

A Solstice Love Song from the Garden

By Sisyphus

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A solstice fantasy while in the garden

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The sun, the ancient sun, is higher now, bringing summer with its fireflies at night, its green and fragrant fields, my sweaty brow, while on my knees planting in the radiant light, and there, my mind drifting off like clouds, white against the blue, is like a sailing ship going its indifferent way to some horizon, perhaps to you, far away, where I can slip into your life and with a touch, surprising you, kiss your lips before I turn and go, returning to this garden where I dream, grateful for the sun, more than I know and happy to be breathing in each beam. Oh sun, you are a star, but you are ours giving us a love that blooms like flowers.