

Puffs of Dust

By Glenn Currier

The smell of new rain
permeates the air
the first heavy drops raise little puffs of dust
in the dirt.

Covered porches protect her
from the storm outside
and the dread inside
where benign neglect reigned
ennui and death strained
children's hearts
threatened to pull apart
the joy sleeping in their wondrous souls
that lived beyond the confines
of the dark brooding grip of family
inside the ancestral home.

Author's note: Inspired by my cousin's memoir. With gratitude to her for this courageous masterpiece. I hope this will be the first of many poems sprung from this work which has shed revelatory light on my personality and familial past. I will refer to these poems as "Teche Series"

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