

August Day

by Kevin Ault

I push my Coors into a styrofoam cup
vainly trying to keep it ice cold
protected from hot August sun
my modified ghetto-blaster
cranks out ZZ Top at 110 decibels
inches from my ear
The hot sun bakes my skin and muscle
me and several others
at the clubhouse pool

Something familiar about this feeling
Thoughts of you clinging, clawing
at the corners of my mind
I let them into consciousness
Feeling your hot bare skin
baking my skin and muscle
my heart and emotions

With these thoughts
I scrape my toes
against the concrete