SummerTime is for Dads

Summer has Arrived

You know summertime has finally arrived when you open your car but don't get inside because the temperature is 125.

Rain clouds appear but then they quickly fizzle. We'd be lucky if we just got a drizzle. Any rain evaporates with a sizzle.

Electric bills will be astronomical. A high thermostat is economical, still, the kilowatt hours are comical.

Ten minutes outside and you begin to fry. It's so hot; you think you are going to die. That's the way it is in a Texas July.

But there is an upside to all of this heat. The beauty of summer flowers can't be beat. Who doesn't like the way the Crepe Myrtles creep?

Texas Sage is one of the plants I love most, but its magnificence cannot come as close to the colors of the Pride of Barbados.

This is the time for the river for swimming and check out the scanty clothes on the women. I think it's healthy, my wife thinks it's sinning.

It doesn't get dark now until nine at night. So we've got these extra hours of daylight. The July sun at noon is never so bright.

It's so hot and dry, even the rust has dust. And just when you think the heat index can't bust, you ain't seen nothing till we get to August!

-Don Mathis





A painting can inspire a poem. A remembrance can add texture. A Father's Day reflection can provide depth. The Esperanza Peace & Justice Center wishes a belated Happy Father's Day to all good men everywhere, every day.



Cloudy Memories

The stratus in the distance

lies flat like a memory of a memory Grey recollections begin to form swirling, joining, dissipating, uniting again Mammatus memories begin to build shaped by the weight of lenticular light Remembrances rise like cumulus into the atmosphere Cirrus shapes shift, lifting on the latitude, altitude, attitude, all rising And there in the cumulonimbus near the top of the troposphere, I see the face of my father

-Don Mathis



Mark Maggiori, Once Upon a Time (image courtesy of Briscoe Western Art Museum)