



## SUMMER STEAM

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It was the kind of day that only comes once,  
a kite flying day,  
born late in July.  
We ran with that day,  
harvested freckles,  
breathed the sun.  
It caught us and held us  
in the backyard of our memories.  
It almost stayed forever;  
it was magic . . .  
but too real.  
And as dreams conceived on front porch swings,  
it passed like summer steam.