

Early August

When there are blueberries on the bush,
And oysters shucked on Star Market ice,
When the hydrangeas pass a pale baby of a pink,
When skin is scorched from a day's work of lying horizontal on the sand,
and Frank Sinatra sings through the speakers,
three dogs lap the warm soapy river of the outdoor shower,
A nest full of four freshly hatched ospreys spy from their watchtower,
A conversation in Italian of which I have no words to say,
A swaying rope swing overlooking the evening lull and lust of the bay,
The final ray of what I know for sure, only now, will come again tomorrow,
A brief premonition of *nothing gold can stay*,
I look at my mother's parents—
Her father's cut-off khaki shorts,
bloodied by a bass,
Her mother's seersucker apron,
Covered in a sauce stain that I know will last
with all I have in my heart,
I beg the world to stop spinning for just five seconds so I
May just relish in reverence for this season and try to make it
Last forever.