My Backyard in May
Whitney Robbins

Just beyond the shadows,
The sun lies in the verdure.
Chills waver in this hideaway.
The edges show it.
The wind chimes sing for it.
And here I am, wanting
To lie with the sun,
To breathe in its heavy aroma,
Let the tips of my fingers
Turn to gold-dust from all the warmth.
The breezes are trying.
By caressing, they beg
For more of my time.
Though I, not willing, hold them,
There is no strength to let go.
I’m tired.