

# Summer

A Balladeer

The Benz fans  
Are turned up high  
Land pans  
Before your eyes  
Flashback  
To father's suntanned thighs

Hopped on  
In driver's seat  
Up front  
With dangling feet  
Chest belt  
His muscled arm around

And the sun goes down

The lake wakes  
A hard blue sky  
Waves break  
And Sam says 'hi'  
Flashback  
To Super Snorkel Spy

Young blonde  
With fishing net  
Strong, fond  
His back half wet  
Splash track  
And underwater sound

And the sun goes down

Please, stop the thinking and the torture  
You can really only take so much  
Things do look better in the morning  
Without any grudge

The twins bathe  
At 10 a.m.  
Grins taped  
On Sony cam  
Flashback  
To mother's glaring lamp

Dives, swift  
Into the roar  
Wives drift,  
Shift, safe on shore  
Jam-packed  
That night that Natty drowns

And the sun goes down

Please, stop the thinking and the torture  
You can really only take so much  
Things do look better in the morning  
Without any grudge

Would you stop this futile thinking  
Would you stop these figments