**Ramona Street on a Hot Summer Day**

You can hear the whack of a tennis ball against the plastic bat.  
You can smell Mrs. Lowry’s honeysuckle bush.  
You can lick an ice cold popsicle from Pete’s ice-cream truck.  
You can feel Mr. Garcia’s sprinkler water tingling on your warm skin.  
There’s no place I’d rather be than Ramona Street on a hot summer day.

*Betsy Franco*

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**Summer Cooking**

July is steaming the world today  
People and places are cooking away...  
Sizzling, baking, boiling, roasting,  
Can’t you feel that your toes are toasting?

*Sandra Liatsos*

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**Cooling Off**

On summer days I like to eat cold watermelon, juicy, sweet, and feel it dripping on my feet.

*Leslie Danford Perkins*
A Warm Spoony Day

It’s a day for a cone,
for a plum,
or a peach,
a warm spoony day
for a run
on the beach,
where a ball
hits the clouds,
where the sky tips
the sea,
where we jump
for the water,
one, two, three!

Sarah Wilson
Thunder

Hear him tumble
grumble
rumble…
Bash, crash, blunder—
old grouch thunder!
Always in a mood to fight—
morning, afternoon, or night.
Lightning quickly answers back
with a zig-zag
flashing

crack!

Bobbi Katz