

## Summer

I walk the back road, my shoes kicking up the dust  
that covers my bare legs.

Wasn't it just last month the corn saluted me with tiny victory signs  
that now would reach my thighs?

The hillside so green in spring finery it hurt to gaze upon it,  
is now the bright orange of the Indian paintbrush.

Milkweed setting pods, cattail getting fat, peepers grown to frogs.  
a killdeer, feigning injury, loudly leads me away from her nest  
hidden among the stones at road's edge.

The days grow longer and longer until they don't, and  
like me, slowly give way to autumn's glow.

But while the sun is shining and the warm winds blow  
I will dance and make love and think not of the cold to come.  
Dressed in gossamer finery, begging me to follow her  
Summer is here!