



Sun

Life giving all powerful one,
Light bringer to herald sweet dawn,
The father, the sun of heaven,
The name for god in countless tongues,
Cue's taken from our time keeper,
The husband to mother nature,
Our world with him at the centre,
Summer's king, winter's vanquisher,
At mercy to waning power,
Absence to be soothed by fire,
Battling war waging weather,
Ever coming out the better,
Relief given by the shade of trees,
Sweat covered in the days of heat,
Muse to smiles and fine memories,
Beauty that feeds the days to be.

Dawn

Day was destroyed but now reborn,
Cold will gradually become warm,
Dew and wind act to cool skin,
Eyes wake as skies lighten,
Set to a chorus of birdsong,
Day appears on the horizon,
Calm's frail till the clamour's begun,
The child of dawn waits to be born,
Sky's filled with pastel blues and reds,
Darkness is again defeated,
A shy sun's might barely withheld,
An outcome which clockwork foretold,
Morning light bleeds past the eyelid,
Tentative steps are made while tired,
Thoughts refill a haze filled mind,
The dreamland to be left behind.

Twilight

Day was set aside from the night,
Owing to the creator's might,
The artist's blue hour of light,
Makes many a magical sight,
As the bleak darkness becomes due,
It edges its way into view,
There's a rich and rarely seen blue,
An almost impossible hue,
The sky enters a splintered state,
Whenever the hour gets late,
Then yet again after a wait,
We see a wiping of the slate,
Each night sight of the scene is caught,
Beauty is found that's often sought,
And though the time it lasts is short,
It turns out better than one thought.

Dusk

Our fatigue subtly sets in,
Rest and all of her charms beckon,
Darkness is destined to ascend,
The light bringer will come again,
Day almost played out to her end,
Beaten down by the hour hand,
Beauty's shadowed with all darkened,
The curtain's called across the land,
An encore is not to be played,
Left with the darkness we've to brave,
As it was, just hidden by change,
No longer do scenes look the same,
My pleasant green land turned away,
The shame of such beauty in shade,
Facing west with goodbyes to say,
Never to be caught running late.

Moon

A queen that's married to the night,
With skills to paint us fateful signs,
Dancing to the slow march of time,
Providing comfort as she shines,
Queen of the night time canopy,
The darkness' gifted relief,
An all lit up goddess divine,
Mirroring the sun's majesty,
A co-director of nature,
Inseparable from her sister,
Clockwork movements in the ether,
Within the celestial sphere,
Readying as darkness draws near,
Yielding ill understood power,
Rising as we start to tire,
Taking the role of protector.



Autumn

A fruit tree stole light from the sun, and thus it soon became renowned, of its fruits was a sweetest one, which had no rival to be found. It became the sweetest girl known, once it had fallen to the ground. The girl was sadly all alone, but soon learnt to shine on her own. With an allure that was immense, the girl could steal hearts with a glance. Her siren call was so intense, it could dangerously entrance. Though most did love her elegance, and would praise her at every chance, one didn't like her brilliance, because it caused much annoyance.

The sun envied the girl's beauty, for reasons that were plain to see, which made him slip in his duty, as he had angst he wished to free. The maiden had a fine physique,

and that all on earth did agree. With attention she didn't seek, the sun's prominence passed its peak. The blow dealt unto the sun's pride, compelled him to act out of spite. Till the point he was satisfied, he held back some life giving light, As the girl's looks were so sublime, none saw the sun exert his might, and so with the passing of time, there was a stark change in the climb.

The sun's actions spurred a great change, which quickly caused many dismay. The world gradually became strange, as life slowly withered away. Nature bore incredible strain, as the sun had shortened the day. People found it hard to explain, and it nigh pointless to complain. Concern inevitably spread, so people turned to gods to plead, then sought to take action instead. Sadly no course could be agreed. With panic some were driven mad, as they couldn't plant what they'd need, while trees lost the leaves they once had, which made one especially sad.

