

Summer, finito

by Kitty Boots

Moonflowers, heavy, late to bloom collapsed the trellis. Sphinx
moths, wings vibrating against heart-shaped leaves, red eyes
glowing, find the sprawl.

Hummingbirds, fewer in number seem less frenzied.
Loons are trilling in the cove.
Sky puppies dip and dive in the dusky back-shadow of violet clouds.

Beaches have mercifully emptied of loud rednecks with their cheap
beer, tricked-out trucks and sloppy women.
Terns, once squawky and testy while nesting, accept my presence.

A rogue wave washes my jeans to the knees as I pick through the
flotsam of another season.

