

Summer Nights on the Porch ~ [Teche Series]

By Glenn Currier

June bugs crash into screens
mosquitoes whine
to get in by any means
dogs howl, frogs croak
like the bass fiddle
in Lightning Hopkins' blues.
Sticky moisture from the bayou
envelopes, and soaks through,
permeates still night air
like the sad strains of Claude's *La Mer*.

Growing up in southern climes
slowed days, stretched years
put me on the edge of tears
yearning for escape from there
from dominion of church
and Mama's monarch perch.

Hints of her softness
were so rare and spare
that when she let us smooth her hair
we forgot how parched we were
for a trace of this tender intimacy
on summer nights' scorch
spent on our homestead porch.

Author's Note: Before the advent of air conditioning families, especially children, spent lots of time on their front porches. This poem is an attempt to describe the experiences there of one little Cajun-French girl. This is the second of the Teche Series of poems inspired by the memoir of my cousin, Melanie Durand Grossman, [Crossing Bayou Teche](#).

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Written 8-18-21