

*Time*

## *Summer*

A ROARING combine shaves a golden earth.  
For hopeful hawk, the supper that's revealed  
Scampers, scurries, squeaks for all life's worth,  
Where hay-bale necklace strings a stubbled field.

A dusty thatch tea-cosies village life.  
A stately swan reflects on mirror pool.  
A dragonfly subsumes a glint-winged wife,  
And dappling willows watch and keep their cool.

The sun's ablaze, dry-baking all below.  
Blistered roads wear mirage-shimmer sheen.  
The land perspires; the flagging poppies glow,  
And willowed ball runs red-faced on the green.

Such summers are the sizzle stuff of dreams –  
But dreams deceive, too often dreamed in vain.  
And golden dreams especially, it seems,  
Are prone to purging by the summer rain.

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