Summer Liturgy

Summer days urge me to
   eat ice-cream in the park
   as I watch luscious clouds
   float in a feathery sky.

They impel me to fall Knee-deep
   in the daisies,
   to talk eye-to-eye.

They tell me that to be
   immobile as a dog
   just finished with his bone
   is to be one with the season.

Summer days compel me to
   share a surf board with
   the lake’s cleansing waves
   as I sing out

   Oh, Sacrament of summer days,
   Amen, Amen, Amen.

Patricia Rowland, IHM
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