

Summer Was Her Name

She was always the wandering type,
As untamed as the wind on the shore.
Her hair billowed behind her in tangled waves,
She had an aura you couldn't ignore.
From the morning sunlight in her eyes
To her laughter across the bonfire,
The sun was her vitalizing heroine,
The moon was her whimsical desire.
And she breathed between paisley patterns,
She lived for meeting strangers at night.
For incense and candles and cliff diving,
For stars as the only light.

She was a hurricane in your languid sea,
Whorling waters until you thought you'd drown.
But underneath her seraphic storm,
You made your home on the ocean ground.

She loved carnivals, boardwalks and ferris wheels,
She knew constellations like the back of her hand.
She loved walks on beach and kayaking,
She was sea glass in glittering sand.
Aphrodite in her veins and flowers in her hair,
She was the type who never slept.
She smelled like the ocean breeze,
She skipped through life without worry or care.
And this was her greatest lesson:
To live freely as a bird in the sky.
Barefooted and running in the wind,
You would never see her cry.

And when the heat begins to fade
She hides in the shadow of fame,
Don't forget that flower child,
Summer was her name.