

## **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*