Afternoon on a Porch: Somewhere in the Midwest

The afternoon stretches thin as a slender vein.
Lemonade stagnates in antique Mason jars
as you swing and whistle on the porch swing,
bare feet squeaking dry wood with yellow saplings.

The impatiens in terra cotta pots do not show any
ds of change since your father,
died last night heaving and gasping into his glass tubes,
while you and your brother snorted cocaine from a
rolled one hundred dollar bill taken from the dead man's wallet.

The next day your mother in a faded lavender dress,
wonders who let the chickens into her kitchen.
By God she doesn't want to clean up chicken shit!
The day after a funeral.

Seamus Michael Patrick