## Seasonals

by Iain James Robb

Jasmine as skeined skins... of liquid hers, by willow courts, the lychee's water wains:

as apple-moats flush fawn in russet light, through cherry floats, the leopard-dots of dawn.

Branch to branchlet green secreted more, than deeper brown between soliloquies:

a syllable thus swims into its own illusión.. skiffs my white sails.

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