

June

Her gleaming countenance
From which light pours forth
Contains a presence
Of comforting warmth

Her robes of gold
Blanket the earth
And to all who behold
A new time takes birth

Animals grow and thrive
Birds take flight
Bees work in their hive
And once more the world is just right

She watches happily
As people everywhere
Seize the moment gleefully
And spend their days without care

As the days become hotter
And the storms roll in
She becomes quiet and sadder
Because soon July's work will begin

She continues to smile and shine
Her face beaming, robes glowing
Though she knows it's almost time
For her tearful dethroning

What a precious month you are, June,
Full of happiness and freedom
Promise to return real soon
'Cause without you I can't "carpe diem."