

## 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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