EVA AT SKOGSHEM

In the season of content, when yellow

linden surplices of scent surround a buzz

of swirling bumblebees, I, pilgrim-like

traverse this globe-lamp-lined path. I

have been here before. Half my life

ago, twenty-two years old, I walked to

Löwdin's summer school. And, being early, waited

by that bench, by roses midst the gravel,

a weathering statue of Pan. You came

into my life then. With simplest English, a smile

turned in time to limpid love. It was the

seed crystal of our life, it was summer too.

Oh, Eva, I still see your blue and white blouse.