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When Your Summers

Hannah Desko

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When Your Summers

Hannah Desko

I want to leave you,
but how can I when your summers are so sweet—
when I know that honeysuckles share their sugary scent
every afternoon? Their sunshine-yellow flowers grin,
knowing their perfume's descent will flirt with noses.
Their ethereal drops float on the balmy breeze,
spraying Earth's skin.

I ponder moving on,
but how can I when the brushstrokes of each sunset
wash the world with warm hues—
when even the doves perch themselves on the rooftop
to admire each masterpiece, their coos carrying across
the airy evening, rising and falling
like Earth's chest as it drifts to sleep.

I long for more,
but how can I when my lullabies have been the rain—
when I throw my window open wide just to hear
the shhh of falling showers? Gentle rain slips
through leaves, flowing from the night to wash
away imperfections of the previous day and cleanse Earth's face.

I dream of what's beyond,
but know I'll come back to you—
for your mornings begin with the chickadees
and sparrows singing the sun awake.
Morning glories bloom again, and air floats,
soft as monarch's wings kissing Earth's cheek.