



Summer

The air speaks so coldly,
of change up ahead.
Darkness is coming,
cold air creeping in.
Summer is leaving me,
though I beg her to stay.
More time I do need,
for the warmth she gives free.
"You are good for my soul,"
earnestly I declare.
Sunshine and growth,
late evenings of bliss.
"Please don't leave me my dear.
I need you right here."

Softly in my ear,
I heard her whisper my name.
Promises she did make,
for me to surely hear.
"I shall caress your soft skin
with my gentle warm touch.
I shall dance 'round you barefoot
beneath the moon light.
We shall walk by the ocean,
read poems in the sand.
See all of the beauty,
all around us, alone.
Though I must go now,
Please know this much too ...
I see you, I love you,
I really really do.
But wait my dear wait...
why don't you come with me?
Hand in hand together...
ahead, we could go!"

My heart leapt with joy,
delight and excite.
No more dark,
no more cold,
no more long nights alone.
"Yes, summer, yes!
Let us go now ahead!
I need you,
I love you.
Your warmth,
your great light,
your heart and your might.
I want you for always,
my lovely sunlight."

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