

Summer Personified / Cassie Creley

The air is scorched, the sky melts,
Dribbling, rippling wax
That distorts the landscape.
Even the dust is lazy,
Wafting through sunbeams,
Yawning. The fan glints
Like a mirage, as it swats
At flies flip-flopping through
The shimmers of rhythmic
Rays. Ice cubes sweat while
Swimming in glasses of neon
Fruit punch. Fresh paint tans,
Blisters. Boots and loafers
Laze about, tails drooping,
Tongues lolling out.