The Last Summer

Tim Powell

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The Last Summer
Tim Powell
Honorable Mention Poetry

Redgold whitesunned autumn lies un-unfolded down-the-line.
Cold barrenforest evenings shape crisp crushed deadleaf daydreams,
as open pores pour unenamored need spilling across sizzling asphalt black.
(Just a lizard's hint of a wave, transposed by a hand's touch on tempered tinted green glass.
-Hurried on to supple designs.)

Crumbled cool cubicle, sealed from redlight rendezvous, keep your passion on.
-which dreaded, rise.
Seeking prey in hot summer-fast customized wet darkness.

Again she lifts the bare handful, fingers poised, just so . . .
Up, Up. Gliding so, so slowly
-She knows her glare, her eyes suck the soul out of you.
-God. A thousand scents tossed randomly, sprinkled through daydreams like dustdreams scattered across a handful of darkness.
Her hand, palm full lifts for her lips . . .

To drink—such heady luscious star-nectar liquid dark muskmelon sea of golden wetness.
-always the hand holds, the lips flush with cheeks, with open deep pools, in gold stars in green eyes: begging softly: "think me."
Trace the soft lush lips and twist the taste of late last summer.