

## Wilderness House Literary Review 7/3

*Liz Glines*

### **Jasmin's Summer Wish**

*For Jasmin, who turned on the heater in Jamaica.*

Jasmin was a kid like you; she lived in New York City.  
She loved warm weather oh so much that summers made her giddy.  
But one hot day, the hottest day, there reached a record high—  
a temperature of 102 was too hot to deny.

Jasmin still just skipped along, and when some expressed disdain,  
She'd smile and say in a laid-back way, "It's summer, don't complain.  
I've waited all year for summer to come,  
and it breaks my heart that you wish we were numbed  
by snow or slush, or by cold or rain.  
Why would you wish for yourselves this pain?"  
She had made her point. She could have left, but instead she turned around.  
"In fact," she said as she swayed her head, "I wish it was summer all year round."  
Suddenly, the sun did something no one could foresee  
when the thermostat crept up from 102 to 103.  
A heat wave struck the city hard, and many dreamed of days  
when rain would force them inside to play board games as they grazed.  
"Jasmin!" they said.  
"Don't you wish the heat would fizzle,  
or for raindrops, a sprinkling, a flurry, or drizzle?"  
But Jasmin shook her head and said, "Summer should be forever;  
to deny ourselves of sunny skies would simply not be clever.  
And I truly doubt you want weather that causes such a bummer—  
For you must admit, the only time you wish for cold is summer!"  
From Indian summers to African winters—the heat wave lasted years.  
And naturally, the city changed. To all but Jasmin, was it clear.  
It finally came to her during a game of hide-and-seek,  
When her friends sought refuge in the frozen food isle for a week.  
A gasping realization came to her and made her say,  
"The NYC I loved is now a boring place to play."  
Over air-conditioned spaces.  
Empty parks and playground places.

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No more relay-running races.  
Endless frowning flower faces.  
Confused by this, she wandered into Central Park to ponder  
and remembered all the seasonal events she once was fond of.  
They used to freeze this dried-up pond: a place that she could ice skate on,  
and where she jumped in piles of autumn leaves is now a grassless lawn.  
As she walked past faded gardens, little Jasmin pieced together  
how the city is affected by these changes to the weather.  
And most of all she understood that growing plants need rain,  
and also cold — 'cause everything must fall to rise again.  
Jasmin closed her eyes and wished for seasons to return —  
for snowfall, frost and chilliness, her lesson had been learned.  
And just like that, the clouds rolled in and blew an autumn breeze.  
Winter coats went back on sale so people wouldn't freeze.  
Jasmin was so happy to have seasons as before.  
Still, when the summer months arrived, she smiled slightly more.