

# Summer Peach

I hold in my hand a plump summer peach,  
Its fuzzy skin swirled with soft yellows and pinks.  
It boldly contrasts with the vast blue sky,  
Looking picturesque next to the June clouds.  
I take a bite into the warm fruit,  
And yellow juice dribbles down my chin,  
Onto the fresh green grass tickling my toes.  
A cool breeze stirs the air,  
Raising goosebumps on my bare arms.  
The dark lush leaves whisper in hushed tones,  
And they dance in the subtle breeze chased away by the sun.  
Tart, yellow sweetness fills my mouth,  
And the taste mingles with the smell of lavender and lantana  
If I close my eyes, I feel like a butterfly,  
One of those swallowtails  
Flitting about the wild summer garden,  
Lazily floating about the endless  
Yellows, pinks, and purples,  
With nectar on my tongue and mind.