

Fall 1984

## Girl on a White Porch

Nancy Schoenberger

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

---

### Recommended Citation

Schoenberger, Nancy (1984) "Girl on a White Porch," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 23 , Article 42.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss23/42>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@mso.umt.edu](mailto:scholarworks@mso.umt.edu).

*Girl on a White Porch*

Where do they go, the young boys, glass  
splintering their hearts? Called back?  
It was the same river: car overturned.  
His yellow hair covered the rocks like grass.  
Somebody held him, he would not get up.  
Who was that girl who held her brother,  
her blue dress and the evening finished?

In those days the shell road followed the river.  
Alone on the porch swing among the wisteria:  
the girl and her brother.  
And the trees heavy with oranges,  
and the heat on their limbs like a hand  
through the hosannahs of the tree frogs.

Rain settles on the elm. A Keatsian mood  
contaminates the lawn, tells the tale  
of their innocence, the wet streets  
shining like licorice. Because in poems  
we weep for ourselves, in sepia weather  
that spreads like a river.

When we are through with nostalgia,  
will the two halves, memory and desire,  
finally call them back?  
No more a summer of hothouse flowers,  
a girl on a white porch and all the wisteria  
falling to touch her.