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## Summer Still-Life

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SUMMER STILL-LIFE

TIM WINTERSTEIN

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.