The Summer of ‘19

Remember the time we were alone?
When Mom and Dad were across the pond,
Where green hills roll like lazy waves,
And three old souls back home
Wore the faces of adults.

We would sit outside
In the humid heat of the day,
Conspiring where we would go.
If only the gas tank was full,
Then we might have run away
And left the thick cloud of memories
Looming over our home.

When the sun would set
And our adventures would stop,
We would feed ourselves
Just as Mom showed us how.
Flour first, beat the eggs to a rich yellow,
The chicken flops from one bowl to the next
Until it reaches the oven.

We were such different people.
He would pace the backyard
While you frowned through the window,
Frustrated that despite the three of us,
Only you and I were really there.

We felt so grown with your license
Bringing us around the island,
Finding paths already paved but new to us
And our hearts full of excitement.

It’s the same island, the same roads.
We’re still the same people,
But now he’s the one I talk to,
He’s the one I laugh with.
You’re still here, I see you,
But you aren’t the same.
She holds your heart in her hands,
Shaking with the same excitement
That you brought me
When you’d ask
“*Want to go somewhere?”*

By Shannon Martin, student, Suffolk County Community College