

Summers in a Small Town

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There is a magic that lives in the summer in a small town
From the outside it looks absolutely ordinary
But there is a magic that comes when the warm wind blows through the trees again
A magic that comes when the sun starts to show her face again

It's a life that comes after the storm
It's all the streets that we've driven about a thousand times before
It's running through sprinklers and getting soaked
It's having your time all to yourself again
It's ice cream, and long walks at night
It's sitting under stars, and on parking garage roofs
It's letting yourself fall for the first time
It's that golden hour before the sun sets
Which is the closest we can get to tangibly feeling magic
It's losing friends, and somehow finding new ones
It's lonely nights when you wish you just had someone to hold your hand

It's warm nights, starry skies
Finally feeling seen by his brown eyes
It's learning to trust in a quiet peace inside
It's phone calls and fireflies
It's coming alive for the first time

I've lived these summers countless times before
But I never really felt the magic until he came along
And even if he's gone before the leaves change
I'm okay if he only lives in the neurons in my brain

And even if we never speak again, the memories mattered
He mattered, I mattered, and we mattered

Even though stars burn out, and sunsets fade
Even though time marches on like the phases of the moon
The thing about life is that it's not ours to keep
It's ours to live until we have to return it
We can only do our best with every breath we are given
We have to find the magic everywhere we can

And even though everything else may change
Summers in a small town always stay the same