

The Long Commute Home

Summer is Gone

My first day in sixth grade, after a wonderful summer vacation, I was given an assignment to write a poem. The topic was supposed to be on something about my summer vacation. I remember going home and telling Mom about it. I asked her to give me a hand. I told her the subject, and Mom being Mom, away she went with “my” assignment. The outcome was this beautiful poem about the place we grew up, Plum Island. I think my teacher thought he had a child prodigy on his hands, because he thought I had come up with this gem on my own. In truth the only “word” of this poem that I can actually claim to be mine, is the word “summer”; the rest is all Mom’s.

I have always marveled at my Mom’s ability to write this simplistic, yet beautiful poetry. I always thought this one was great. It sums up our summers on Plum Island. Anyone who has ever lived on Plum Island or visited the place, will relate to this poem.

This poem is called ‘Summer is Gone’ and was written by my Mom, Ann Hickey in 1971.

**Summer is gone with all of its fun.
We really enjoyed playing under the sun.**

**Swimming in the ocean, diving in the waves,
Oh what wonderful carefree days.**

**We woke early in the morning to walk along the shore
Making footprints in the sand, while the waves did roar.**

**We climbed upon the jetties to watch the fishing boats,
And the early morn was chilly so we had to wear our coats.**

**To see the sunrise on the water is a grand and beautiful sight,
The red and gold of the morning sun that banishes the night.**

**To watch the seagulls dive for food, so swift and gracefully,
All this is worth getting up for, as early as can be.**

**Yes, I’m sorry summer is over for I’ve enjoyed it here
In Plum Island’s beach and water and all its nice fresh air.**

**But I know June will come again and with it will be,
The carefree days of summer that mean so much to me.**