

# “Ari & Lina’s Spectacular Summer of Fun”

by

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*I am the sunshine that spills through your window,*

“Look how *bright* it is! Look at the trees! Listen to the birds! Do you have any idea how much I love the first day of summer?”

*Unwelcome but intruding nevertheless.*

“I have an idea, yes.”

*I can never be the moonlight that caresses so gently,*

Ari scrunched her eyebrows. “Are you laughing at me? You’re laughing at me.”

*Or the beacon that calls you home.*

Lina was, of course. “I’m sorry, hon. It’s just...your enthusiasm is infectious. But in a bad way, like herpes.”

*I am the noise you do not want to hear -*

Ari’s mouth fell open in a gasp-slash-laugh. “I like summer, okay? There is nothing remotely sexually-transmitted-disease-y about that.” She bumped hips with Lina. “Besides, you’re just mad that you’ll be perpetually trapped in Yaygurt’s for two months.”

*The silence in the heartbreak,*

“Ugh. Don’t remind me. You know I’m already having nightmares about the fluorescently pastel walls?”

*The break in the silence.*

“I can only imagine.”

*I am a rare beauty;*

Lina’s mouth quirked up. “See. Now you’re laughing at me.”

*A bare rarity*

“It’s just that your clear distaste for frozen yogurt shops is like herpes.”

*That is searched for but never found.*

“Oh, ha ha. You know what *is* like a disease? Yaygurt’s. Seriously. It even sounds like one. Listen: Yaaaygurt. Yaaaaygurt. Yaaaaa—“

*Do not be fooled by my fickle touch -*

“Okay, stop. Instead of focusing on the negative, like frozen yogurt and STDs, why not focus on the magnificent?! This is going to be the Best Summer Ever!”

*I mean it when I do,*

“Wait. Seriously? You couldn’t think of a better name for it than that? That’s lame. It has to sound more pre-teen Disney movie.”

*And couldn't care less when I don't.*

Ari rolled her eyes. “Why do I hang out with you?”

*I am careless.*

“Because you’re an idiot and yet you find me sexy?”

*Carelessly spoken and*

“Will you focus, you sexy beast you? Now. I’m thinking, the beach, three times a week; surfing lessons from Derrick and Robert; Dairy Queen’s once a week might not hurt our hips too bad; and Cassidy’s barbecue three weeks from now. And that’s only the daytime activities. At night—“

*Carelessly used and then*

“Woah, woah, woah. I’m surprised you haven’t scheduled in time to look at the trees or listen to the birds. Should I set my alarm for oh-nine-hundred or will you be waking me up with a trumpet?”

*Carelessly denied.*

“I’m anal-retentive. Get over it. Besides, it’s not written in stone. We can deviate...a little.”

*The Truth is, if we're being Honest,*

“Um. Yeah. Ari? This all sounds so super spectacularly special but I’m going to have to deviate a lot. Between work and keeping Becca’s hamster alive I probably won’t have time to do all that.”

*That I will never die.*

“Why do you have to keep it alive?”

*Even when the sun dies and the noise dies and the quiet dies.*

“My parents said if Francis dies they’re going to buy her a dog.”

*Even when I'm found and spoken and used and denied.*

“So?”

*Even when you do not want me.*

“She wants a poodle.”

*Like a kiss pressed against a silken cheek,*

Ari cringed then huffed. “I love that our friendship cones in third behind frozen yogurt and your little sister’s hamster.”

*I will still be here.*

“Aw, don’t pout. Just think,” Lina linked their arms together, “If the hamster dies, you get to be number two!”

~

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*Unwelcome but intruding nevertheless.*

*I can never be the moonlight that caresses so gently,*

*Or the beacon that calls you home.*

*I am the noise you do not want to hear -*

*The silence in the heartbreak,*

*The break in the silence.*

*I am a rare beauty;*

*A bare rarity*

*That is searched for but never found.  
Do not be fooled by my fickle touch -  
I mean it when I do,  
And couldn't care less when I don't.*

*I am careless.  
Carelessly spoken and  
Carelessly used and then  
Carelessly denied.*

*The Truth is, if we're being Honest,  
That I will never die.  
Even when the sun dies and the noise dies and the quiet dies.  
Even when I'm found and spoken and used and denied.  
Even when you do not want me.  
Like a kiss pressed against a silken cheek,  
I will still be here.*