

## 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.