Week 3

4/24/17

**Summer in a Small Town**

When the men leave me,

they leave me in a beautiful place.

It is always late summer.

When I think of them now,

I think of the place.

And being happy alone afterwards.

This time it’s Clinton, New York.

I swim in the public pool

at six when the other people

have gone home.

The sky is grey, the air hot.

I walk back across the mown lawn

loving the smell and the houses

so completely it leaves my heart empty.

—Linda Gregg

Write your own poem that idealizes summer (makes it seem more perfect than it actually is). What can you do to make this summer as good as possible. Write at least eight lines.