

# Summer Drive

*by* John Riley

Home is but a picture when  
a huffy welder's wand  
ignites a fussy storm—  
wind climbs too high to stop—  
shadows scurry up a rise  
where rolling winecups  
stitch a meadow to the sky.  
See the crowd of purple sway—  
a carpet flying by—  
we travel on our way.

