

## **The Meadow**

You would know the name of every wildflower here.  
It's a vast vague mass to me. Mostly yellow, some  
white, with bursts of blue. Bordered all around  
by a line of trees. Still green. The air warmed by late  
summer sun. Hints of fall chill. Bees are buzzing,  
insects all around in low hum. The perfume from  
this overflow crowd of flowers is most remarkable.  
A scent that gently puts memory in gear,  
sloshing it back and forth over the years.  
It's calming like sea waves. One thing's missing.

I've a craving to taste the electricity of your lips.