

Summer In The City

I love the summer. The city comes alive in the summer. People come out of their houses and there is a more laid back atmosphere as people make time just to be. So this is a poem that celebrates summer in the city. I guess the title comes from the song Summer in the City by that well known group Lovin' Spoonful.

Summer is for going barefoot
on the hot concrete of the back yard
Summer is for watching the world go by
sitting beneath the windmills of exchange square
Summer is drinking beer out of bottles
at sticky umbrellared café tables
Summer is babies in floppy hats
sitting in prams on front door steps
Summer is the smell of BBQ's
wafting over garden walls
Summer is hot grimy buses and cars piled high
with suitcases and camping gear
Summer is the muggy rumbling of thunder
sudden downpours and the smell of wet earth
Summer is the sound of kids swinging in the park
and the chink of bowls on the crown green
Summer is the vibrant colours of carnival
and the thumping beat of music from open windows
Summer is the smudged face paints
and composting bins of parties in the parks
Summer is the fast food debris and burst balloons
of the clean up from the night before
Summer is the drone of traffic and dogs barking
and the tossing and turning of a balmy night
Summer is the sitting of teenagers on walls
and declarations of love daubed on back alley walls
Summer is the jingle of the ice cream van
enticing children along the street
Summer is wearing floaty clothes in impractical colours
with ostentatious hats and straw bags
Summer is watching the bats emerge
from their boarded up, derelict hideaways
Summer is curling up with a good book
or laughing over an alfresco dinner with friends
Summer is watching the sinking orange glow of the sun
reluctantly taking leave of the day.

© Clare McBeath and Tim Presswood, 2007