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Summer

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Summer

Humidity becomes a part of life
In New Orleans, in July.
So you make love
On the worn wood floors
Leading out to the back porch,
With the screen door hanging loosely
As the sole partition.
It's these times
That you thank the thick air
You saved your old albums,
As Robert Johnson plays and sings
The blues,
And a thumbnail scratch across the vinyl
Creates an off-tempo beat.
Even when the music ends
You can still hear its rhythm
On a July afternoon
In New Orleans.

– Allison Lemieux '96