

# The Last Fly of Summer

*by* Carl Santoro

a bright, humid morning.  
New York City.  
a CHILD's pancake restaurant.  
i'm sitting on a  
revolving stool  
by the counter  
waiting for my order.  
leafing through the  
SEBRING 100 WALLAMATIC  
record selector  
and just as my omelette  
is place into my tie-  
there he is-  
lying stale, crushed,  
frozen in time between  
GEORGY GIRL and HARD DAY'S NIGHT.  
embarrassing, i think.

