

Summer's End

by Estelle Bruno

This can't be our last 80 degree day
it's Columbus Day
where are the marchers?

I'll tell you where

they are all at the beach, droves of them,

adults, children, dogs

jumping in and out of the water

to retrieve balls.

Two parking fields, jammed with cars.

I keep circling till I finally see a car leaving.

Thinking to myself "why are you leaving?
This is your last day of sun and fun."

The news reports are already of
cold rainy days ahead.

I don't want to believe them.

