

## **Six Elements**

### **"Summer"**

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It is the happy August of our love  
The time is ripe for harvesting the fields  
Heat is no more; the warmth is all we have,  
Enough to be content in our needs  
The food for thought as good as meals you cook  
The house you made home where comfort reigns,  
The children who inherited your looks,  
They are the landmarks of our winding ways.  
Summer of love,  
Yellow sun the skies over  
Center of life,  
You are mine, I am yours always  
Feeling your joy and your pain,  
You are verse and refrain.  
Your kisses are as warm as our walks,  
Walks in the park which started shedding leaves.  
I never thought I could enjoy our talks  
As much as the embraces that you give.  
But children, children, what will be your path?  
How will you find the road toward your home?  
If only I could give you my advice,  
If only I could pass you what I learned...

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