Yesteryear

Heather Martin
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Summers ago, more than I can recall
another era of another year
growing weaker now. But,
still so strong a perception
I'd say, of days so long retired.

The sticky heat of
the sun’s vengeance stuck
solely to my legs. Pulling me
down
onto the vinyl, infusing with my skin.

The metal, boiling hot
from the rays shining in
through the windshield.
Growing humid from
being sealed.

Faintly I can remember the
strong scent of cigarettes.
Not what you'd call pleasant, but
to me it was.
A calming, familiar smell

that brought back the feeling
of childhood memories.
The nostalgic comfort of
time gone,
in a summer’s buzz.

The tunes of another generation,
filling my eardrums.
I sing along so loudly,
the words I grew up on.
Windows down and a cool breeze
drowning out the heat. I feel
so safe
in this old truck
I belong
with my daddy in the driver's seat.