The maiden felt a great heartache, when she saw that the trees were sick, so prayed for a cure she could make, prior to turning to magic. The young maiden set off to work, and made certain to do so quick. It was a task she couldn't shirk, though the sun she was sure to irk. The maiden read aloud a charm, which she had learnt within a dream. She wished to save the trees from harm, however she failed in her scheme. With colour withered leaves did bloom, 'twas all that happened it did seem. The trees still faced what seemed like doom, all was grave as folk did assume.

With words the sun couldn't ignore, he was blamed for what did occur. With a stance the noble deplore, much hatred the sun did incur. The girl laid all emotions bare,

and though the sun was moved by her, he merely looked on with a glare, as though he did not even care. With a proposal that seemed grim, the sun said he'd fix what he did, though only if the girl wed him, she agreed and hid her hatred. Once the girl had vowed to commit, she became the sun's beloved. Due to what marriage does permit, the couple soon got intimate.

The couple's love went up in smoke, owing to the sun's intense glow. Burning flesh caused the girl to choke, and the sun to feel grave sorrow. For the maiden there was no hope, so from life she in time let go. With her death the sun couldn't cope, so he would simply grieve and mope. Within the air blew a grave chill, for news of the girl's death moved all. Nature's plight seemed desperater still, for chances of saviour were small. A haunting unspoken farewell, makes it hard for one to stand tall. In the present loss spurs a hell, but heartache is time's to dispel.

Chasing Sunlight

Ever too soon the sunlight goes,
While up in the sky Virgo shows,
Harsh false light will be all we'll know,
As the march of autumn shan't slow,
Tiring so as to relax,
A perfect picture soon shows cracks,
So few sand grains till blue turns black,
Then an age till the sky's won back,
As the year becomes short of days,
Evenings are lit by a brief haze,
There's but so few days that aren't grey,
We're to enjoy those that we may,
Lush grass and sunshine as a muse,
It's something that's so sad to lose,
For from such beauty one takes cue,
Once gone you know its true value.

Autumn Evenings

The crunch from a carpet of leaves,
Haunts steps while canopied by trees,
A refreshing easterly breeze,
Gently whipping up memories,
As chills strive to sink their way in,
Thoughts turn to the warmth that's waiting,
Days where the sun has reign have been,
Now on we see darkness growing,
In those dying moments of day,
We'll pray to in the moment stay,
Breathing nature's scents of decay,
Woollen garments keeps cold at bay,
Regrets not coupled with what's been,
While caught up in what is passing,
Though these days may warm one within,
A fire shall begin beckoning.

Bonfires

From beckoning to threatening,
Changes with changes of the wind,
Bellow where Roman icons reign,
A struggle to force chaos tame,
Wakefires see the night fear defeat,
Chills are so quick to turn to sweat,
Violent flames spit where we sit,
Sun caught, captured and then relit,
Smoke and flame embraced in a dance,
Sat centre stage to a drunken song,
Verve that strives to make it to dawn,
Nothing but embers come the morn,
Past midnight slowly in retreat,
Sway of flames to keep at bay sleep,
A comfort, a blistering heat,
A hunger that's too great to meet.

Autumnal Equinox

It's clear that change is on its way,
For it's seen that light has less sway,
So darkness can't be kept at bay,
And stopped from eroding the day
Darkness fights so to reign the sky,
Poised against light it draws a tie,
Which simply does not satisfy,
But balance shifts as time goes by,
The change can be felt in the air,
A change that will soon make trees bare,
A change through which it's hard to fare,
As its effects show everywhere,
The day becomes perfectly split,
Half is dark and the other lit,
The clockwork of nature bids it,
It's what mother nature sees fit.

Falling Leaves

Nature's pride now left sun deprived,
Still on display while dead inside,
Battered by the change in the wind,
Time gets called at the summer's end,
Every gust leaves, leaves sky scattered,
Mosaics now litter the ground,
Footsteps paired with crunching sounds,
The scents of decay are abound,
Lifelines degraded to tethers,
Holding firm but yet soon blown loose,
Taken and gone with the next gust,
The gods are becoming restless,
Trees blush showing their nakedness,
Beauty amid coming harshness,
An unsung selfless sacrifice,
Frees the scarce light in northern skies.

