

Hot Summer Rain

You know how sometimes a certain scent or certain sound or certain smell
Can remind of times in life when things may or may have not gone so well?

Fresh cut grass in Spring or fresh washed sheets on your bed,
Flood your mind with memories, involuntary thoughts in your head.

Of time spent with family, loved ones, old friends, or romantic flames,
Of wholesome holidays past, or even those exciting Friday night high school football games.

Of hot chocolate, roaring fires, holding hands and winter snuggling,
Of fidgety, fretful first dates, camping trips and fireside cuddling.

So when I think of you, the love I've never met,
I wonder what new memories will become the one's I'll ne'er forget.

Will it be of romantic sunsets shared over fine old wine?
Or of corresponding sunrise shared over a long lifetime?

Of all possibilities, there is an anticipation that does remain.
I have this dream of kissing you drenched in a hot summer rain.