

Honeysuckle

Soft ivory petals
curve up
in a thin cornucopia,
then curl out
into the lacy edge
of a little girl's party dress.
Thin sprigs of honey colored stamen
sprout from the shadowy inside
reaching for the sun
to soak up its warmth.
As I pluck this fragile treasure
from where it's nestled among oval leaves
like a diamond among gold,
its delicate scent wafts to my nose.
I let the sweet nectar fall in my mouth
and blanket my tongue like a quilt on a bed.
Its golden warmth slides down my throat,
creating a moment of richness
and bliss,
like taking a bite of the
summer sunshine.
Oh how I yearn
for that taste
of nature's candy.
Golden
and warm
like the summer sun.

Gigi Walsh