

Jodi Weissman Antman

Whatever Happened to *Vienna*?

Summer sunrise, scents of freshly cut
grass, heated asphalt, layers of sunscreen, linger
through morning hours. Dizzying
circles, arms spread like a spinning
angel, eyes skyward, blinded
by sunbright halo
burning sensations beyond simple
memory – twirling, whirling, falling
like pine cones in warm
gusts.

Cool morning dew, drenched
my toes dancing
through crab grass dotted with honeysuckle
flowers, sweet
nectar dropped on my tongue, savoring
sun held within. Young
eyes, squeezed tight, rays of heat
on my skin shining
through lids
smooth.

Childhood spent splashing through sprinklers, on Long
Island summer mornings, blasting
my Walkman, my Billy Joel, until
warped. My name shouted from the street echoed
over my headphones. Friends, shoulders
bronzed, rode bikes single
file, like our dads pushed subway turnstiles in city heat, while we
swung in tires, climbed up trees, tanned on towels, scarfed Ice
Cream Man's melting
treats.

Chilled early breeze, breath blowing
white angels from soft seed-heads
scattered across the driveway like snowflakes
rest in winter. Each black and white mosaic marked seasons, morphed
into years. Birds sing along with *Vienna* –
the chorus of youth, forgotten
moments of simplicity sacrificed in momentum
for complexity. “Slow down you
crazy child.” Once just words, now
want.

I still close my eyes, “But you know
that when the truth is told, you
can get what you want, or you
can just get old,” plays in my mind, the lyrics of my
yesterday. Maybe the years
rewind with the scent of sunscreen on the breeze; like our cassettes, the fossils
of youth’s past. *Vienna*’s meaning emerged
too late to enjoy – Youth
doesn’t wait for
you.