

Late Spring rain falls on  
grey streets off grey skies  
O I mourn youth's flight  
or beat pots, sing,  
bite old dried meat  
no blame.

What May this. What  
place: no rose smell  
beach warmth salt stars  
smiles strength thought touch.  
Hark back now ...past...

Then eyes laughed  
blue sky breezed kites  
girls swayed kissed deep  
bold I scaled hills.

Sun god  
come back.  
Ayr-born  
hawk  
soar.