Savannah in Winter

by Nathan T. Franson

Live oaks dressed in
shreds of Spanish moss
droop over the deck
where we
smack mosquitos
and slurp pineapple
while sipping sunset drops through
leaves sighing in the neighbor’s
yard.

Our little night of luxury—
an Airbnb
swimming among turtles
in boggy flora of a Georgia suburb.

Earlier, I ran warm roads with Dad
past wild
banana trees
and back to this backyard
where it smells
of dew and
family-reunion watermelon.
A Long Day Closing

by Nathan T. Franson

Steam rolls off my bare shoulders
and tilted head
The rivulets of heat stream down my eyelids,
my chest,
drip down my stiff arms
like hot varicose
and pool at my aching feet

I open

the sliding stainglass
just a crack
and the gritty whisper of storm catches
cool on my cheek, replacing
the aqua fleeing
its crowded confines
And I’m wrapped in it
Expanding my lungs with it
gulp after gulp
chill and heat
a wet and piercing
mist washing through the grass we mowed
today
Nathan T. Franson currently studies Nutrition Science and English at Utah State University in Logan. For years, he has dreamed of publishing one of his several fiction plotlines after he completes medical school. Nathan enjoys learning languages, practicing yoga, blowing bubbles, and playing the guitar. His writing pursuits led him to an ultimate life quest: to capture the feeling of nostalgia on paper.