

**Dryad**

Your body is like a tree —  
luminous, deep  
with unspeakable rich seed —  
soft branches swaying  
in the wind of summer  
with gently, delicately  
the warm urge of life —

the flowers of you  
are full with sunlight —  
the curve of your cheek —

in the dream  
that is my thought of you  
a melody lingers,  
a flute song — the memory  
of your questioning face —  
do you seem to remember,  
as I do, the strange day

in some incomprehensible past  
when each to each  
our lives were quick threads  
in one the same fabric?

The wind startles  
and you move through my dream,  
dryad, echo  
of the pulse of me,  
to make sweet the new day —

the urge of softly  
your breasts — sunlight  
touches the branch —

the sight of you  
echoes and re-echoes —  
the thought of you  
is substance and sustenance —  
listen, golden girl,  
do you hear my voice?

— *Allan G. Brown*