

Summer Echo

Taylor Vaknin

I walk out, losing my grip and
letting the cracked screen door
swing then slam a little harder than it should.

My feet hit the ground then spring
me up, to faces I love, faces I've known,
faces I'll never forget, even after

time has pushed us over the edge,
upward, not wanting to go, yet aware of
its presence, the stillness of existence.

The smell of determination as masculine
bodies arch over the heat of the iron and
sagging skin sulks into the thread of the chair.

My place never changes, my presence never
ignored, my love is never taken for granted,
because just as the goose knows where to fly

for warmth, my heart leads me to the
ones for life. I am as certain as the sun
that splashes rays of science, discovery

on the features that cover the world
for as long as we will ever know, for
the end is in each moment, each moment in
the end.