

Summer and Autumn Entwined

The lingering twilight each night creeps back in increments.

Summer is measured in decreasing cups
of liquid light.

A spider winds the summer's ladybird tight
in gossamer bondage - a harsher and morbid edge
grinding on the last glimmer of the season.

The bluetit scrapes and picks
on the silver birch bark,
hankering for a meal
and preparing to fatten itself.

A patch of gold hides among
the fading verdant foliage.

The roses in bloom cuddle close
to the fat spheres of hips
topped off with resplendent starbursts.

Both summer and autumn in the same embrace.

White and still,
the hare stares down at the silver world beneath
as the Harvest Moon shines.

The greying clouds hang, and the chill bites arms
not yet clothed.

Still, the self seeks the last summer rays.