

Watered in the heat and fervor of summer the sage explodes its magenta glory bees buzz and feast on its nectar.

It captures the sun smiles and giggles its delight. It is a joy to see life burst and stir a flurry as the zeal and vigor of its limbs cannot be contained.

I too need watering in this infernal season of clashes and wrangling seemingly determined to turn my verdant soul into a desert.

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