

late summer

heat is not my friend
I'll seek out shade
swim in cool pools
and rise early
to greet the best
of the day

later I'll linger
longer than I should
tempted by evening's
gentle light

who isn't charmed
by a wild flower meadow
oxeye daisies stand tall
battered poppies
brave the wind
crane's-bill and bindweed
line the lanes

the air belongs
to the butterflies
bees are busy working
squirrels forage and feast
no pine cone is safe

children abandon clothes
and we look on
wistful and wanting
remembering long summers
of our youth

linen feels best
against sticky skin
I finally embrace
the summer dress

a sure sign
I'm mellowing
in the autumn of my days

pretty dresses worn
with comfort and joy
for rich is the harvest
of my gathered years