

JUNE

Flash of painted wings above the clover;
Stir of kissing winds among the leaves;
Golden twilight, when the day is over;
Twitter of the birds beneath the eaves.

Rain of petals from the crimson roses,
Mingled with the jasmine's pallid bloom;
Day's gray mist that silver dawn discloses,
Opening where the blue hills faintly loom.

Magic is the wand in Summer's fingers,
I can hear her laughter, soft and low,
Echo from the meadow, where she lingers
Basking in a sunbeam's golden glow.

Over faded blooms I hear her singing,
When the winds with musk are faintly sweet.
Think you, she can hear the shuttles flying,
Weaving tapestry for Autumn's feet?

By Beth Slater Whitson

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