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Despite title, this is a fall poem

THE SOUND OF SUMMER IS

unheard with your ears full of sea,
salt on your lips, surf your only horizon.
Surfacing, you silently track powdered ivory
on your way up to granite-speared clouds and
noiseless smoky shades of firs.
Ears full of heat, mind full of sun, you
in your grass-stained shirt never hear
summer until it packs to go, pulls out
of a twig that breaks instead of bending,
leaves petals and leaves dressed for the tropics
untended—to falter and fall crackling
like kindling.
You hear summer, harried, hurried, complaining,
when it makes a last lightning check
of secret closets, vacating the place
for the demanding new tenant bringing
epidemics of gray and tons of luggage.

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