

## Kayliah

### "A Pitcher Of Summer"

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One morning, before the leaves began changing  
I caught a piece of summer and poured it into a  
pitcher;

This I placed in the cellar on a shelf collecting dust .  
Autumn, then winter, rose up from the sea, and my  
Garden was a garden filled with unbroken snow.

No flower strained it's face to the ice giants' whisper,  
No life coloured the vision of a newborn Spring babe.  
My cellar-water dripping into a pail

And I lifted my piece of summer  
Like a piece of memory or a dream

Like these, caught on film  
And carried it to the garden floes,  
The wind turning drifting stars to madness.

Poured forth gracefully, this ctheric tincture  
Lifts winter's coat-of-arms with coaxing aromas and  
electricity.  
Used with vigilance, a Pitcher of Summer stirs a  
memory into swooning,  
And bravely, the flowers of the past will stretch their  
limbs into the sky  
While snow falls quietly all around.

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