

# July

When the scarlet cardinal tells  
Her dream to the dragonfly,  
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,  
And murmurs a lullaby,  
It's July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls  
The cornflower's cap awry,  
And the lilies tall lean over the wall  
To bow to the butterfly,  
It's July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,  
And poppies flame in the rye,  
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
Has softened almost to a sigh,  
It's July.

When the hours are so still that time  
Forgets them, and lets them lie  
Underneath petals pink till the night stars wink  
At the sunset in the sky,  
It's July.

~ Susan Jartley Swett ~