

Summer in a jar

Summer Elegy

Do not leave me summer!

One last cigarette do share with me

On the ivy-covered balcony

Under Tuscan sun.

Stay awhile, dear summer!

One last cup of wine do drink to me

Remnant of the joys of Sicily

And of Tuscan Sun.

Your dress, wrought of laburnum, I'll remember,

Your tresses wreathed with laurel and lavender,

The ringing laughter and the flowing song,

The reign of Summer under Tuscan sun.

Bumblebee's Bale

Mayday! Mayday!

Sunrays and butterflies in distress,

e'en the birds are quite alarmed –

A Black Hawk's down,

Overwhelmed by greedy overload -

Just one more, one flower more it thought

And like a drunkard dancing in the streets it hovered on:

Fierce nemesis to fragile tapestry

Wrought in endless hours' work

By a little weaver's widow.

Summer in a jar

Seclusion

In the garden of thought I gather roses
To crown the day with a wreath
Sometimes to the edges I'd wander
And cast a glance beyond.

I am not prone to leave
This sealed and hidden pleasure;
My blossoms do not wither
My summer does not fade -

In the garden of thought I walk alone
For not a soul will join my bliss
They prefer the field of prose,
The wastelands of profanity.

I wish that you would leave their realm
And wander here with me
Until eternal winds would take
Us to some foreign sea.

Thinking of Ophelia in a summer night

Wreathed with starlight and in silver clad
Jasmine-scented night is now descending
The willow wants to kiss the pond good-night –
With gentle sighs the boughs are slowly bending.
Down to where the water lilies sleep
a palace made of crystal in the deep.

Summer in a jar

Blueberry Serenade

In the blueberries we met

Some hot and idle day;

We did not do- what poets say-

Is most inevitable:

No meeting of red lips,

The greedy force of round, ripe fruit:

Indeed we're neither shy nor prude,

But reasonable: Ants are legion

And they do not care a straw

'bout love or poetry.

In prosaic stoicism

We caught summer in a jar instead.