

## 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