

Summer Fun

by Alison Murtagh

Many, many summers ago
When I was just barely four years old
And there were still the old blue diving boards
With the chipped paint
And worn out stairs
Root beer slushes were served
In the diminutive snack-shack
The color of the blazing summer sun
Across the pool deck

We would soak-up the summer days,
In our Little Mermaid swimsuits
While being fish in the pool
Not wanting to get out
Until closing
At 8 p.m.

We would plunge off the side
Of that baby blue concrete pool
Our purple and orange worn out noodles in hand
Supporting us
In the chilling water
As crystal-clear as the sky
And the life-guards sitting on their perch
Would give us extra attention
In their fiery red swimsuits
And Hollywood sunglasses
As big as their face

Before the nights grew short
And we became older,
Not wanting to hangout there as much anymore
We would swim, and swim
In that old, baby-blue
Concrete pool