

“Waters of Summer”

by the Rev. Dori Jeanine Somers
from her book *Pineapple Sage*

Waters of home, the liquid essence of welcome
found in any place I take my rest
Because in every place I make my own,
a home-ness wells
akin to early childhood’s woodland spring.

A dollop of the sea, a memory
of waves upon the beach
and scudding clouds,
Summer breezes that refresh my mind
and play within my head the gentle songs
of wind chimes whispering summer afternoons.

And salted still, a drop of lonely tears
I’ve shed for heroes I have come to love
or when some song is true
and breaks my heart.

A spoonful of the pool where fountains splash
beside the library, a source of joy.
And better still, a taste of sprinkler’s spray
to freshen herb and bud and bush and bloom,
and make a rainbow for a little boy.