June

Sweet tea
The sun glistening through trees
The thuds of shoes on front porch floorboards
The squeals of a porch swing
I don’t need anything more
True laughter, that comes from the gut
The kind when you can’t really breathe.
Hot patio bricks, cool pools, soft grass
It’s summer.
June birthday,
Candies bought, streamers taped up
Coconut caramel frosting, pink tablecloths, wishes made
These are the days.
The next day,
Rainy clouds, closed windows
Curtains open as far as they’ll go,
Just trying to squeeze as much daylight in the house.
Legs curled up, books worn through
That day, I traveled through worlds through and through.
How could I want anything more?
Thriving green plants, dirty shoes
Just another afternoon
Everything in absolute bloom
I’m at my peak, my most passionate self.
No, it’s not just ‘another month’
It’s June.

By Allie Hostetler