

Tim's Tales

Lost in Dreaming -- A Summer Love Story

They met Memorial Day weekend. Both knew it was wrong from the start. She had a family background. He was a rogue. Any alley or backlot would do for him, railroad trestle or highway bridge he'd call home. Her family came from royalty. Only the best, pampered and taken care of. She had a title.

But it was fate and they both knew it. The June days rolled on. In the mornings they drank dew from cups of leaves while songbirds sang overhead in the cottonwoods. In the evenings the fireflies would meander in the darkness of the fields, resting on the lovers' bodies while the moon shone above.

By Midsummer they clung to each other and watched as the summer night skies danced with stars and the Aurora Borealis pranced across the vast Northern horizon.

"This won't last forever," she sighed one sultry afternoon as a cicada sang in the weeds.

"Enjoy it while it lasts," he laughed, sprawling across her.

The days lingered on and the nights were gone as quick as they arrived. There was a hailstorm that left them shivering but joyous; a lightening storm that they knew they'd never experience again and were in hilarity that they never would.

And then the second week in July it happened.

"Ohmigosh! I didn't know this rose bush was here. Look at the blossoms. It's covered by that weed!"

"That's not a weed. That's cleavers."

"Well, time for it to be pulled off that rose I'd say."

"I'll see you next time around, Rose."

"I'll be waiting, Cleavers."

And with that Cleavers was pulled away from the rose. Some parts were made into tincture and the rest thrown into the compost -- which later on in the summer was fed back to Rose. While she watched, the dying grasses in the fields turned brown and the warm winds of August blew.