

OSINACHI IBE

Song for Summer

It's the end of summer
The bittersweet, romantic end.
The late summer sun burns differently,
It tells you it's coming to an end.
Its light leans orange.
Softer,
Quieter,
Lazier.
The kind you fall asleep to in the fields.
It feels like it wants one last hurrah.
Or maybe that's me,
Longing for one more summer day,
And another one, and another one, so I don't have to see it's end.
Fall will come soon, gold and beautiful, to deliver summer's baby.
Fall is gentler in all its magnificent glory.
Fall is longer.
Not in length but in the way it sinks down, down into my body.
Fall is at my feet.
Spring in my head.
Winter, my heart, my middle.
But summer's in my throat.
It comes out with a laugh,
Easy, easy.
Summer's in my fingers,
Rummaging through the hot air and tall grasses.
Getting dirt in my shoes
And scabs on my legs
And bugs in my hair
And tanned skin all over.
Summer is my friend.
So I say, '*Stay awhile, friend.*'