Girl on a White Porch

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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.