Oh summer, you are so sly, slipping in unseen, penetrating like water or air, hiding behind birdsong, in the bare lift of the spider’s leg, in her drifting wind-blown web.

Your announcement is none at all, your arrival your Presence, full and undeniable.

We wonder in amazement, eyes blinded by the mid-day sun, blanketed by the moon and stars at night—

We have arrived, we realize. We have fulfilled the deep unspoken promise. And we will be green and gold as we are now bright heat and flowing water.

We will be bare limbs and white ice, snow-drift and first flower, spring thaw and summer heat. Every change is ours, and we sleep in peace.

But today we wear a flowered-crown; today, we are Summer.