

AN ODE TO SUMMER

What is the color
of my skin?

It is its color
in the depths of summer
bronzen shades
of soldiers' blades
or orange fuzzy peaches
on trees beside the beaches

Any other time
my skin's a slime
not truly me
and never as I dream

When I am pale
life is stale
when the shining sun is gone
my mind must wander on

Summer's the time to savor
all other time to labor

Into autumn I can last
still feeling traces of the past

But when winter comes
I am done
wishing for the sun

Re-enter spring
then I will sing
preparing for my royal color
buried joy to rediscover

Each season's sacred for one who's wise
but wisdom's not my enterprise

Give me endless summer!