

Summer Is An Itch

by Joe Sullivan

Underwater your eyes collapse
and your feet touch decayed leaves
and soft sand at the lake's bottom,
the texture of tenderized flesh,
maybe an intestine

You spring to the surface to
find your skull met by
waterflies, and their limbs
tweak your peace

On the shore your feet
touch a granular soil,
mosquitoes swarm, twigs
cut toes and this time
bones meet stone

At the entrance to the
wooded path, you greet
the pavement, only to find
another sand and specks of
glass, shattered by the
town's teenagers on their
way back from the night,
one of the first nights their
innocence left them

Yours was gone long ago, as
you stand with feet bloodied
and a burned-out street
lamp above you

