

Summer

A Balladeer

The Benz fans
Are turned up high
Land pans
Before your eyes
Flashback
To father's suntanned thighs

Hopped on
In driver's seat
Up front
With dangling feet
Chest belt
His muscled arm around

And the sun goes down

The lake wakes
A hard blue sky
Waves break
And Sam says 'hi'
Flashback
To Super Snorkel Spy

Young blonde
With fishing net
Strong, fond
His back half wet
Splash track
And underwater sound

And the sun goes down

Please, stop the thinking and the torture
You can really only take so much
Things do look better in the morning
Without any grudge

The twins bathe
At 10 a.m.
Grins taped
On Sony cam
Flashback
To mother's glaring lamp

Dives, swift
Into the roar
Wives drift,
Shift, safe on shore
Jam-packed
That night that Natty drowns

And the sun goes down

Please, stop the thinking and the torture
You can really only take so much
Things do look better in the morning
Without any grudge

Would you stop this futile thinking
Would you stop these figments