

Song for Summer

In the late spring
don't you imagine the wildflowers crave the
warmth of the July sun instead of the crisp air
and heavy raindrops that threaten their delicate petals?
And don't you think the flowers themselves,
especially those with long stems that point towards the skies,
begin to think
of the bees that will come - buzzing, humming - to distribute
pollen across meadows and mountains.
And don't you hear the ceanothus whispering goodbye,
the first chocolate lily's unfurling
in the warm canyons? The creeks
grow mossy, and the green meadows
over which the deer graze soon become
golden-hued. And the days grow
Longer. And in the morning,
the well-worn coats
hanging by the doors,
take their final tours.

Prompts to get you started:

- Think of a time of change (changing seasons, changing homes, changing emotions...)
- When does this change happen?
- Imagine this change is a person...what does it think? wish?

You might use the following sentence starters to get started:

In the _____
don't you imagine...

And don't you think...

And don't you hear...