

## Back Porch Summer

Pink air,  
ripe with humid tomatoes blushing.  
No wind whistles the screens,  
and no one moves  
from chairs where spiders spin  
webs beneath in wicker gardens,  
building tiny rafters.  
More work for my mother,  
intricate textiles sucked up  
by her vacuum.

Too many peppers and potatoes,  
clumsy models for a still life  
calloused hands have made,  
and cucumbers grown too old  
and white at their ends.  
They lived so long in homes of dirt and twine  
before plucked;  
my father's well-trained lips almost swore,  
mouthing silent words he dared not speak.  
He filled his basket anyway.

Piles of everyone's shoes,  
work boots bury retired running laces.  
A heap of miles and miles  
on concrete foundations  
painted to look like bricks  
by my mother,  
who wanted to drink tea on the porch  
with lemon,  
and not be distracted by a dull grey floor.