

Summer

for Daniel Thomas

Blazes the day
With heavy fruit abounding arm
To make a stay
Exclusive and enclose
Of all I chose.

In joyful toil
Pursue the promise golden made
To turn the soil
Sow, shelter, nurture, feed,
Desire as need.

Press on I must,
Exult as flower gives way to seed,
Past years' growth trust,
No doubt to turn awry:
Love the bright sky.

Reuben Thomas

14th June 2013