First Frost

A creeping cold we're to behold,
Coaxes kingdoms into its fold,
A cruel crusader from the north,
Seems ever to make its way forth,
While Jack Frost's coming is fabled,
One woes over what it'll herald,
Early is already too late,
The warmth of day is made to wait,
Bitter from loss seasons before,
Now readying to wage a war,
With the change brought by the first frost,
The charms of autumn soon are lost,
It seems winter's march shall not cease,
The chill in the air shan't decrease,
Ground is covered with crystal dew,
That's lost when the day's sunlight's due.

Migration

Leaving behind the bitter storms,
Passing the winter where it's warm,
Off to climbs that have nicer charms,
Braving risks of coming to harm,
Ready when again gathered with kin,
Safety in the numbers they're in,
To havens in which months they'll spend,
Returning at the season's end,
In time together they take flight,
As a formation in the skies,
Heading south so to leave this isle,
With the wet and cold left behind,
Having found the shores that they seek,
Claims are made for sanctuary,
Sights of them will be missed from here,
Months pass till they're to reappear.



Winter

The sun was overwhelmed by woe, for reasons that were unknown. Soon all else was saddened also, except one with a heart of stone. All manners of things in time froze, leaving a cold maiden alone. No other life would she have chose, for 'twas the only one she knows. The chill might have spawned from a touch, one that had been made by a witch, or one who hadn't felt love much, it doesn't really matter which. Once you've what was once out of reach, even with little you are rich. The maiden gained peace few could breach, while to none having to beseech.

The world was the maiden's to claim, and she took it without delay. Things would remain how they became, as

long as she could have her way. The maiden sang in her fine range, and wrote sonnets throughout the day, as she loved how the world was strange, but soon there was to be a change. The cold weather started to calm, as the sun broke free from its gloom. The world gained some of its old charm, so tempting life to again bloom. The maiden thought it a bad dream, she wanted the cold to resume. After having thought up a scheme, she sought to lessen the sun's gleam.

After the right texts were read, the maiden gained powers that few had. Some invocations were then said, so that the world became snow clad. Life was unable to pervade. No longer was the maiden sad, as the sun's might began to fade, due to the changes made. The sun's light was reflected back, making sure the world remained dark. The sun made a counter attack, but it deserves little remark. Things looked to be ever more bleak, while the maiden was free to lark, because of all that she did wreak, the sun became depressed and weak.

The might of the chill was upheld, precisely as had been fabled. Its cruel grip was unparalleled, there was slim chance hope would be herald. None could make the maiden less cold, and she wouldn't bow till humbled, but that event was not foretold, and so that no one would behold. The frozen landscape would glisten, so that beauty would be abound, tears and smiles form in unison, to help prevent one feeling down. The maiden seemed content alone, She would dance and never frown. Change came while seeds of time were sown, for she'd spent too long on her own.

The maiden's life had a defect, for there was one thing she lacked, she was haunted as an effect. With another

she craved contact. Due to what a thirst can inflict, the maiden was compelled to act. She had yearnings like an addict, for a love would make her perfect. The maiden's quest started with zeal, as she was hopeful she'd succeed, but it proved to be an ordeal. It was a gruelling task indeed. The maiden yielded to defeat, and then tried to forget her need, since there wasn't a love to meet, for life is sometimes bittersweet.

Touching herself till comforted, killed the maiden's feelings within, but she regretted what she did, for it proved to be her ruin. The maiden soon felt discomfort, and froze due to touching her skin. It was a mistake she would admit, for on her, her life in time quit. The world was the maiden's no more, and within it little did stir, since it was so harsh and raw, and change seemed doubtful to occur. The maiden stayed locked in despair, all because love weren't meant for her. So have a heart with which to care, to shake a life that's hard to bear.

First Snow

Days become increasingly cold,
As the winter gains a stronghold,
With winds cloud cover is revealed,
With hopes a snowfall it will yield,
Excitement grows as it once would,
We recall memories from childhood,
And relive those larkish things we did,
Deep down we are still that same kid,
Snowflakes gently float to the ground,
First there's few then they're all around,
A just formed winter wonderland,
That we experience firsthand,
A coating of snow is gently laid,
And soon beautiful scenes are made,
Through virgin snow eager to tread,
As by our inner-child we're led.

