

INDIAN SUMMER

by Wanda VanHoy Smith

May is a midspring night's dream
How now, Daffodil you are but a memory.
Puck it is you that we cry for
Too soon it will be Indian Summer
Time will scalp the tulips
May is a midspring night's dream

Do a rain dance under July skyrockets
Gather August acorns while you may
Puck it is you that we cry for

September is a heat wave in a feather headdress
Oak Leaves turn to gold before the fall
May is a midspring night's dream

weep frost on October pumpkins as leaves wither
sliding on black ice of November before a silver thaw
Puck it is you that we cry for

Smoke the peace pipe sip the sunflower wine
in Indian Summer plant seeds for April wild flowers.
May is a midspring Night's dream
How now, Daffodil you are but a memory

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