

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.