Bare Trees

Fracture lines cut in a bleak sky,
Stripped bare across the countryside,
Shadows of what they used to be,
Silhouetted so beautifully,
No more a haven to make a home,
Fragile looking veins are exposed,
Sun bleeds through while blindingly low,
Wood spirits are compelled to go,
A sight rooted in these cold months,
Crafted by a cruel lack of warmth,
Weather the sky gods issue forth,
Sent to the front line from the north,
But trees fear not old man winter,
His firm grip can't last forever,
Soon things will be back as they were,
Till the changes again occur.

Cold Nights

In the glow of ghostly night snow,
And a cold that chills to the bone,
This quiet more creepy than peaceful,
Sees souls stir little if at all,
Swirling patterns of frozen breath,
The difference between life and death,
Amid an arsenal of ice knives,
There's a grave wait till dawn arrives,
Needing for warmth of another,
The comfort found from your lover,
Wishing for walls of a castle,
And fire with no hunger for fuel,
Whilst huddled to survive the night,
The merciless cold starts to bite,
Old man winter's grip binds till dawn,
Then frees up till his might's reborn.

Robin

Twittering about on their own,
Home as flocks fly from where cold's blown,
Ever strong and soldiering on,
Singing a soothing winter song,
Rather than for summer to mourn,
Dressed in summer though winter born,
Giving cause not to be forlorn,
Dulling cruelty of a cold morn,
A beauty to grace thine eyes,
More than what from sights thou surmise,
While thought to stay by their claimed skies,
Lore tells of travels at sunrise,
Taking flight with a noble aim,
Carrying dew to douse hell's flames,
Feathers get lashed at by the blaze,
Proven by the crimson they've on display.

Open Fire

Via an all encompassing comfort,
A grave distaste is staved against,
Life over death on a cold night,
Amid beauty of flame formed sights,
Her gold heart found to be dazzling,
Until there's but embers glowing,
Before us naked flames beckon,
While there is dancing felt on skin,
Ravenous desire ablaze,
Catching you up in an embrace,
By her sweet side one's sure to stay,
Waiting for the first light of day,
A sweltering sanctuary,
Causing reddening of your cheeks,
My sweet lay here with me to sleep,
Close your eyes and sleep contently.

Snowflakes

Heaven formed kaleidoscope sights,
Pretty patterns of fragile ice,
Their chance to shine shatters the light,
Making lands blanketed in white,
Falling as if tears of winter,
Each is unique yet no different,
Beauty that's insignificant,
Gracing the earth though reluctant,
Designed and crafted by the gods,
Each flake standing among millions,
Dancing slow below clouded skies,
With movements followed by wide eyes,
Crystals that are all but worthless,
Kindling envy from artists,
Loathed whenever they fall en mass,
Relief comes when their time's to pass.

Winter Solstice

It's clear that the darkness has won,
It's dark from evening till mid morn,
The sun just clips the horizon,
One fears there'll never be a dawn,
In time the sun's to be more strong,
A rebalancing will begin,
An end to a pendulum swing,
The darkness will stop devouring,
From the sun we have turned away,
We now see the error of our ways,
A grave imbalance has been made,
Dusk is early and dawn is late,
We've a season till real change,
It's bleak and tomorrow's the same,
We scarcely see the light of day,
This darkness takes an age to fade.

Spring

whitewash ran and revealed wonder,

Spring

The world was overcome with cold, everything seemed frozen or dead. The snowdrop flower acted bold, and caused a change that would soon spread. The sun was warmed so sought to aid, hoping that others would be led. In time the chill started to fade, which in turn woke a young maid. The maiden gained the touch of life, from picking a flower deemed nice, which was the one that fought through strife. She then sought to craft paradise. Everything the maiden spied, gained beauty with which to entice, till the entire countryside, was fill with beauty far and wide.

The world again had its old charm, for with life it began to teem. The cold seemed to have done no harm, as though it'd been but a bad dream. As sunlight freed the land from gloom, vibrant colours began to gleam, for nature took its

cue to bloom, infusing the air with perfume. The sights seen were so singular, the sky formed and then cried a tear. What was yet more irregular, it cried till it gave cause to fear. There was an extensive downpour, for skies were no longer clear. It rained and rained and rained some more, which had effects none could ignore.

