

Aura

by

Suzanne Sunshower

Above the photograph of you
in your fat youthful splendor,
hangs a bunch of lavender
from summers gone.

Faded from purple
to a paler essence of themselves,
they smell more now of incense
than the pungent buds they were
when fresh picked from a garden in town.

It is their essence
which reminds me of you;
not as you once were -
brilliant orange as in life,
but as I feel you surround me now -
a quieter, more refined
mellow blue.