Summer Always Seems

Nancy Cuminale

St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1981/iss1/22

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1981/iss1/22 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Summer Always Seems

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1981.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1981/iss1/22
"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