

Summer, the smell of old bay comes to mind
neighbors treating each other all types of kind
young boy playing shirtless football outside
spiked punch makes the older bodies come alive
hootin' & hollerin' all through the night, waiting or hoping for a stupid drunk fight

Summer, sounds like an ice cold rain
it washes away the previous nights pain
give flower hope they won't get scorched from that summer sun

Summer sun, feels like a warm blanket fresh out of the dryer
making you feel as if the summer time heat has risen even higher
little boys are allowed to get messy they go play in muck & mier
the summer sun gradually dips and the night begins to get wilder

Summers, is when I was a little girl and my grandfather was the best man in the world

Summer was our grocery story runs for bananas, that always turned into more

Summer's almost here and I miss you more than ever...

Think of your house and the fine Maryland summer time weather.

Summer, is the memories of you

Aqueous Victoria

Don't look too closely for
The closer you get the less
You see

A glow warms and heals
Protects from the rain
Will never hurt you, but don't get too close
Fall under her spell,
You will drown
No second thought
No backward glances

She can heal you but
Do not get too close
Do not be fooled, she is
Small but
Powerful

Thermic

Light up every conner
of the world

Warm things up like with electricity
Inside so it is lighten.

Fertile-miosturized below what is now
More fertile than humid

Awakes in each morning
the enlightenment of lives

Catalyzing upgrowth by the photon
Penetrate through it

Walk to the floating waterway
Ice is melting

It fills up the world.
It is essential.

Hull

Plank the moments in an
order of meticulousness that
time cannot
unhinge

and let wither away
the splinters so
that a memory
cannot escape the

fine grain
that hides events in
a manner
of pointalism
invented by the earth.

The Barn

Its
red painted
Wood, that enclosed the horses
That Could. A family of birds that shits
Giants Turds makes a bunch of racket. The buzzing
Of the bees is Louder than the breeze. The hay
Covered floor is swept clean by the big creeky
Door. Night comes early in the barn as there
Are no Windows.

<<Bamboo>>

Where is the end of the suffering.
There was dark

It is terrible to survive
as consciousness
strifle in the wet

Strech out, hell-bent, a ray of light penetrates in
then nothing. The weak sun
flickers, disappears, out of my eyes

Dazzling light awkes me up.
Here me out, that which you call birth.
It is.

Then it starts: that which I desire, being
a vivfying soul and able to speak, beginning abruptly.
The sapid earth.

The rain slides off my cheek, The sunshine
illuminates my heart.

Spring

Blow away the last bit
of coldness.

White snow is gone
along with black clouds

It is clearing out
Warmth comes around

It is the time
And everything's away now

Tree

The gigantic trunk
complex underneath
there is anfractuious
root toward the earth

look inside
what a miracle what a nature
what
a wonderful artical
You cannot imagine how complex
You cannot understadn the envdevor
behing everything.

The branches just like a brain
incremented and continued.
The leaves glittering
with light

It is a tree.
It is a self-constructing
It is about to spread
A sense of being
A tree