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Some reflections on our gardens.

The photo is of a drawing I have made myself; I have it in my home. (charcoal and ballpen; based on a photo.) It can also be seen under "Utställningar".

A lighthouse with alcove; a Sonnet

How come you came to be about, my love,
a soul, that kind of lightly kindles light;
offers room and board, a lighthouse with alcove;
your candle's compass guides me with its might.

As bees return with honey to there queen,
harbours labour for an arbour still forlorn,
my shadows shape your light into a scene;
sweet kisses guard our gardens, not yet born.

Although adjourned, the arbour lingers nigh,
cascades our yearn as angles in your eyes;
prismatic angels, tangle us a quiss.

To magnify what life has tuned precise
to see, a universe, within your eyes;
a bliss, to tend a garden that we miss.

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