

## The End of Summer, 2018

It rained all weekend,  
and on Labor Day too, dark mornings

when it looked like night  
would never end. Politics,

dark with Trump, flooded our days  
that should have been slow

and indulgent. Once, our lights  
went out for eight hours. We were

tired and broken, helpless  
against the weather and the venom

of his words. Yesterday, with friends,  
we heard a chamber concert

at the Chazen Museum. The rain  
held off; the string quartet

played Mendelssohn. The playful  
interplay of strings, the talk

afterwards, shone through like sun,  
mattered, made us whole again.

Norman Leer