

I Remember...A Summer's Day

Like Monet's haystacks
the clouds can change...
like a painter's palette.

Spring rains awaken
dormant growths.
Perennials yawn and perk up
once again.
Annuals smile and sprout
with a newcomer's enthusiasm.

We are all reborn...

The humid heat
creates a haze
that hangs in the air
through July's days.

The azure skies
don't hold a cloud.
We slow our pace
and laugh out loud.
We are all relaxed...

Then moisture moves in
sporadically
with staccato blasts
of lightning and thunder.

Serene pristine skies
will move asunder
to August's asymmetry
and a beauty all their own.

We are all restored...

The air is cooling down
and the days becoming shorter.
We will pack our bags
and our memories
in very short order...

and return to other

routines and rituals,
while we hold the summer calm
as a reservoir
to use as soothing balm
for other times.

We are all reprieved.