

SUMMER OF LOVE

by Cynthia Patton, Livermore Poet Laureate

Man, oh man,
what a groovin van!
Said brother, must go—
drove it to Frisco.
We wanted to be
so crazy and free,
a wave in the ocean
of humanity.

In the Haight-Ashbury,
bodies were hairy,
poor, dirty, and drugged.
Man, everyone hugged.
Sit ins and be ins,
a shedding of sins.
Music and chanting,
much self-righteous ranting.

There was poetry
wondrous to see:
Ginsberg, Kerouac
made a fierce attack.
Communal living—
wild, free, and giving—
that was our motto.
“The Man” was the foe.

Yes, it was heaven
in 1967,
the Summer of Love,
peace like a dove.
But ideals can't feed
a stomach in need.
We left by September,
pleased with our deed.