

Ode for Summer

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I used to dream about summer,
the sweet smell of flowers blossoming from carefully tended earth,

plunging into the still water to cleanse my skin from the sticky
film that clings to my body like my leather jacket after a sudden
downpour
to breathe again.

Inhale,
filling the lungs with crisp air,
Exhale,
releasing my body from blistering heat.

I dream of the soft sound of crickets accompanying me on my way
home,

eating fresh strawberries and ripe peaches on our balcony,
paired with the lemon tart we infused with the lemons from our
carefully tended
tree.

But one year has passed,
the seasonal change has brought us to a halt,
the electric encounters we felt, the tingling whenever I was
hearing your voice,
turned into a breakdown.
We are not in sync with each other anymore.

I am dreaming of summer; I am doing all these things I have longed
for after a long
winter,
as I am sitting here,

I watch people plunging peacefully into the tempest sea,
picking flowers to make flower crowns,
eating fresh strawberries.

But as I am biting into the peach that has finally ripened, I find
it tastes too acidic
my lemon tart has turned out too sour,
the acrid fruit burning my tongue,
leaving a trace of bitterness

and as I watch the sun hiding in the distant horizon,
embellishing nature with its last rays, before the cold air of the
night restores the world from sultriness

I think
maybe I have not dreamt of summer,

I have dreamt of you.