

Compare and contrast



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Compare and contrast Spring and Fall There is a certain charm and quality to a Spring day that is missing from the season of Fall. There is the feeling of lightness and life during the months of spring, it is apparent in the scent of lilacs and can be seen in the myriad of flowers coming into bloom and plants putting on their verdant dresses of green. The warmth in the air is tempered occasionally by a cooling breeze and the sounds of birds singing their songs of creation abound. Even the word “ Spring” has a sense of liveliness, energy and effervescence. Phrases like “ Spring Ahead” come to mind as positive reinforcements of this season.

The word “ Fall” on the other hand (need I say more), connotes perhaps a “ Fall from Grace.” This season reminds one primarily of old age, rot and decay. The scent in the air is of aging pines and burning autumn leaves damp with the cold feeling of a tomb. That same cold rainy dampness often creates an ache in the body that hints at mortality. Yes, there is a time of vibrant colors, leaves turning crimson and gold, but they soon fall to the ground wither and brown. While it is true that the blooms of flowers in spring also fade, they do so in a much more graceful way. Petal by petal fall and decorate the landscape, and just as suddenly they simply vanish. Leaves, on the other hand, have to be gathered up or they simply decompose and decay where they are.

For me it seems that the world waits for spring to arrive. Winter is a time of rest and as the spring thaws surfaces, life begins again. Spring is a season of renewal and rebirth, which never comes early enough and can never outstay its welcome. It has often been said that Spring comes in on the wings of robins. The appearance of robin redbreast is the announcement that winter is over and Spring has come to stay. All the birds follow suit after that,
<https://assignbuster.com/compare-contrast-compare-and-contrast-essay-samples/>

cardinals, blue jays, goldfinch and all seem to come out of nowhere and into the here and now. Spring itself seems to magically appear. One day there is only the hint of enclosed blossoms on the Cherry trees and the next day spring seems to be in full bloom.

Fall seems to be the season of the crow. The loud “caw-caw-caw” of this ravenous raven seems to echo through the woods and streets and towns in falls. Cemeteries look appropriately adorned with brown fall leaves blowing about and leafless desolate trees whose empty branches whip in the wind. The crows perch on the limbs in an attempt to replace the missing leaves and dot the trees with their dower countenances. Fall, like the crow, seems to sneak up on you, quietly at first and then “caw-caw-caw,” it startles you with its damp cold presence. While the breeze of spring comes as a sweet kiss on the cheek, fall is more like a slap in the face.

Spring surges into summer and leaves its presence known in the lush green of the trees and the grasses. The heat of summer sun seems to finely brew what is left of spring into an elixir of life that grows and matures over the season. Unhappily at some point the sun begins to pull back and while the air seems cool, there is still some fire in it and the leaves begin to change and smell of wet smoke pervades the air. Fall returns to churn all the good work that spring has done into a compost heap of despair. Carved pumpkins appear and seem to laugh at the damage fall has done to the season of life that has come and gone. Finally Fall is absorbed into the winds of winter and the world is again at rest. Fear not for the cycle continues. As Shelly has said in his Ode to the West Wind, “The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind, / If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?”