

Ode to Annie's *Summertime*

Paul

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Sitting here fiddling,
Dithering and diddle.
Past night's middle.

For the time being
Time's being mine
To mine my mind.

At arm's length away,
A pixellated light array
Intends me to stay.

But unresolving and surrounding,
Around and abounding,
Annie's voice is sounding.

She minds this moment,
Making aether real,
For *Summertime* feel.

And it is nice.



This poem was inspired by Annie Lennox's cover of "Summertime." See <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rFAYmmfy9Ck>