

In the Woods

By Maggie Beyer

And I would run through woods
Where violets hide,
And lift them up in eager,
Earthly fragrance,
To my face;
Taste cool, wet sweetness
Crushed against my skin;
I would brush my lips
With petals, soft with mist...
Lingeringly, lastingly,
Swelled with life
To make the senses sing.

I would lie on sun-crushed sand,
To watch the sky's blue shimmer,
Trace infinite
Ion breath-blown clouds;
I would be still and see
Wind-scattered seeds
Jet-wing their way
To new beginnings;

Watch golden aspen branches
Trace a Midas lace
Against the sun;
Hear quivering leaves,
A rustling lyric counterpoint
To summer crickets
Murmuring low.

Oh, my love, the view.
Couldn't you, wouldn't you,
Didn't you see it, too?
