

Let Summer Stay Late

If spring comes slow, then let summer stay late—
Let us leave our empty blue shoes forsaken in the high cornstalks
and slide our blessed feet in stream beds, on hot beach sand,
along the blue tile edges of swimming pools.
Let no-school boys fly clouds on the ends of kite strings,
bikini-clad girls with frequent pedicures waft by
on clouds of chlorine perfume, and Eau de Lemonade.

Let sleevelessness carry the day; let the chocolate eaters
go seeking the cool shade as if their souls are melting
and they are running headlong for Sunday School.
Let all girls be California Girls, all boys Beach Boys.
Let laughter wide as the Mississippi roll out
past Kool-Aid teeth and Tanqueray tongues
'till the goldfinches at the feeder can't help but laugh along,
doing improv in the sun, in the heat of the day
and tucking their fledglings into tree-slung beds
at twilight, under the purple moon.

If spring comes slow, then let summer stay,
and stay, and stay,
until we have filled up,
stored it up,
until we could, ourselves, burst with it,
like a thunderstorm, and rain the sweetest rain
down on autumn's thirsty ground.

Rebecca Meredith
July 28, 2007

Summer themed poem written on site of Redmond's Arts in the Parks program, using words and phrases from audience members.

Summer Scenes

I.

Blaze of sunshine.

Shriveled slug seeks shade
among corn stalks,
wishes for

lakes of lemonade,
autumn thunderclouds,
purple moons of winter,
twilights of spring.

II.

On twilit lawn, the neighbor girl
slips off blue shoes and, barefoot
beneath purple moon,
watches thunderclouds
roll in from the beach.

Mary K. Whittington
July 28, 2007

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