

Summer Rain

by fray Tuesday, Apr 13 2010, 11:32am

international / prose/poetry / literature



who would you
deceive
speaking winter
with summer eyes?

stringed instruments
resonate on the wind
yet ur voice intones
cool ice and snow.

should I respond to the flame
in ur eyes that speak honestly
to mine
or allow ice to imprison u
in a perpetual winter
of your own making?

melancholia is a poor companion
better to break free
and emerge naked
in the warm summer sun

some things we must do ourselves
with abandon
without expectations

hearts engage
easily while words
measure acceptable distances

culture is a perverse

measure
why would u allow it
to narrow
ur options?

time is on no one's side
it makes short work of
all our lives;

is it not preferable to follow the heart
and its natural inclination to joy
rather than the head
in matters of love?

a summer rain,

rainbow
arches
across the sky.

 [The Air that I Breathe -- The Hollies](#)

 [You were on my Mind -- Crispian St Peters](#)

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-1947.html>