

the summer starts to slow  
as the last two weeks approach  
already one has left

the friends we've found won't be around  
the end is quickly coming  
the wind of fall begins to blow

even the lake responds with waves  
that begin to get larger and more frequent  
and begin to look like waves of good-bye

this summer's a season of sorrows and smiles  
soon to be ended by the finale of miles  
that mark the heart of our life apart

distance is a difficult enemy  
were it not the end it could be a friend  
but the end is coming near

we'll think, we'll write, our hearts will burn  
but that all goes away  
we won't know we've lived and loved and learned  
but that is what will stay

8-17-80