For you to be nineteen and for it to be summer
By Annabelle Bentley

It is to come home and feel weirdly sentimental about your grotty little hometown pub and its sticky tables and ugly carpets. To work in that nice job still. The butcher farm shop – even thought you don't eat meat anymore and you've sworn never to ever again (it is to be hypocritical and subtly pretentious, you see). It means your room is still not tidy and your eyeshadow palettes are now seriously out of date. Still, to stall your little car on the occasional hill. Though, it is not to cry as often as you used to. Now, only to cry for your grandad and your dog and your favourite film. To text those friends that are scattered about with sweet *'I miss you's* when you are too busy to go the distance. It is to go out, smoke cigarettes, kiss boys and to regret it deeply in the morning. To feel a little awkward around that person with whom your memories are now clumsy and so old. To be sorry you are hardly making any new ones. It is to be terrified, a little, of the news channel and the phone in your hand. To feel guilty sometimes. To read classical literature because you miss attending English class and to have silly little debates to let yourself peek at a piece of pride for your mind. To procrastinate. To flirt with the option of not trying because it is far more seductive than failure. To be nineteen is to try to shed the seriousness of seventeen since it is still
stepping on your shadow, whispering in your ear –
Just to dance instead
and *oh*, how fun it is to dance.
To buy colourful bangles from charity shops because they make a nice jingley sound and they only cost you 50p. It is to laugh in a pub garden because one friend is dressed like a wizard and the other an eighteenth century prostitute as she downs a mystery pint. To look up to your little sister. To sneak her alcohol, to train her on the till and to give her your clothes that no longer fit. It is to go places with your best friends. To hike up hills and to sketch beautiful views. To go to that concert we booked tickets for last year. To let the music swallow you whole. To cook pasta and watch that show we've been invested in since we were sixteen. To swim in cold lakes and take nice hot showers. To eat olives and peaches by the pool together. To lie on the beach in the middle of the night. To go for drinks, for coffees, to each others' houses, to talk on the phone.
Just to be happy.
It is to be in the sunshine with your lovely family. To drink wine with your mother and to wander round cathedrals struck desperately with awe.
And it is to know that one day you will want nothing more
than for you to be nineteen and for it to be summer.