

# To Zephyrus

by Quirina Roode-Gutzmer

In a field of barley, I see you,  
most temperate of winds,  
bringer of summer and all of its rain,  
combing the fine and fluent hair,  
into surging waves of shimmering silk,  
ebbing and flowing, ...  
ebbing and flowing.

With your venerated breath,  
the birds' tiding songs sung are spread,  
from bark walls through foliage verdure,  
softly eddying on a ledge,  
until broken by a hedge,  
where vine looking leaves,  
have been nibbled to lace.

Lone poppies, blood orange like fire rose,  
know each other's embrace,  
only by the delicate touch  
of dainty pollen-coated butterfly legs,  
and then they fade, each  
petal, into a pale shade of peach.

Whereas barley stands side by side,  
rubbing shoulders,  
only bearing ears,  
when whispers ...  
are exchanged by a wind,  
wafting the sweet balm smell of chamomile,  
only as gentle as you,  
my sapphire rose,  
my beloved

Zeph-y-rus.

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