

# SUMMER IN THE CITY

*Chris McNab*

Eight pm, early June, walking east  
Through the city. Each westward face  
Is washed with gold: the beauty of the least  
Of those who pass is burnished and glows,  
Lacquered by the orange light of the sun.

My back is warmed by a gentle heat  
Pushing me from the reddening sky.  
The shadow on my face is the price I'll meet  
For my chance to escape from approaching night,  
From threatening rest, when all this is done.

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