Summer, Germantown, Old Farm Road

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In the center of the day, construction, crack of hammer reports, rumble and beep of dump trucks backing up and over shy white curbs. The air moves slow and earthy in my mouth, tastes slightly of dirt and clay and even in the house I sneeze. Outside the birch leaves sag with the weight of dust on their spines.

Dad created the lawn. Seeded the yard and laid down hay - we couldn’t do this the easy way like our neighbors, furnishing the yard with sod, unfurling the small emerald doormats into an instant lawn - just add water. Our lawn will be real and stronger because it takes root and grows here.

Every evening, in the peach of dusk, Dad runs outside and turns on the sprinklers, gingerly stepping on the blanket of hay, placing them here and there. This is the cycle and wander of summer - the laying of sprinklers. The spray of water chick, chick, chicks in a circle, the crickets crick, and I can hear them on the breeze as I fall asleep.

-Jennifer Grace