

Home in Summertime

Porch swings moaned in warm weathered breezes;
Hurried screen doors slammed behind laughing children,
Who danced out quick games along corduroy roads
On hot summer days down in hobbit-green hollows.

Bike tires splashed brightly through giggly damp wallows;
Swimsuits dripped dry in ripe trees by the pond.
Wars waged in the garden with carrots as rockets;
Scorched mornings burned out full moon fevered nights.

Chickens were warriors who bobbed in the front yard;
Geese chased us down and tapped Morse on our legs.
Cows were conveyance for bored times--or burgers;
Bareback brown ponies jogged well-worn clay lanes.

Uncles and aunts were role models and sentries;
Cousins numbered and twinkled as bright as the stars.
Parents extended protection, compassion, tradition;
Playmates in passing became priceless partners.

My South was that life in deep forested Texas,
Where peace was the night owl calling us home;
Grownups were just people we'd never be free of,
But time was an engine--it bore us along.

A Woman's Story

She was a lioness for her children--
Secured them in her tender maw,
Gently brushed them ready for day,
Prolonged survival with experience.
Fire burned skin, oh so did ice,
Sharp cut through to blood or bone,
Dull damned knees and pitted pride,
Pain drew tears of real remorse
Or sobering sobs when tickled pink.

She was a scholar for her children--
On doggerel days when storms set in,
Alphabet soup steamed humid heads,
Crayoned calculus split fiery atoms,
That proffered their fortunes in dimes.
Gingerbread sections signaled eighths,
While quilt blocks bolstered ninths
To serve as genial geometrical wizards
And roast market-bound piggies at night.

She was a lullaby for her children--
Salved sad scars with balm and bandage
As evening eyes grew dim and dazed.
In conjured sagas of eerie enchantment,
Rapunzel and Cinderella fretted over
Towers to scale and unfettered feet.
Absent practical princes, rescue was lost.
Quicksilver wiccans danced in the rafters,
Cotton cathedrals caused laundered asylum.

She is a lamb for her children--
Coy cubs grew into halcyon hunters.
Time dulled senses, the heart brooked rain,
Bones parched pale and gently eroded,
Heat of harsh savannahs demanded a toll,
Tracking times trailed to long lost horizons.
Now pensive pups play relentless sentries.
The lioness watches through dark daring eyes,

Her soul fixed gracefully on a tranquil end.

Singing

Butcher baker candlestick maker

Doctor lawyer Indian chief--

I cradle my babies under soft starlight

And hold them so close because time is a thief.

