheer with you in the summer
of celebration

Before you realize that you need to clear the
remnants of your sadness

To do this you light great fires that stain the
leaves of the trees red

You set fires to clear the brush of lingering
sadness, making way for the happiness of the
sun

"You guys don't understand, with this fire
the soil of my paper will get the nutrients it
never had"

When they leave you create blizzards of
agony over your lost friends But remember
that advice

"Turn that pain into power" and start again

This time you sprout forests of

accomplishments, great mountains of victory

And they come back again "You drove me to

my worst, you can't have me at my best"

Daisies

Lily Thomson

'She loves me
She loves me not'
I pluck and whisper
To the daisies
Do they hear me?

Do they feel it
As I weave their stems together
And place them in a garland
Upon my head?

Do they feel my gentle
Breath as I take in their
Soft scent?

Do they notice when I stop
To look at them

Bright and blooming?

Do they sense my silent

Thank you

For making this

World a little brighter?

spring

Jedidiah Vinzon

here comes the dance of the flies
parading about the windowpane
when the blinds are lifted up:

spring, they spring to song
before bumbling between buzz and jazz
syncopated scatting, improvised rhythm

break into applause when sun grazes,
glazes the blue cream with its scream
between 380 and 700 trillion Hertz:

deafened eyes and blind ears
yet no reported cases – how vile of
earth to bury the dead before

vulture could thank god for her meal?

how cruel of cloud to roll itself into
the carpet for the stubborn sister

summer? i can hear the swimming
of children reaching for water but
drinking the air by moontide

pleading in the starlight: why bother
god when space is colder already?
so rain is heaven reaching down

to tell the children their prayers
cannot be heard: so here is water
instead, that you might live.

to the grass flower

Jedidiah Vinzon

flower of the grass
hidden in the green
gardens are jealous
of your secret smile.
the proud pretty roses
& loud lavish lavenders
sparkle as stars
on the dew of the earth.

even in morning light
your sheepish gaze
taunts in the shadows
of your beckoning arms
like the sensual eyes
of a lover enthralled
by the music of the rain.

i hear the patter
of your dancing prancing
on your skin. gently
fondling your shoulders.
as a kiss on your lips
blown past the skirt
of your bloom.

i see you
flower of the grass
hidden in the green
gardens. i am
jealous of your
secret smile.

quiet is the night

Jedidiah Vinzon

i

quiet is the night.
hushed are the fallen leaves.
still is the canvas
whispered only by the clouds:
yesternight's slumbering friend.

ii

sleep now in my care.
rocked along the river beds.
wipe away your tears
and give them to the water.
be still. the night is quiet.

spring blindness

Daria Krol

Spring came back but the garden remained hopeless. You poured libations with your lime juice and watered the seeds with your hair. The trellis was infertile. Or was it the

soil, that was too harsh? You prayed to Him for a sunflower or a dandelion. You thought that maybe He wasn't your biggest fan. In fact, He seems to actively despise you, so

you stopped that altogether. If you had kept a plant diary, maybe you would know how to grow things. Friends from home frown and say the drought won't last forever. They

do not know there has been rain every day for the past four months and two weeks. You

lack the ability to move on. Everyone tells you that you need to just move on. How does one move on from what you have seen? How does one surpass the tempest growling in your palms? You have no answer. You do not do anything at all. When the weeds swallow the dirt, you think, hey, at least something is growing. Late at night, they will open and become luminescent; they will transcend dawn and dusk, they will become the night sky itself, and you will not see it. You will wake with drool plastered to your chin and you will see the pests scattered in your patch and you will leave them there to sing –

Natural Chime

Brandon Shane

A warm day-- and my dog is playing fetch
with the ghosts of our buried friends;
gusts from the mountain top return
with lost buds and hints of rain,
and we sit on the patio,
remembering those months in Poland,
artisan villages in France, where
fields of wheat bend like catapults,
and spring during the day.

I'm searching for something more
than hanging pots, but natural gardens,
wildflowers with a smudged lipstick gaze
wondering why we try so hard; cottages
invaded by armies of dandelions,
trucks' decades gone
but the aching farmer finds ways

to keep a rusty engine running.

Hiking towards a river only ever heard,
surrounded by sunflowers, elderberries,
the music of bluebirds on burnt wood,

frogs jubilant in their stagnant ponds,
a cadence eons in training,
effortless & still.

Ashen Words

Daniel Lockeridge

I love you amid the ashen fall of pine
and the curious streetlights of nightlife
landscapes whose heartbeats you eclipse
while Midnight wheels in her grand piano.

The keys settle upon the missing waters
as I misplace reverence, and hasten to hold
stained glass cheeks in masses
amid the rain of ripe dependence.

I pretend to wish I loved you with less,
like the firefly sun does the milky way,
or the sea does the moon's historic vintage;

but I will love you with the fervour of
wonder till I can be sure of your spring-
eternity, till life knows not the spontaneity of

its sonnets.

