

SUMMERTIME ALL AT ONCE

By Olivia Klimek

Once, before it was all chopped away,
Mrs. J's citrus japonica tree
stood at the edge of her strict
property line.

And the sweet smell
of ripened Nagami kumquats
that we must peel
with small sappy fingers
in between *hushes & sushes*
have become too cloying for even me.
& asphalt, crumbling in the August sunlight
like inhibition only does
after years and years,
is as easy to trip on as it is to kick.

Suddenly the tartness of childhood,
which has long since passed me by
abidingly and swiftly at the same time—if possible,
is only to be returned to me
through little fruit and tiny laughs
down the street from neighborhood youngsters
with their haphazardly rung bike bells
sweaty, sticky foreheads
& juice covered hands.