

Summer Song

Carbon Leaf

Soak the sun, cinnamon
What went wrong, summer song
Splinter snag, wind vein ragged
Faded trends, summer ends What's that, I thought I heard you say?
Lunar scape and cold winds on their way
Whistling banshee through the screen
Salt air and isolation sting Melon seed-spitting wars
Toys lost in the sand
Innocence is scorched
Summer leaves its brand Bat away a hurricane's eyelash
Ushering by the season past
Hinting, dapples pinching through my sleeve
Intimating that I leave

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