

June

as spring flutters on into summer
the scent of the wind offers passage
to summers past

some moments,
the sweetness of the air is laying down in the grass
as the warm dusk falls around me
eyes searching the skies for stars

other times,
it's the drenched maple leaves
in our old backyard still dark on the heels
of a storm on my 7th birthday

fragrances so poignant
I half expect to blink and be thrust backward

cheeks flushed with gratitude
for the wisps of beautiful memory
heart leaping as the breeze shifts
and the magic fades