# Summer Aubade

by <u>R. Gerry Fabian</u> (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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