

Endless Dirt Road – Angela Smith, Scone High School

Summer is that woollen jumper that your aunty knits,

The one that itches,

With the neck that makes it so hard to get off.

It's the sweaty, old leather car seats, that burn,

Stick and rip at my sunburnt legs.

That annual feeling of existing in a dust cloud.

It sticks to your sweaty face and in your ears,

Impossible to remove.

Across the street, I hear kids screaming in delight,

The distant sound of splashing water.

I smile, missing my old paddling pool.

Abruptly the coal train's rattle shatters my day dreams,

Leaving them to melt on the floor.

The constant noise of cricket drills in the back of my mind,

The backing tape of summer,

Forever ruined by the incessant buzzing of Louie the fly,

Or one of his distant relatives.

The juice runs down my arm, but I really don't mind.

The golden checkers of mango flesh bring the tropics to the country,

Just for a while,

Until, once again, the heat invades your mouth with that dry, dehydrating feeling.

Unusual, I know, but every summer, my mum insists on baking brownies.

That hot, chocolaty smell envelopes the house.

The feeling is overwhelming, and we're forced outside for fresh air.

But, it's always worth it.

From the veranda the little bursts of colour catch my eye as birds dart past,

So different from the hazy orange sky,

A reminder of the coal mines presence.

Even the road loses its mind,

Creating mirages that warp and shimmer.

I'd sit in that same old swing at the park,

Constantly trying to separate the typical smells of summer,

The vibrant smell of flowers, or even the damp, freshly cut grass,

From the lagging smell of truck fumes, cattle trucks and dog poo.

Summer in the country stretches on like an endless dirt road.