

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.