

Late Summer

By Jennifer Grotz

Before the moths have even appeared

to orbit around them, the streetlamps come on,

a long row of them glowing uselessly

along the ring of garden that circles the city center,

where your steps count down the dulling of daylight.

At your feet, a bee crawls in small circles like a toy unwinding.

Summer specializes in time, slows it down almost to dream.

And the noisy day goes so quiet you can hear

the bedraggled man who visits each trash receptacle

mutter in disbelief: *Everything in the world is being thrown away!*

Summer lingers, but it's about ending. It's about how things

redden and ripen and burst and come down. It's when

city workers cut down trees, demolishing

one limb at a time, spilling the crumbs

of twigs and leaves all over the tablecloth of street.

Sunglasses! the man softly exclaims

while beside him blooms a large gray rose of pigeons

huddled around a dropped piece of bread.

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