



# *The* **LONG SUMMER**

THE VICISSITUDE OF SUN,  
IN HUES OF GOLD AND CRIMPSON,  
THE LORD OF LIGHT,  
HIS GLORY AT ITS ZENITH,  
HIS FERVENT GAZE  
MAKES YOU RETREAT,  
TO FIND SOLACE IN THE SHADE,  
WE PRAY TO YOU,  
TO RELENT YOUR FIERY PRESENCE,  
IN YOUR GRANDUER WE STAND SMALL,  
WITH HUMILITY WE BOW,  
FOR IN NATURE'S REALM,  
WE ARE POWERLESS NOW,  
COOL DOWN, MIGHTY ONE

REVA ROCHANAA

