

# 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 illusi3n..  
skiffs my white sails.

