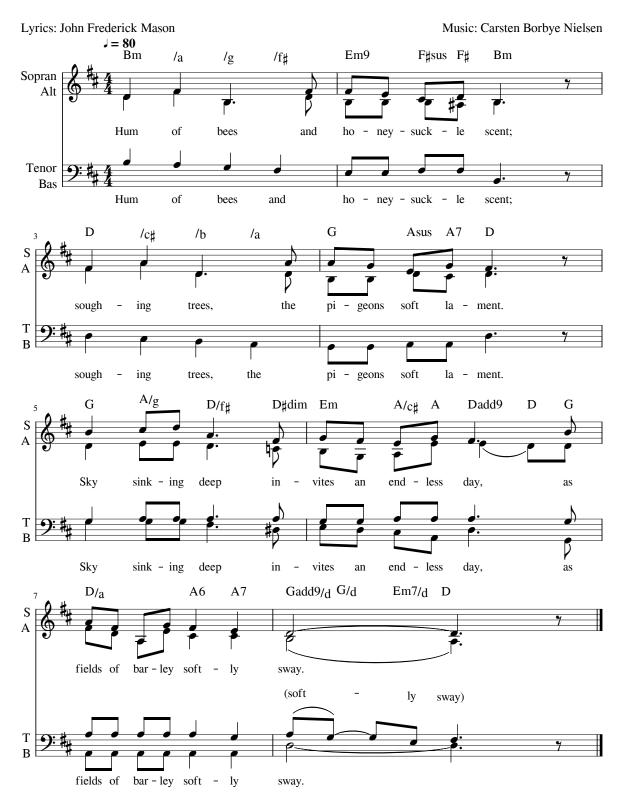
## June



## JUNE

Hum of bees and honeysuckle scent; Soughing trees, the pigeons' soft lament. Sky sinking deep invites an endless day, as fields of barley softly sway.

Blush of rose when petals open wide. Who'll propose? The bridegroom or the bride? Lips quick to kiss before the moment's past. They breathe their hopes to hold them fast.

Waves take root where all the waters meet, bear their fruit with juices flowing sweet, Freed is the seed they bury underground, to wait until the year turns round