A Nice Cool Bath

Noah Zimmerman
After the rain has fallen and formed puddles beneath the trees, 
Little black birds drift down to the ground to clean themselves. 
They remind me of when we were kids in the summer, 
Bounding half-dressed through the streams of the sprinkler, 
Soaking in the sunlight that sizzled our faces, 
And sloshing in the mud that swallowed our blistered feet. 
We would scream and flap our arms, pretending we could fly 
As we splashed water at the birds that actually could; 
We chased them until they retreated from our turf, 
When all they wanted was a nice cool bath – 
Just like us.