

Spring 5-1-2015

Final Summer

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Recommended Citation

Stocking, Edward (2015) "Final Summer," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 37: No. 2, Article 14.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol37/iss2/14>

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EDWARD STOCKING

final summer

I remember early May nights. Reminiscing of countries neither of us had been. Sitting in our car, as fog and flowers shielded us from sight. Sharing stories of lying in bed while rain pounded our tin roof. That night we heard a strange meadowlark sing and I dreamed to kiss you and promise I'd never love again.

Summer in Jersey, traffic on the parkway. Watching birds fly overhead as we sailed an asphalt ocean. Labor day, you met my parents, convinced them you were of pedigree. I would have married you had I heard rumors of an indian summer.

The other day I saw you as a girl I didn't know, your hair serpented delicately in a ribbon. Her lips red with rouge. E train spewed to crush as I trailed through the halls of Penn Station. But you slid down stairs to Greatneck and I the Jersey Coast.