

The Solstice
Anthony Salandy

Dried lemons denote solstice aromas
where scorching fields bore sweet fruit
on to earthen hands

that gently plucked from veiny leaves
where ripened sunshine
began to ooze nectars godly.

But fast approaching harvest
meant that darling birds
began to whisper of far-off lands

where verdant paths
grew restless in expansion
beyond frontiers constructed.

and seasons distorted by consumption.