

Summer's End

September air, still heavy with summer,
barely whispers the river birch and pine,
reminding me of generations
of ladies on verandahs languidly
fanning their faces, staring at cloudless sky.

Across Elm Lane, a small dog yaps, children
squeal as they dive into a pool, climb out,
dive again, believing neither this day
nor summer will ever end, forgetting
it is almost dinner time, that school is
just around the corner. Perhaps before

his ragged breathing slowed, he, too, forgot
about the ending, and even then, tried
to hold on to summer, a day, a night
and another day until not even
summer, or the earth he loved, could hold him.

Mary Anne Morefield