



The Solstice  
Anthony Salandy

Dried lemons denote solstice aromas  
where scorching fields bore sweet fruit  
on to earthen hands

that gently plucked from veiny leaves  
where ripened sunshine  
began to ooze nectars godly.

But fast approaching harvest  
meant that darling birds  
began to whisper of far-off lands

where verdant paths  
grew restless in expansion  
beyond frontiers constructed.

and seasons distorted by consumption.