Poem

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Abstract

It is midsummer now When even the greens turn Hot Shiny shimmery intense green Cornfield Passing warm whispers Field to field...
trict. It slowed going past the backs of department stores, and came to a shuddering halt. I stayed in my seat, not standing up, nervously arranging and rearranging my purse and hat on my lap, until the car had completely cleared. Then I stood up to leave. As I stepped from the train onto the raised second-floor platform, a theater across the street from the station caught my eye.

Just below the marquee was a large sign painted on the bricks of the building in yellow block letters—"Colored Entrance To The Rear." I was back in the world again.

—Anne Burnett, Sci., Jr.

It is midsummer now
When even the greens turn
Hot
Shiny shimmery intense green
Cornfields
Passing warm whispers
Field to field

Trees in the hot wind
Black-green flames
A summer-faded butterfly
Is consumed in the flicker of leaves

The dusty roadside and farmhouse grass
Lie green-gray ashes

I rise from the hammock
And the green hotness circles;
I spin
In the deep green heat of summer