

REJECTING SUMMER LANGUAGE

Make hay while the sun shines.

But I'm not a farmer, so that should let me off the hook.

One swallow doesn't make a summer.

I have two that live in the garden, so I should be okay.

This is midsummer madness.

But that can't apply to me because I've been released.

He's just a beach bum.

My backside is not made of sand, so that doesn't apply to me.

Catch the sun.

I'll do my best, but it must weigh a ton.

Nothing's new under the sun.

What about the poem I've just begun? Surely that counts.

Are you a sun worshipper?

So you think I'm an Ancient Egyptian. I can tell you I'm not that old.

Owzat!

I'm fine, thank you. How are you?

Should I serve?

I'm not hungry.

The ball is out!

And so am I. I can't take any more of this. It's just too confusing.

Time to retire to the autumn, where the world makes sense.

Are you enjoying this Indian summer?

But we're in England. Oh no! That voice has returned.

Autumn is worse than summer with its language.

That's it! I'm off to find a cave for winter.