

Summer Place

By Thor Ringler

where the shadow of water
brushes ripples over sand
or the wind winds its fingers
through the strands of leaves
we come here every summer
play, swim, eat
toss and twiddle
the sun between us
hold at bay
the season (changing)
the we (changed)
hold it
unfold it
cup it in our hands
where the shadow of water
brushes ripples over sand