

Late May by DM Denton

The first greens acknowledge the heat and darken their thoughts, perhaps why the chestnut trees lift candles and the sky scatters blue with clouds to float upon a not yet summer's day. The oaks no longer hesitate, irises put out their flags, and the roadsides close in honey suckled dry with false phlox sweetly coloring the days and scenting the evenings.

And all the while, birds go on recreating themselves, like everything untamed, breaking through.