



wild, the larkspur intones
gold of a daisy gaiety
upon the tails of midsummer
winds, eager for today's treasure
and a next thrill

see, when from fast and loose
forward she soars, searching
the old growth sober through
fields far-flung and
sown, afresh, the world feels
its young again

watch, now how they wake: on
dewy curls with welcome,
their scent and color cast
wide for the sunbird's flight,
which drifts beneath a breathing sky
as the lea shines
light with her step

hark, how the branches sing
their rounds, tracing a melody
which weaves and bounds about
a wood blessed by her bracing touch;
to catch a glimpse is bliss enough,
resound of it
to learn to love

life, on high and below,
rosy still as giving grace meets
its given end, when in
time she takes to rest, soft
upon a bed of dear
friends and posies

rest, even with kisses latent
like mint blossoms: a fawn over
the little leaf, a wash of sun
cleaves the forest curtain;

would it not be remiss
to forget these gifts
on your journeys?