



Summer is Coming

by DS Maolalai

I can feel it in wind:
it will come,
and I'll write
many poems
about it, and drive
home through summer-
filled streets.
men will burn,
wearing shorts,
holding beer cans
in satchels. women
with sundresses,
winebottles, beautiful
smiles. sunglasses
everywhere. birds
through canals
and on fine summer
waters. dogs upon pavements
by summer cafes.
flowers will burst
up like fat on a frying pan
between cracks in the hot
summer pavements. litterbins
burning, all evening and smoke-
blown blue. summer
is coming. the world is a bicep
in tension,
awaiting the heat
of relief.