

## *The sun stays longer*

illuminating sky  
rays seeping to  
the glittering white  
of ground,

feeling spring  
though not close  
breeding a false divine  
to skins missing sun-kissed bliss.

Days lengthening  
leaning into a bravado  
that tricks the eye  
singing flowers wish to bloom.

A smothering blanket  
keeping them nestled  
tight to ground.

Mouth wishing for  
dandelion kisses  
a chapping from  
the sun and wind,

carrying stories  
of stoic mountain men  
stripping their breaks  
and moccasins,

maidens' hair left loose  
a swirling of freckles  
sun warming.

Days lengthen  
sunsets happen later,  
a winter-wornness giving open

to thoughts of  
life that stirs through us,  
as bees dance through languid  
honeyed moments.

Bare feet trod  
on rebirthed greenness  
of goddesses,

dreams of summer  
living in fabric that keep us  
stitched together  
warming.

As midwinter's sun  
tricks the divining  
that stretches out upon days,

wishing for a melt  
a summer blazing.

The bees, and their flowered partners  
sleeping upon the snowbound  
hidden gems of sprouting seedlings,

with atoms buzzing  
in anticipation of lengthened winter  
days, stretching their tips  
toward summer.