

Forest in Summer

A cluster of feathery moss,

An underfoot carpet of jade.

A tangle of vines reaching down to the earth,

The bluebells that dwell in the shade.

The gnarled old trunk of an oak,

A gurgling river of blue

That mirrors the budding of overhead trees

And shows where the fiddleheads grew.

And up where the rattling leaves

Let the sun's light filter down,

A sparrow shakes out his bright plumage of gold,

And cleans up his feathery gown.