

Eternal Summer

High summer in Vermont,
trees are a thick collage
of green as far as the eye can
see... stout plump firs,
shaggy hemlocks,
virile oaks, and
maples dreaming of
flaunting their flaming
red and orange leaves.

Purple cone flowers,
succulent yellow
coltsfoot, red bee balm
that invites
the hummingbirds,
tiger lilies
voluptuous
in orange and
lavender irises
are summer's bouquet.

By the green murky pond
a bower of willows
lean together and their
supple tendril fingers
meet like folded hands
in prayer. I float on
my back, arms spread
wide, adrift, as the
pearlescent clouds and
the pale indigo sky
parts wide. I am a

seed floating
inconsequentially on
the water, more thoroughly
anointed than John the Baptist.

