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Summer

Kevin Hart

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Summer

by Kevin Hart

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August: fat summer lounges everywhere,
Enjoying all the grasses' loopy green
And that young sky whose blue has grown so rich.
The birds drink deep before they take the air.

I walk around, and reach inside the flesh
Of white oaks, yellow warblers, squirrels, pine,
And feel their puzzled gazes settle down
And start to feel at home inside a world

I barely know because I'm new to life,
Though life is old. Bruised light before a storm;
And if it came, the rapture would be clean,
In Indiana it would sweep each soul

Up in its tide of self and victory.
O lay me down, Dark One, lay me down
Until you bend to me; be like the moon
That bathes my row of bent tomato plants,

O lay me down, until I can be sweet,
Until the deer will kiss my eyes, and let
Me learn from them, until the summer rubs
Her sweaty flesh against me one last time.