Showers made beauty hard to see, as it lessened nature's appeal. Blossom was shed from every tree, as a result of the ordeal. The maiden was notably keen, to somehow once again reveal, how nature can appear serene, and to restore the sights once seen. The maiden tried to save all in reach, but the rain had dampened her touch. Of all her attempts failure met each, And so nothing changed all that much. The maiden feared she'd face reproach. As to faith she held a tight clutch, while on her change was to encroach, she sought to think up a new approach.

The maid then used paint for her aim, so all the bright colours could stay. She made sure nothing looked the same, hand made a beautiful display. The rain continued to pour down, and soon washed all the paint away. To the sun heads turned to complain, praying it weren't to be in vain. It seemed hopes they would have to shelf. Getting through to the sun proved tough. A bird reached the sun by himself. The task proved hard and the trek rough. The brave bird gave the sun a brief, and told him enough was enough. He outlined experienced grief, and asked for there to be relief.

There was a reclaiming of hope, as the sun's might at last awoke. He glared till the clouds could not cope, and so the cloud cover soon broke. The temperature started to grow, owed to change all wished to invoke, which in time

caused the wind to blow, and the rains to finally go. The skies were the bluest ever known, for all the rain clouds were long gone, to far away lands they were blown, uncovering the sun which shone. Life started to flourish again, wherever the sun fell upon. Life swelled in every wood and glen, crafting beauty that's hard to pen.

The maiden aided as well, by using her life giving skill. All that caused gloom was bade farewell, as all bowed to a stronger will. The girl's actions were her downfall, As they soon led her to fall ill. She spurred life in things great and small, till she had no life left at all. The maiden's death broke many a heart, for all loved her every aspect. Sad that from life she did depart, they lined up to pay their respect. The maid lived on despite her fate, since her life had made an impact, which nature's glorious state, clearly acted to illustrate.

Melt Water

The cruellest season's grip falters,
Streams form from crystal like waters,
It's a blank canvas no longer,
Whitewash ran and revealed wonder,
Our stilled land has begun her thaw,
The rivers have a thirst no more,
Gods of nature fight out their war,
A snow storm becomes a downpour,
Our re-born sun warms winter stone,
In time all traces shall be gone,
In a season that's in between,
Melt water washes the slate clean,
Suspended and changed slowed down rain,
Fall-water stilled till warmth comes again,
While winter play melts away,
There's hope in the cold damp and grey.

Spring Equinox

Darkness loses its upper hand,
Balance has at last been regained,
The sun is bright but the wind is cold,
Old man winter's reign is to end,
Flowers are appearing again,
The change seems as though it's god sent,
Those long dark nights are almost gone,
Summer days shall dawn before long,
Crystal blue poised against the dark,
Light's lighter and dark is nicer,
An evening out of power,
The days now slowly grow longer,
A change cannot come soon enough,
Spring's equinox brings us relief,
Balance rests on the edge of a knife,
Nature has been given new life.

Blossom

Scenes written about in our dreams,
Lighted by the still frail sunbeams,
Harlot rose beside virgin white,
Making our eyes light up so bright,
Lands regain colour bit by bit,
A waking up of wood spirits,
Nature is now coming alive,
Beauty is gradually revived,
Poetry following bleak prose,
Colour that only spring months know,
There's promises of better days,
Rain vies to wash it all away,
There's a climax as winter's hushed,
The seduction of English blush,
Warming winds scatter the blossom,
From the south blow changes to come.

April Showers

Now the skies have become like seas,
Nature's waking from beauty sleep,
Rains attack that beauty they feed,
Knocking petals of blossom free,
With a tempest born tide of change,
Gods send skies into disarray,
Of relief but tears just the same,
Smiles still shine with rationed sunrays,
Rain clouds block out the sun's glory,
Sating thirst ere she does her worst,
Making fertile mother nature,
And cleansing this corner of earth,
Drudgery in April showers,
Recovery enclosed by grey,
Balance shifts and buds soon flower,
Our pleasant lands regain colour.

