

# Moonlit Missive #6

*A forum for extrapolation through sundry avenues of fascination.*

Strawberry

Moon

June 20th 2016

Several Flowers of early summer: lover's lilacs, dainty daisies, roadside poppies...

The man who sells apples by the bridge now has strawberries. A bagful doesn't last long...

Redolence of early summer, after the rain, mind to me thoughts of childhood when first these odors of a blooming year were perhaps most pungent and ripe, curious with untethered meaning: the shapes of blades of grass, the scent of earth and flowers dazed in the haze of a lazy day basked in an unhabituated sun.

A photograph I recall, long since dispersed along with other flighty puffy seedlings in flighty diversion: mementos, journals, lost songs which have at some time or other fallen by a wayside...

When in my mind's eye I see this photograph, it's in a faded early summer light;

Being perhaps of age 4 or 5, I held in my hand—with contented smile—a seeded dandelion flower high and proud.

Ever perdurable, some memories are reserved for liminal moments when they come alive in a vividness untenable in the wake of day. What they give us in these rare rememberings transcend the technicalities of what may or mightn't have occurred in a far hinterland of our personal history, but embody some remnant of a reality once perceived before a shock of temporal obligations commanded our attention primarily upon the circumstantial.



Remembering childhood, I have—all my own—a bag of gems and a secret garden; hidden places once I knew, alone, with siblings or a newfound friend.

Remember surely I do: wandering a nearby wood, inspecting the shapes of twigs and flowers, sticks and stones; climbing high trees, vied in camouflage, spying and remaining invisibl; rolling on the grass... singing, dancing on a stage...

Yes, I remember theater and the thespian tribe... playing hooky, and sneaking out into the dark mystery of night to look at the lights.



# A Secret Garden

*When I was a child  
I held a flower in my hand  
Watched the seedlings fly  
And float away  
They flew on a while  
Then fell between some blades of grass  
And there they lay*

*I walked alone  
Wandered wild in woods  
And found the hidden places  
People didn't know about  
Looking for a secret garden  
I found treasures buried in the clay*

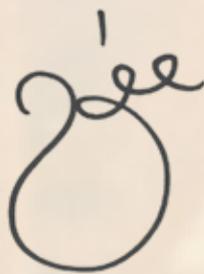
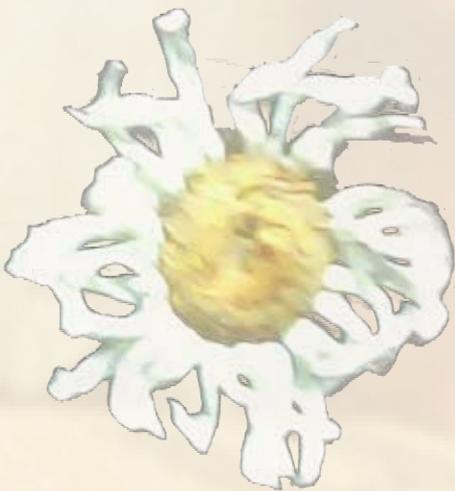
*When I was a child  
I saw silhouettes of friendly faces  
From a bright stage  
I sang of Love and Want  
Accepted flowers and gave autographs  
And waited in the wings*

*When I was a child  
I rolled happy in the grass  
With my new found friend  
We didn't think of any other day  
We bought candy from the corner store  
Her parents didn't know she was away*

*When I was a child  
I held a flower in my hand  
Watched the seedlings fly  
And float away*



*with summer's promise,*



Strawberry Moon  
Summer Equinox 2016





*age 10, signing autographs...*