

Summer Moon

Look at us in Summer,
allowing ourselves to
be drawn in by
agonizing temperatures,
the sort that demand ad-libbing at most
times,
for there can be no preparation
for this kind of excess,
and
anything goes
in the business of trying
to defend ourselves from the
almightiest blaze, all the way
from fiercely rebelling
against what is handed down
to abiding by the rules and taking it all
in your stride.
Yes, the heat will probably awaken
passions, but it provides
no true deliverance.
Such radiance does, in some cases,
allow us to imagine how far we
might just go,
wide is the mind,
innumerable your guesses,
forever is the word to keep to yourself.
It could be that, in a warm

and welcoming setting, the right to
dream
knows no bounds
because
extreme heat brings
about the audacity to
speak out thoughts
and beliefs,
launching us into a
make-believe adventure of no return and,
better still, no regrets.
Becoming truly free (because of the heat
or in spite of it?) is
another matter, but
we are cheerfully deluded
for now.
And as time goes by,
the battlefield is plagued
by yet even more enemies (the double-edged
sword
of heat, to be followed
by the wind, to be followed by
the cold), but this fact
gradually ceases to be important
and we end up convincing ourselves
that Summer is on our side.
No, no one will ever be prepared for warmth
that suffocates and
turns us into even more
outlandish creatures (is it true
that most crimes
are committed during
heatwaves?), so barely
can we resist and not capitulate.

It might be best then to forget
the fact that this, the fiercest of fires,
will soon be extinguished
and in its place,
unassuming though possibly
more ominous,
something new (and it could well provide
fresh opportunities)
would appear, a cooler
setting where the wind will blow like
it has lost its direction
and will carry away
leaves and boughs
in their hundreds,
thoughts of old
in their thousands.
The renewal that seasons bring about
could well erase those things
that are most relevant, lost as
they might be in the shuffle and exchange,
and so
from season to season we forget what
once held us together, what
we aspired to and wished for
so desperately.
For your sake,
do not
allow the joy of novelty
to carry you away, you
might well lose your perspective
in the process
and forget the season you
are living in.
Look here and now, there seems

to be lurking
a new menacing season,
without
anyone realising it is
fast approaching us.
Look out, Autumn is literally
just around the corner
from where you are sitting placidly
without
thinking for one second
that there could be an end
to this scorching yet idyllic Summer.
Beware then
because, from hot to cold,
it is now a matter of days.
And this Moon is almost
as warm and radiant as the sun, or
so we like to think in
these long summer nights,
deceptively so.

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From: The Moon at the End of my Street,
published by Friends of Alice Publishing,
2018