Spring Mornings

Woken by earlier born sun,
Chills harmless as nettles while young,
There's frost but winter's on the run,
Colour nigh seems it don't belong,
On battle worn ground life will win,
Mother nature is now yawning,
Memories bound with breaths breathed in,
The promise of a spring morning,
Growth sprouts from the canvas wiped clean,
Woods ready for chaos filled scenes,
Life's waiting in dashes of green,
Blessings are spoken by May queens,
A mist veils the earnest beauty,
We see clear once the sun clips trees,
Fauna want for patience like we,
These months forever play the tease.

Love Birds

Beginning with a serenade,
Leading to a connection made,
With there so many love affairs,
It seems there's something in the air,
A first date amid fresh blossom,
An apt romance for spring to come,
Surrounded by soothing love song,
Everyone now knows spring has sprung,
Joy at finding the one they seek,
A duet sounds as lovers meet,
Heat that's met by a cooling breeze,
Poetry played out perched in trees,
The sweet affections of love birds,
Crafted without the need for words,
Love wished to be mirrored by ours,
Together in the small hours.

Snowdrops

They're to be seen across the north,
From frozen ground they will sprout forth,
Of nature we see a rebirth,
Seeds of life hid within the earth,
At last winter is to depart,
For the spring months are soon to start,
Flowers that are the most pure white,
Shall always be a pleasing sight,
Undeterred should there still be frost,
Flowers will open at all cost,
The snowdrop's beauty shines the most,
In a month that's a bitter host,
In woods darts about the place,
Bringing smiles to many a face,
For our countryside they do bless,
bringing about scenes that impress.



Summer

The days were beautifully serene, and those that lived them were carefree. Warmed by sights that were to be seen, as nature's greatness was set free. One to which the sights did appeal, quite soon found herself filled with glee. Due to how the sun made her feel, and flaunt what she once did conceal. The girl wished to be the sun's bride, as for him she was urged to pine. The sun made her feel good inside, for in his presence she would shine. All that the sun managed to light, showed the world that the girl was fine. She made for an entrancing sight, as a love she sought to ignite.

To try to make the sun her prince, the girl acted at every chance. A love was lost and he's not loved since, so he ignored every advance. Hearts are broken with reluctance, and around the matter we'll dance, so to avoid any grievance, that might come as a consequence. The young girl didn't give up hope, and made her perseverance known. With failure the girl could not cope, for towards it she was not prone. The girl put her beauty on show, adamant not to be alone, hopeful she could make love grow, and thus avoid feeling sorrow.

The girl managed to have her way, she claimed the sun as her new flame, but with him she was not to stay, owing to how hot things became. The girl found herself under strain, since the sun's verve was hard to tame. She did try her best to explain, yet still caused the sun much pain. The sun tried winning the girl once more, for he knew chances of love are rare. He found that fact hard to ignore, which sadly drove him to despair. A loveless life was the sun's fear, as he thought it'd be hard to bear. The sun quite nearly cried a tear, for he felt his fate was clear.

The sun could not but lose his cool, when he saw those under love's spell. He'd be envious as a rule, and would burn like the flames in hell. The sun hated all that he did feel. These such emotions are hard to quell. He found they were hard to conceal, since his broken heart would not heal. Due to the sun's queer state of mind, events occurred that were unplanned. Counter to how he was inclined, the sun acted to scorch the land. There was suffering far and wide, as the heat was hard to withstand. All the streams and pools in time dried, while plants withered up and then died.

The sun was cooled down just in time, his love returned and used her charm. She felt what he'd done was a crime, and wanted to prevent more harm. The sun's ex-love got through to him, and managed to get him to calm, by singing a soothing poem, which staved off a fate that was grim. The girl had knowledge to impart, which made the sun be less distraught. She said time would heal his heart, and he would find the one he sought. The sun was told that he should wait, all was not hopeless as he thought. For if he had faith in his fate, he would get to find his soul mate.

