

The Voice

The balmy voice of Summer spoke to us that evening,
And we heard Her over the laughter
Of a thousand wonderful memories.

Droplets of sweat from a just-finished
Softball game still lingered on my face:

I don't even remember who won.

Summer beckoned from the West, and we followed,
Toward the slowly sinking sun

Whose fire danced across the heavens
To a miraculous symphony of color.

We playfully dodged the swaying limbs
Of a writhing but peaceful grove,

And muddied our shoes leaping over

A silent brook—but we didn't care.

Before us lay a meadow of emerald grasses,

And beyond that were the railroad tracks,

That we had set out to visit.

Through the whispering field,

We raced and bounded and tackled

Each other, laughing as we ran,

Until the meadow ceased.

The endless iron road traveled forever

To the glowing horizon.

And there we sat, deep into the night,

Waiting for a train,

In love with Summer.