

Summers Past

by Drew Neyens

In chill of morn the robin flew
Before the full dawn came to break
Over frost and silver dew
That clung to grass with glossy weight

In the fall crab apples fell
Ruddy and full of nectar sweet
That sun and rain nurtured well
To crisp and polished crimson sheen

In abundance cattail grew
And slowed the stream to subtle flow
A labyrinth for water shrew
Its thick green stalks to hide the toad

In mid-day shade the berries grew
Hidden between the shed and pine
So plump and black with purple hue
Tart juice stained fingers and mind

In warm breezes lilacs exude
Soft fragrant scent to smooth the air
Violet petals perfume imbued
Sun-kissed in heat of high noon glare

There in places my heart remains
Those simpler summers of younger days