



In response to Tami Phelps
Baked Alaska: Up Close and Personal

September

Like a county fair
that closes with fireworks

The end of summer
explodes in sunflowers

Too soon
to collect and count the fruit
but not too late
for ripening

How many summers
will flame out in gold
before my eyes fail them

How many skies
will flash with transient stars
before the darkness settles

What I sought
was clarity

What I gave for it
was acceptance



Tami Phelps, *Baked Alaska: Up Close and Personal*, cold wax, oil, pan pastel, solvent reduction, on cradle board, 11 x 14 inches

Paula Lozar
Invited Guest of Roaming Writers