

COMMON GOODS

**SUZANNE MARIE
HOPCROFT**

You want the summer gone, but not for the reason everyone expects. The pink, glistening skin of the season lies taut in your hand like a neighbor kid's back that you'd wash off sunscreen with a hose, half accidentally, half as a kind of experiment in the body's capacity to resist itself. No one else, you've found, seems to want to jilt the sun. Soon small things will be dying every day: flies, briars, the leaves the wind rips at, and you beckon the family of raccoons living under the house, whose round eyes glint and follow your every outdoor move as though you were a thief. You don't ponder the irony of projection, don't worry over the cold or imagine yourself shivering bootless in the frost. To keep moving is the thing, out of the glow of other people's naked bliss. Its weight sinks your sad body like rocks in the stream you listen for at night, craving the small crashes, the slow and growling sounds.