

Feels Like Summer

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Feels Like Summer

Morgan Garan

The cement is hot against my bare feet. I stretch my legs out in front of me, the rough pavement scraping against my heels. I lean back on my hands, palms splayed, and admire my freshly tanned legs; for once, they don't blend into the ashen beige of the front walkway. Next to me on the porch stoop, Gabe bobs his head in time to the music floating from Carly's phone. His smiling eyes are hidden behind his Ray Bans. In their reflection, Carly angles her phone to snap a picture of Emma, who tilts her head alluringly for the camera. On the grass, a game of Spikeball is underway. Four figures dance around each other in their attempts to keep the small yellow ball aloft. Beyond them, on the street, a flamboyant pair of swim trunks streak past. Logan kicks his bare foot against the pavement, propelling the penny board forward. Dull rumble of wheels. Sun beating on bare shoulders. It feels like summer.