

A Georgia Summer Sunset Drive

By: Morgan Cancel

The sun, dipping low, bathed in tangerine
amber glow.

Its light spilling over each curve,
reflecting gold on the rails that lined
each side of the road.

The fresh summer air hanging low
playfully whirls in
through the open windows and roof.

The busy air sweeps away all
sense of responsibility,
bubbles of joy rising within,
spilling out as laughter.

My dad sitting in the driver's seat,
rested his calloused hand
on the shiny black steering wheel,
guiding the jeep on the narrow, winding road.
On each side, the shoulder of the road
slouched into the surrounding lake, smooth as glass.

Each silver strand of his salt and pepper hair
reflected a cool light,
while dark strands weaved in shadow.

The back of his neck bronzed,
where the summer sun kissed.
Summer's memory held
tight in every crease,
leaving its mark of time well spent.

The smell of burgers rushed in
through the open windows,
and lingered deep in my nose.

The familiar feeling of tires on the black asphalt
vibrated through the seats, tickling my spine.

A mix of country and reggae music played
through the speakers.

The corners of my lips stretched wide
singing along to every song that played.