

Summer Sonnet

A winter heart knows how to sleep away
the Hunger Moon and all her wolf-cub stars;
Knows how to shut; knows how to take the day
in snow-brief bursts, then huddle to the hearth.

A heart of spring is stumble-soft and searching,
like velvet face of deer among the ferns
or tiny frogs in melted pools, just bursting
with "where are you?"-songs. A spring heart trips and yearns.

But summer? Ah, midsummer's heart's a mess
of rampant blooms: a peony weighed down
with bees, a garden wild with fragrance
a lawn all drenched in dandelion suns.

Give me a summer heart: that brave, that river wide!
Make this the longest day - nowhere to hide.

-Poornima Kirby