

# 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

