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Summer Still-Life

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I felt the periwinkle sky grow solemn
In the twin mirrors of your dark eyes;
Feels like a velvet summer sky.

I saw the impudent breeze move impatiently through
The side-car silhouette of your brazen hair;
Looks like a seven-fold summer breeze.

And I let rose petals fall soft upon your skin
Like elegant ink-blot spots of blood;
Your love has the feel of sweet innocence
In a dry world of dust and rotting wood.

Hear the sparkle and shimmer of ancestral summer stars
As they appear above, one by one,
They are the million eyes of God.
And the moon is a sideways smile, shedding crooked
Light upon a day undone.

Thundershowers like joy wash down the street
And, with a glance, perchance we'll meet
Underneath the fragrant heat.