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## Summer

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**Summer**

By: Payton Baust

I remember the crackle of pine in the pits of our fire  
There were rough stones and wood placed in my backyard.  
Seated in a plastic Costco outdoors chair,  
I watch you through the dying fire,  
Resting in the dirt, stationary.  
The once colorful plastic was now aged and weathered  
You reminded me of a sun stained corpse  
As if you were fighting time you cracked in half.  
Then came a wooden cross, haphazardly nailed together.  
The final result, a mismatched puzzle piece of 2x4's.  
I saw the salty tears mixed with the paint,  
As my stepfather was unable to hide his emotions.  
I can't remember much about you  
Only that you did not like to be touched  
On your tumor ridden stomach,  
Or anywhere else- to be quite frank.  
Regardless of what I remember,  
There's photographic evidence.  
We were always together, I was the small one.  
You were my guardian angel, carefully watching me.  
My protector with chocolate orbs for eyes.  
When you were gone, everybody missed you  
Especially my mother...our mother.  
But as all things in life eventually go,  
You were slowly replaced  
and forgotten.