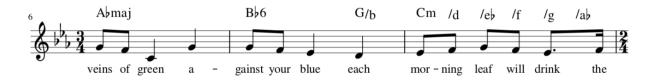
## July









You are my moment, sweet July, when suns burn hot and fill the sky. In veins of green against your blue each morning leaf will drink the dew anew from you, July.

In you my reasons find their why; you bear my fruits and see them die. You sow my seeds, now high, now low to suffer winter cold and snow, and grow into July.

Like seeds my hopes have wings and fly where angels sing and children cry.

Midsummer marks their start, their close – the bloom and fading of the rose, the prose.

Adieu, July.