

Here Comes the Summer

Moke

Last day in May, the afternoon: remember?
Black marks off charcoal from the dune: remember?
I thought it wouldn't be too soon; we'd wait at least until its June.
The twenty-ninth of March it rained: remember?
You looked so sad that I explained: remember?
You knew it wouldn't be too soon; we'll have to wait until its June.
I've been waiting since I don't know when and now it finally seems about to start.
I swear, I swear, that I will do my part.
December dark at six o'clock: remember?
The freezing wind gives you a shock: remember?
You knew it wouldn't be too soon; we'll have to wait until its June.
October damp on down the street: remember?
The sodden leaves stuck to your feet: remember?
You knew it wouldn't be too soon; we'll have to wait until its June.
I've been waiting since I don't know when and now it finally seems about to start.
I swear, I swear, that I will do my part.
July the third we stayed up late: remember?
And thought how long we'd have to wait: remember?
It'll be so long until it's soon; it'll be so long until its June.

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