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Summer:

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SUMMER:

I am capable of lying—
there is no open space
that your mother didn't tell you about
no swollen finger worth crying over
no bargain to be had in the basement—

we have wood rot, I know, the neighbor
is doing something about his, the salt water,
the long summer, the wind. I can deal with termites,
shit I've already dealt with them.

You think when you buy a home... Yes, the neighbor is friendly
enough to lend you a blue pill here, a white one there,
he is a nice man. That is what nice men do. He is nice.
We agree, I don't know who will cut the lawn,
things of this nature, they take time.
They don't. They do.

Is there a date, it's nearly summer. Fall comes
soon. I agree. It comes soon but
the summer is what kills us,
the heat, the wind, the salt,
it's the summer we shouldn't
keep trying for.