

Cannonball: A Sequence
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May 1, 2019

Cannonball

the mower hums
with the scent of fresh cut grass
escaping from underneath

the hot sun
burns my back
while I mow

forgetting the sun screen
at home
the sun smiles

the cold pool
after
a long day

that one friend
who can't resist . . .
"CANNONBALL"

the ice clangs
in my glass
of lemonade

cottonmouth
my drink
across the yard

smoke rolls from the grill
the burgers are
"well-done"

the mosquitos
thought
they were invited too

bug zapper
claims another
ZAP

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