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As Molasses in January

By Karen Mathieson

Slow as a freight car on big-city tracks,
The summer day passes in clickety-clacks.
Screen doors screech open, a window slides wide,
And lassitude ambles aboard for the ride.
Ice cubes are castanets—languid, erotic—
Caught in a dance with a substance narcotic.
Nobody plans to do anything strenuous.
Heat shimmers waft on horizons made tenuous.
If the climate is changing as scientists teach,
A cool summer night will soon be out of reach.
So book me a seat on that train bound for Hell—
As long as the air conditioning's swell.

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And remember . . . things could be verse!