

Some Months Just Like to Play

The month of June has slid from sight,
The month of June, like “la lun”
Is capricious as the night,
She slips in and out with holidays;
Memorial and the Fourth,
Amid flags on barns and Sales in stores
Her coming and going is loudly
Pronounced as “Surprise,”
Tinged with remorse,
Trounce upon her mid-month
Before the fireflies entrance her
Court her early, while class is in session,
Keep her cool with ice water,
Tease her with desserts of fruit and sherbet
Bring on the watermelon
Coax her to sit down and set a spell,
Promise her a summer garden.
Get acquainted, smile at her
Raise your face toward the sun,
Gleaming and steaming,
Fond and Fun-loving with
Clouds of dumb fluff,
Then, teary-eyed, admire her azure sky
But skip the “good-byes”
For she’s met a new guy; his name is “July.”