Insomnia

Daniel Lockeridge

Butterfly wings are wind chimes in loss,
shaped cerulean, forest-light, between
the hair strands upon the amethyst
beaches and beams and cornices of streetlight
lined up for miles, like lilies tossed into the
waves

of chime so distant they may as well be a
polite kiss.

Insomnia, the artist when the day is so
youthful

that her gossamer guitar strings break under
her sunbeams

of star. Of star, the woman dreams, paints,
the girl

with a spider on her hand of pillow housing
daybreak—

the spider crimson as the blue heart by the

fire,

crawling out of wishes winged, spring, fate.

Crimson as the star, as a dream written in
flame,

insomnia gives a mental smile, at her hand
while it flutters by,

bouncing on the wind as though being flown
from a car.

Where is she? In peace, or in the foetal
position of a poppy?

She's on the edge, like a nimbus that loves
unconditionally;

she's a storm of lightness who hits herself like
a pillow.

Insomnia, artist of the ultramarine stationary
dance;

spring sleeptalker leaving shadows in the
cloudland;

summer sleepwalker leaving sand-prints at
the feet

of the mountains of coursing places, her own

face,

which is translucent as the sky when she

kisses it

and mixes it into the purple of her spring-

bitten hand.

In Nature Happy to Lie

Daniel Lockeridge

As if living like the very bed of rest,
my daydream holds hands with the fog
and pulls it into the wildflowers,
so it may tumble—of itself—
through the tubular, the bells, the trumpets,
to settle in the valleys that pull on the
coverings
of the mountain I don't want to give up.
Like the clouds that veil, I fight as though
asleep,
like a sole conifer waving away the bee
that tries to reach the nectary of the peak.
O tell me I'm not wasting time as I open my
eyes
to the nettle clouds that tell me these days
will create—
in a nature happy to lie—the desire to want

to travel

on opening eyelids sad as foot soles.

mallard song

Raphaela Pavlakos

there is a duck-couple that live
in the forest, behind my house
i have watched them for years
watched their soft feathers turn
green and brown, in spring

the sloping grade that that runs
parallel, between footpath and forest floor
floods each March, with the detritus of
winter snow, they splash

in the small pool that gathers, swim
small circles that ripple like echoes
seizing this temporary gift
given gently by Spring; it's in a duck's nature
they never squander small mercies

when frost comes first, then every night
they are gone, flown elsewhere
i wish them warm dreams in winter

but i know they will be back,
i have known it every year, since
they always come back,
another duckling tucked in their downy
wings

first note of Spring

Raphaela Pavlakos

Winter lifts a fist letting Spring unfurl pale
wings

a swallow cuts the last March morning in
half,

meltwater braiding itself in gullies

borne on concrete paths to half-frozen gutters

an April rain haunts the atmosphere

building pressure like a promise

it will come in sheets, then stand in the drain

where yellow pollen will float like sailboats

the first note of Spring is sung

red-winged blackbird spills water from its
beak

it sounds like song, the flash of gold

between white birch boles is just another

finch

searching for home amongst the worms

that congregate on swollen sidewalks

In March

Madisen Bellon

eastern towhees, black-masked
orange speckled, so curious
rustles some plant-down, hungry
for fallen seeds or berries

drink your tea, drink your tea

the knock-out roses are prickled
with baby buds and maroon leaves
irises have popped from the ground
yellow and white daffodils coincide
with lavender lilacs and columbine

spring-sky is painted baby blue
brushed with stray clouds, tulips
freckled red and pink between lilacs
and white hyacinths, the towhee calls

drink your tea, drink your tea

alone but growing

Nikita Sathiya

alone, yet everlasting
through earthquakes, waves, and interactions
the lone cypress tree shows compassion
as her roots grow deeper
she withstands high winds and heavy rainfall
over 250 years of survival on a cliff
many admire her beauty from afar
but truly her strength is most admirable of all

Buds

EJ Rivers

Everybody
talks about New Year's resolutions,
but nobody
talks about when the earth
thaws and the winter wind
whispering threats
through each stitch
in toques
turns into a breeze
that gives warm hugs
under the spring sun.

Buds
on the cherry blossoms
bloom, sweet like nectarines.
The pink petals
will soon come to celebrate the flora

and its
rejuvenation.

Greetings

Nevaeh Phillips

I've painted the sky

I've heard birds sing to you

Greetings from springtime

The Coming of Spring

N.A Kimber

I crave the softness of the thaw;
the sweet moment as frost gives way
just before the Earth wakes up.

Spring is too busy
making up for lost time.

But when she is first waking up;
as ancient Winter finally finds his rest,
the world is softer
for the dampness of it.

Nothing is too much
and I am grateful for each first touch
of warmth, of life,
of the chance that Spring
might calm my strife.

As the snow melts away,
it feeds the coming blooms,
making beds from which they will rise.

And I can finally breathe again,
shed my heart of its bitter disguise.
Feel the weight come off my chest
as I join drawn out Winter
for a well-earned rest.