

# The Angle

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Volume 1981 | Issue 1

Article 22

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1981

## Summer Always Seems

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### Recommended Citation

Cuminale, Nancy (1981) "Summer Always Seems," *The Angle*: Vol. 1981 : Iss. 1 , Article 22.  
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## Summer Always Seems

### Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: 1981.



## "Summer always seems"

*Summer always seems to  
slip away  
with a few cool September nights  
while fall grows in with apathy*

*and unlike yesterday's soft summer air  
today's is jagged  
and unreasonably gloomy  
with thick fall greyness  
defined like a dictionary word*

*Winter moves in silently  
first nightly brushing frost across hillsides  
in morning the crops are dying  
and the frail sun attempts cool revival*

*soon the snow  
breeds grey slush on streets and sidewalks  
ice on doorsteps  
and chapped skin on milky bodies  
in dire need of some tropic peace of mind  
but there is no relief and necktops  
are seen grappling with woolen cowl necks  
faces frozen against windstorms of December*

*and we wait  
like verdicts in the snowstorm  
exploiting the edges of warmth  
car heaters  
and houses that aren't quite hot enough*

*in evenings  
crunching our feet in snow  
we in these northeast dwellings  
curse at the months that are  
white and stunning  
step out onto porches  
where footsteps are wanted  
and for seconds  
blast the still ice air  
with our heat*

*and we wait  
for green revival    soon*

*Rain falls  
and the clean bright snow  
dies of embarrassment  
after having settled determinedly  
like an arctic morgue  
to still the immortal earth*

*but still it creeps in  
through the window crack    like doom*

*Until in May  
spring settles into  
the small green spaces surrounding suburbia  
and the first lawnmower is revived  
pushing forward  
mulching winter-wasted lawns  
into hay  
to be raked by the children*

NANCY CUMINALE