

DITTY FOR A SUMMER CITY

Pat Dasko

Give me a summer in the city
New York City when it's gritty
And I'll prove to the rest of the country
What tough cookies we bake into.

Give me a summer in the city
Without cool breezes, such a pity
When fire escapes, stoops and sidewalks
Become us poor people's summer camps.

We sleepwalk through our work days
Stand happily in hydrants' spray
Keep looking at the calendar
Yearning hard that HHH would go away.

Give me summer in the city
Where the young girls' efforts to be pretty
Get the young men's complete attention
And who knows how that turns out!

Give me a summer in the city
And I'll try not to complain
And when the prickly heat attacks me,
I'll solve with calamine.

Give me a summer in the city –

Oh please, what the hell am I saying:
I want to be away
At the place where the rich people go
And where *they* get to play.

And when I get to join them,
I am going to stay, stay
Oh yes, I am going to stay.