

# Summer Aubade

by [R. Gerry Fabian](#) (September 2024)



Summer Night #2 (Willard Metcalf, 1914)

## Summer Aubade

hammocked in your arms  
we fade into summer's

constellations  
displayed for us  
until dawn erases the stars.

## **Pure Cod Liver Oil**

During those  
sweltering suburban summers  
when giant exhaust fans  
and refrigerated hand towels  
offer only pretend relief,  
my parents sent me  
my maternal grandparents' home  
on Long Beach Island.

My grandmother, Irene,  
a white-haired octogenarian,  
with very shaky hands  
insisted that every morning begin  
with a spoonful of cod liver oil.

We assembled by the kitchen sink.  
She took her spoonful first,  
then my cranky grandfather  
and finally, it was my turn.  
It was no sooner in my mouth  
then I spit it in the sink.

"Now you know the flavor  
and still have to take another spoonful."

Her hand shook as she poured another spoonful  
and put it in my mouth.  
She was a scary old lady so I swallowed it.

Placing the spoon in the sink,  
she pulled my head to her face.  
“Sometimes the best thing for you  
may seem the most unpleasant.  
It is never too early  
to learn this lesson.”  
Then she smiled and kissed my forehead.

### **Leaving Summer Behind**

I move outside with slow steps of trepidation.  
The hoarfrost is losing the sun battle  
as the shade sanctuary dissolves.  
Like a torrid romance that finally needs space,  
I take a calculated, cautious breath  
and exhale that white, wet air.  
The humidity like a nagging great aunt  
has departed without any more complaints.  
My arms prickle in the breeze gusts  
and my bones reacquaint with this pseudo-cold  
and try to shiver-shake me back inside.  
I zip my jacket up to my bare neck  
rub my hands together in friction warmth  
and glance at the size of the wood pile.

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**R. Gerry Fabian** is a published writer and poet from Doylestown, PA. He has published five books of poetry: *Parallels*, *Coming Out Of The Atlantic*, *Electronic Forecasts*, *Wildflower Women*, as well as his poetry baseball book, *Ball On*

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