

## Alexipharmic

### "Summer"

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Summer ringtone on your mobile phone  
They say there's fewer sounds sweeter than the tone of  
children's laughter  
It captures men's hearts - proof life ends happily ever  
after  
And at eight years old, in the sunshine, a princess  
Held access to the fairy tale to be her sole witness  
Hop scotch on the block in the hot Chicago sun  
Double Dutch, selling lemonade til the day was done  
Summer's world shone bright, despite never knowing  
her biological  
Parents that placed her in a dumpster near the hospital  
Nurse Jones raised her right, and did all that was  
possible  
For a woman of sixty-five that had her own life's  
obstacles  
Provided all she could afford, "a Ford" pickup and a  
tenement  
Clean clothes, food, medicine, all bought for Summer's  
betterment  
Hesitant to let her out on the sidewalk alone  
For fear of what was on the corner a few steps from  
home  
But seasons change and it seems to have shown  
She couldn't protect Summer when she was full grown

Summer breathed Winter in the chasms of her nose  
Spring up for passing seconds, Fall down from an  
overdose

Sixteen, prom queen, pristine, stayed clean  
Never mixing with the vagabonds that rolled with dope  
fiends  
But the winds of autumn came, and like the colors that  
changed  
Summer's interests, hobbies, and priorities re-  
arranged  
Peer pressure never phased, but validation was a  
problem  
In order to stay on top she had to go to the bottom  
To compromising situations, giving body and soul

For the goal of keeping Nurse Jones warm in the cold  
After six months of fighting, Miss Jones moved on  
Took a deep breath, winked at Summer, closed her  
eyes, and was gone  
And Summer tried to stay strong, stayed in school,  
fixed her focus  
But unpaid bills culminated to an eviction notice  
Now homeless and hopeless, wandered - darkness on  
the streets  
Looking desperate for a job to get her back on her feet  
But no one hired a 16-year old dropout with a halo  
So she continued the march with the other broken-  
winged angels

Summer breathed Winter in the chasms of her nose  
Spring up for passing seconds, Fall down from an  
overdose

Now Summer's slowly dying - see Summer's soul was  
trying  
To break out of the bonds, become a sun again,  
shining  
21, collapsed veins, powdered bloody nose, a  
shattered frame  
The remnants of her memories keep her mildly sane  
Summer's pastime was passin time by talking to  
herself  
Amidst the heckles of the passers-by , her muffled  
cries for help  
Fell onto deaf ears, out of the mouth of babes  
Came the echoed only, lonely cries no one wanted to  
save  
Though Summer's stomach showed no signs of having  
amniotic fluid  
Third trimester rolled around, and through it all she  
was clueless  
Until she woke up in the same hospital she was  
abandoned  
Being told "Push" by doctor's and the voice in her head  
that demanded  
She make it through to see the splinter in the dark  
A new start, new purpose, new woman, same heart  
And through her next 50 years of life, 'til her eventual  
death  
There was never a sound sweeter than her child's first  
breath

And the Fall of Summer into Winter's darkest of days  
Ended when Summer realized the Spring's sun-rays

