

Memories of June

The sleepy drone of bumblebees,

The cry of darting swifts,

Sweet honeysuckle evening air,

June's constant summer gifts.

A sky that's brushed with feather clouds,

White shining on the blue,

Wind painted patterns drifting by,

Our perfect evening view.

Hot noonday sun that burns the earth,

Tall trees that lend us shade,

Warm June nights when the moon is full,

These memories never fade.