

SUMMER'S CIRCLING SKIRT OF CHANCE

CarrieAnn Thunell

Ah summer's dance
full bloom romance
 that circling skirt of chance—

As if she knows
the blossomed rose
 flutters and looks askance.

The rains of spring
have ceased to sing.
 Picnics are ringed with ants.

Fluffed kittens mew
in fields of dew.
 Blue skies induce a trance.

Bright Ferris wheels
and vendor's spiels
 whirl past bright clowns that prance.

The wrinkled pall
of coming fall
 no longer makes me blanch.

The nymphs of love,
all hand in glove
give sorrow's recompense.

T'was solstice when
I met him, then
 our cheeks flushed with romance—
 summer love's radiance
 that circling skirt of chance.

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