

best months in The City

APRIL

we crack our windows open, and peer into a summer
forthcoming with
rain up to our elbows
and inching around our necks, closing in
on the nose and just before we're in need of a
life guard, April filters down into one of The City's four storm drains
MAY

May greets us and we greet her back on
the rooftop decks and townhouse windows we
dangle our legs out of. A fresh coat of paint on the clouds
and all the sidewalks sing
we couldn't be bothered! Not that you asked anyway.
We barter May for June

JUNE

Count our freckles over jazz music and Two Buck Chuck,
June swells around us like the old City houses in heat.
June makes us feel young June makes us sing loud
June walks us down the street in Payless pumps and kisses
us goodbye at the intersection of July and Monday

JULY

July picks us up and drops us
at a farmers market with a hot dog and money we keep spending.
Everyone eats hot dogs in July and everyone knows that. Our strides
are longer in July, we walk with purpose in July!
Our faces painted with sweat we haul
all of July out in a hamper basket to clothespin to August

AUGUST

It's the dog days of summer, a radio man says and
a grandma closes her eyes to remember
In a ball field near the river that cuts The City in half
A baseball player points his bat to The City skyline
and knocks August into September
the crowd jumps and hollers and
We roar loud enough to shatter summer
It's going, it's going, it's gone

-Audrey Schreiber