

Oregon Summer

I miss pastel colors kissing the lake
as the night's chill begins to set in.
I miss being windswept, bone-chilled and tired
while you drive us home with your goofy grin.

I miss the stars, unburdened by smog,
and the distant sounds of the nightly train.

I miss the smells of barbecued ribs
and the dusty, dry forest embracing the rain.

I miss your family and the fun that they are,
and the love that they always hold fast.
But no matter how hard I may try or want to,
I can't make my way back to this past.