

Savannah in Winter  
*by Nathan T. Franson*

Live oaks dressed in  
shreds of Spanish moss  
droop over the deck  
where we  
smack mosquitos  
and slurp pineapple  
while sipping sunset drops through  
leaves sighing in the neighbor's  
yard.

Our little night of luxury—  
an Airbnb  
swimming among turtles  
in boggy flora of a Georgia suburb.

Earlier, I ran warm roads with Dad  
past wild  
banana trees  
and back to this backyard  
where it smells  
of dew and  
family-reunion watermelon.

A Long Day Closing  
*by Nathan T. Franson*

Steam rolls off my bare shoulders  
and tilted head  
The rivulets of heat stream down my eyelids,  
my chest,  
drip down my stiff arms  
like hot varicose  
and pool at my aching feet

I open  
the sliding                    stainglass  
just a crack  
and the gritty whisper of storm catches  
cool on my cheek, replacing  
the aqua fleeing  
its crowded confines  
And I'm wrapped in it  
Expanding my lungs with it  
gulp after gulp  
chill and heat  
a wet and piercing  
mist washing through the grass we mowed  
today

***Nathan T. Franson*** currently studies Nutrition Science and English at Utah State University in Logan. For years, he has dreamed of publishing one of his several fiction plotlines after he completes medical school. Nathan enjoys learning languages, practicing yoga, blowing bubbles, and playing the guitar. His writing pursuits led him to an ultimate life quest: to capture the feeling of nostalgia on paper.