The girl's advice was taken on, because it gave hope to the sun, and on account of which he shone, seeking to light that prized someone. With the sun tame as he'd once been, the damage he'd caused was undone. Across the land a change was seen, as again all became serene. There's no telling when love can strike, and though it may lead to heartache, the knowledge of what it feels like, means no love can be a mistake. Even if things may appear bleak, there's always steps one can take, so to claim the love they seek, with no regret of which to speak.

Woods

Entranced by nature's symphony,
Soothed by melodies in the breeze,
Lost within a world of lush green,
Finding escape from the sun's heat,
Under a patchwork canopy,
Youthful souls find means to fly free,
The wood nymphs dance amongst the trees,
Small creatures scurry busily,
Mother nature in her glory,
Here man's touch is not to be seen,
Here the air is both fresh and sweet,
In woods surrounded by beauty,
Contentment grown out of strewn seeds,
Born out of summer's majesty,
Pieced together masterfully,
In no time with wildlife she teems.

Midsummer's Day

Fairies' power is its strongest,
When the day is at its longest,
Around the flames of a bonfire,
The night's magic will transpire,
Our thanks gets given to the sun,
Before long summer will be done,
Long summer days we will soon miss,
The sunlight ebbs past the solstice,
Once the sun appears in the East,
It's time to ready for a feast,
Stay out long into the evening,
There's festivities and dancing,
Spent within the warm evening air,
There are smiles to share everywhere,
It's light close to the midnight hour,
Into the night the evening blurs.

Butterflies

Both blown and thrown a path in skies,
Confetti wings to make them rise,
A masterpiece or warning signs,
War paint worn so as to survive,
To swim in light then disappear,
Seen but on prized days of the year,
Crowded amongst the lavender,
Flirting with some quaint wild flower,
Colour in an ocean of blue,
Another season they won't suit,
Tied with countryside thoughts of youth,
Just out of a child's reach one flew,
After love in opposing winds,
Basking until the chase begins,
Dancing to the song nature sings,
At home amongst beautiful things.

Summer Flowers

Flowers so colourful and bright,
In their glory in the sun's light,
At home amid the summer's heat,
Giving out a perfume so sweet,
The summer flowers seem perfect,
In near enough every aspect,
So effortlessly they distract,
As one's attention they attract,
Countless different kinds carve their mark,
Throughout every meadow and park,
There for us to enjoy and pick,
While we waste our days and frolic,
As gifts more poetic than speech,
When lovers and their loves meet,
One of nature's finer artworks,
Saving scenes from seeming bleak.

Dead Grass

Its best has past, once lush now harsh,
These unforgiving days won't last,
Wilted, weathered, stripped of colour,
We've faith that life will recover,
Sights married to the sun and smiles,
A host to play and lazy days,
Desert dry ground fractures apart,
As the sorrowful plants look parched,
It's greener on the other side,
There seems but patches still alive,
Fields in the sun damaged and changed,
Once latched to ground is wind whipped up,
Growing weary of this season,
On the verge of having enough,
Unshaded regions nigh ruined,
The dead grass reflects the harsh sun.

Thistle Seeds

Thistle seeds floating on a breeze,
Innocence sees dancing faeries,
At times you can be left deceived,
Belief though never truly leaves,
A hand reaches out to catch dreams,
Amid a magical like scene,
A trip is risked for foolishness,
Full of hopes for a granted wish,
At times but inches out of reach,
A missed chance massacres the peace,
Wants distance from movements of haste,
To change our fate we'll put up chase,
Childhood and dreams up in the air,
Adulthood's childhood without fears,
Real life holds dreams with gravity,
Harder to achieve but more sweet.

Summer Nights

Our place of rest with sheets to shed,
The burden of clothes unwanted,
Pray eyes pried open are refreshed,
Nigh kept from rest while sweat coated,
Warmth lingers as the light grows weak,
Tortured by excess body heat,
Kissed sweetly by a gentle breeze,
A lover's comfort helps tempt sleep,
Every window left wide open,
Cotton becomes a calm ocean,
The cooling morn is waited on,
A wrestle to rest that's wished gone,
Win the battle waged in the dark,
Armoured with but cotton or silk,
Claim dreamlands destroyed by daybreak,
Soar with angels before you wake.