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Heat Haze

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Heat Haze

It is July 8th,
the peak of Summer's heat
and my grandmother's garden is still fertile, fruiting;
forgiving when she forgets to water the leaves of green
that reach up, thirsting for the Sun.
She asks me if I want a Coke
and when I say no, she insists.
At least she can still water me,
sweeten me into staying longer
than the drying plants on her patio.
Condensation gathers at the can's curves,
kisses my fingers wet and cool
until Summer's heat feels miles away.
Until I forget the garden, remember only the flowers,
remember when she could remember.
Remember when she didn't forget to water leaves of green
that reach up, thirsting for the Sun.
Strange how too much of a good thing can kill you, flowers,
like too much Coca-Cola rots the teeth;
like when we remind her that she already took her pills for today,
that doubling up can be dangerous.
Forgetting can be dangerous.
Too much water can kill you too, flowers,
isn't that strange?
My grandmother asks after the weather for the fifth time,
asks if it will rain and drown the buds in her garden.
For the fifth time I tell her not to worry
and I decide to stay with her
a little bit longer.

Ninetta DeBoni