Some people don’t mind the summer.

Stripped of the cocoon offered by cashmere and wool, they sacrifice their skin to the cruel sun or bathe in the suffocating film of SPF 30.

Standing in line for coffee, their endless chorus of “Can you make that iced?” is almost as offensive as their preference for stevia.

They congregate in bronzed hordes at the local pool, where they enjoy all the chlorine and errant pubes their hearts could ever desire.
Laughing at bad jokes
in sundresses and Bermuda shorts
at barbecues and garden parties,
they never tire of grilled meat
and paper umbrellas in cocktails,

forgetting that September will come.