



Perpetua
Imaginatio

**GREEN
GREEN
SUMMER**

**SOLOMON
DEEP**



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Green Green Summer
By Solomon Deep

The absinthe flowed freely, green glass by green glass, heightened by mystical jazz in the night air. Manhattan Summer is a magical time, electric freedom and firefly festivity in the hearts and breath of an energetic city. It is living to the limit of sophisticated life.

"...And Sean's band is playing at this photography gallery opening in a room off the lobby of the hotel. If it's lame, we'll just leave." In his apartment, Bryan was explaining the plans to our grizzled, chokingly bearded, sometimes antisocial Chuck. Constant reassurance was necessary to encourage our uncertain friend. "Don't worry, it'll be nice."

"I would like to see Sean perform."

So we left, hitting the warm pavement as the breeze lightly flitted through the leaves of the city trees. The light of the streetlamps danced on the ground and sparkled above. Passing wrought iron, sunburn smoothed, stoopball-worshipped steps, we walked in the glorious church of our idolatry, Saint Brownstone of Summer Love.

The hotel was glass and steel, edgy and contemporary. We spun through the revolving door into the dead foyer. Music, soft and inviting, wafted toward us as we turned into the room on our right. Photography hung on long cables. The brushed drums, the double bass, and the trumpet

hummed through our hearts, pulling us into the groove like automatons. Throughout the round room, spectators listened, chatted on postmodern furniture, and enthusiastically drank a green icy liquid from tumblers that they procured from the complimentary Pernod bar.

We received a glass, and digested the stark high-contrast monotone images. Gorgeous, cool photos matched the refreshing absinthe quenching the thirst of our hearts. More absinthe, and I swayed to smooth music. More absinthe, and I began to speak with the stranger Yanoush as he described his years working as a fashion photographer capturing Christopher Walken and other magnetic celebrities. Yes, Yanoush, I will certainly consider visiting your orchard in France.

In the summer, one considers every possibility of everything.

As the concert concluded, we offered thanks and congratulations to the photographer. We helped Sean load his gear into his car. In addition to Sean, Chuck, and I, we returned to Bryan's apartment with Estella (a girl smitten with Tom), and Carl (a man studying Theater at Community College). Sean vaporized some pot, and as we waited Carl unsteadily asked Sean to handle his horns, which isn't something you ask a musician.

We drifted to space. As the summer breeze danced through the window we began with a rousing round, circle upon circle, chanting...

“Laser Mission.”

And we stood, floating down stairs, and poured into the starry night, or was it the streetlamps? Or the joy? Or the love?

We chanted, “Laser Mission.”

And we wandered. And who was Carl? And we whispered, ‘I thought you knew Carl.’ ‘I’ve never seen him before!’ ‘I am just visiting - how am I supposed to know him?’ ‘You knew about his acting!’ ‘I was talking to him, are you serious?’ But it was all okay. Carl was harmless, even though he wanted to hold Sean’s horns.

Eye to eye, heart to heart, We Chanted! “Laser Mission.”

And we had falafel from a dirty twenty-four-hour storefront. Falafel. The creamiest, light and fluffy, carefully packed superlative pita that we ever tasted.

I still dream about the falafel.

Can you hear us? We were so young! We Chanted! “Laser Mission!”

The universe surrounded us, and we were everywhere in the summer, the summer, the summer, and we were love, love, love.

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