



Windy Jaunt
Diana Day Harrison

He caught me like a gay child wee
And drew me down beside him.
He plucked me poppies blowing free:
Beflowered my bonnet's straw brim.
'Bove broad oaks bathed in honey light,
O'er wind-whisked pastures, blades up,
Through iris fields—their sleek coats bright—
Blanch stallion-clouds fast gallop.
Lace ribbon lost—my hair flew wild;
Fresh breezes flushed my cheeks' tan.
He caught me like a little child,
And kissed me like a woman.