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Late Summer in Oklahoma

Marj McAlister
LATE SUMMER IN OKLAHOMA

By Marj McAlister

This morning is not the same as yesterday and day before and day before...
The sounds are nearer, sharper.
The air feels thinner, cooler.
My eyes can see farther, clearer.
My tongue tastes a refreshing breeze.
I touch the golden gate—unfamiliarly cool.

As I walk down the path, the flowers salute, rather than droop. The birds are friskier. Missy jumps twice as high as usual.
The end of summer is near; my pulse quickens after weeks of doldrums.

Summer gave a good performance, but I do not applaud too loudly. She will reappear for a few encores, but I welcome autumn in all her finery, parading front and center.

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