

## A Slice of Time

Shoes cast off, except for Sundays,  
Shirt, unnecessary baggage,  
Wearing cutoffs we called short pants,  
I, a lean lad, lay on my back

In a gray painted wooden swing  
Made by my dad's own hands,  
Suspended in air by link chains  
From rafters on our tiny porch,

In the hottest, driest July  
In Oklahoma's history,  
A spot of shade, an oasis,  
AC, a futuristic dream.

Clasping creatures to its bosom,  
Heat embraced the earth,  
Locking life in a fiery embrace,  
Daring living things to breathe.

When, surprise! Like a gentle lover  
A puff of wind, caressed my skin.  
A breeze, no more than a second,  
Stole across my flesh—and was gone.