

Concrete Summers - Revised
Elizabeth Wendorf

She doesn't remember
the easy, ever-softening gasps of
warm-grass-warm-skin-warm-hair summers and
sweaty-palm in sweaty-palm:
skin-stuck-to-plastic
to-skin.

She's let burst the bubbles of chlorine-soaked laughter
through lashes
and freckles
and popsicle lipstick.
And let fade the bolts of
blond highlights of
brown tan lines of
lighting-bugs-on-damp-skin-on-damp-grass.

She is sugar-salt-sun saturated and
sand-cratered and
sea-tangled with yester-day's/week's/year's burns and
tumbled dry at sunset.