

# (SUMMERTIME)

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And they say the leaving is easy. Who “they” are, I’ve no clue. I left a year ago: packed my bags, embraced my father and ignored my mother, boarded the bus. I sat between a hired killer and a farmer selling chickens. Beyond the horizon, I could see the storm clouds approaching. Rain fell like razor blades. The ground surrendered, the bus stalled, and we slogged on foot until we reached the old bus stop at the side of the road. They say help is coming. They say there’s nobody left. It’s been ten days since I’ve seen the sun.

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