

Summer's Last Will

In her last
decaying years,
my golden locks
had turned
to silver.
The air was warm
when she
begged me
to no longer mourn
after her death.
But's it's hard
when the
ecstasy
of her touch
still
lingers
on my flesh.
Summer's
last will
was to grant
my sweet,
rose-cheeked Laura
to sigh
no more.
The melancholy nightingale
called to my love
while the stars
were alive
in the sky.
Even in death,
her beauty
radiated
like a bound-
less ocean.
There was a garden
in her face
that watered
my love's

growth.
Her quiet
features
hinted
at a prospect
of Heaven,
which made
the acceptance
of her death
easier.
Months after
my lover's funeral,
I sat watching
her apparition grow
from the
shadows.
The rising sun
caught light
in the twinkle
of her mystic,
gleaming
eyes.
I watched
as her
beaming
light
disappeared into
the horizon,
while the first hint
of winter wind
blew a shiver
up my
spine.

—*Brittany Violet Long*