

These are the most beautiful summer days

The air is cool
And yet heavy as fog
I can smell its freshness
On a late May night in New England
It's the smell of almost summer
The smell of the earth waking up
From a deep meditation

Spring becomes summer
And July, and summer program
What a whirlwind

Endless days
August
Loving
Spent surfing and soaking in sun
Loving
Biking, running, yoga
Sleeping
Cooking fish and kale
Eating it together and enjoying jokes and wine
And French reggae
A late-night trip to the ocean
Where waves crashed
Into our chests armpit high
And we laughed and lay on paddleboards
And found shapes in the clouds and looked at the stars
Together on the most beautiful August night
That ever existed

Then high heat of summer transitions into fall
These are the most beautiful late summer days
When goldenrod and loosestrife bloom
Clouds are puffy in blue skies
Sounds of cicada and crickets fill the air
Thick with the last warm rays of sunshine
And the deep dusk wanes
And the sunsets blend orange, yellow, red, and purple
Into one

Until the leaves begin to turn
Fiery shades
And for one last moment

The earth shines
Begging for farmers to harvest the last of
Kale, and sweet greens
And to plant garlic in the light
Of the full moon
Before the first snow falls
And covers the earth with a heavy white blanket

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