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Dog Daze

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Dog Daze

By Sarah Synar

It is summer and yet

I am not a child catching butterflies

Gulping down sour lemonade until my tongue tingles

Running barefoot through the muddy lawn, stumbling into the pool

Water rushing up my nose, burning

Feet flailing as I attempt to handstand

I lose my breath blowing bubbles, coming up for air

It is summer and yet

I am not a child camping in the backyard

Sweating through sleep just to taste adventure

Catching fireflies that slip through clumsy fingers

Plucking flowers to tuck behind my ear

Wishing on weeds and the wishes come true, why wouldn't they?

Squealing as bees land on my sticky hands,

Washing off the watermelon juice

It is summer and yet

I am not a child chasing my brother at the park

Coming home before dark, just in time for dinner

Smelling barbecued 100% Angus Beef Burgers and

Squirting too much ketchup on my plate

It drips down my wrists, onto my new white shirt

Sorry, mom.

It's okay, it'll come out.

It is summer and yet

I am not a child building fairy houses out of moss

Constructing stick roofs and collecting snails

Chewing sunflower seeds like Pa and spitting them out

Into the red dirt

Climbing fences like jungle gyms, jumping over into the neighbor's yard

To bring back the ball that flew over the fence

Ripping my jeans,

Yes, I patched them up myself.

It is summer and yet

The days now, fleeting

I live through the memories collected over the years

Wondering

Where has all the time gone?