

Greg MacPherson

"Summer's Over"

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Summer's over. Calming down. All of my long sleeve shirts are too big for me somehow. Out on the staircase their eyes are closed counting the seconds down until they fall asleep under the stars. Like radios on quiet in cars drifting down the last hill of the night. There's a place I'd like to see, outside the summer and the law. The perfect number's out there balancing between the spring and the fall.

Summer's over. The last few seconds weren't so bad, 22 degrees and the stereo upstairs is nice and loud. Cymbals crash. I'm going out now but I'll be right back. There's a place I'd like to see, outside the summer and the law. The perfect number's out there balancing between the spring and the fall. There's a place I'd like to see.

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