Solstice

Gary D. Rhodes

Sweet, moist,
at dawning.

Bird's eye view,
after
bird's eye
slowly opens.

Brisk
new world
teeming,
oblivious to
winter past.

Warmth,
losing its chill.
Clock hands,
clamoring for
midday.

Summer,
a blade of grass
that should
never be cut.

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