



O h 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.