Strawberry Field

you taste like freshly picked strawberries
warm and sweet
waiting to be picked in summer sun

take my hand
as we walk through the fields
and run from the world

your blonde hair shines
falling up and down
like the green leaves beneath our feet

an oak tree’s shadow
calls our names
begging us to come

smooth skin rests on rough bark
swaying branches perform a midday dance overhead
strawberries never tasted so good