

Return of the Wild Asters

JTM III Oct. 2015

Among the Cinnamon Ferns

on the edge of the island's fenland,
wild asters impinge green feathers
deep in the shrewish sand.

Your violet eyes and your fancy beauty
glow off the steel grey morning.

Rainy October awakenings
call for your cashmere arms.

My soft strength longs to wrap
you, immerse you in my warmth
protect you from the coolness
of this windy rainy day.

Safe on the maple's highland love,
We're secure in the beryl-green moss.

