Deserted it may stand, with breathless meddled air
the burnt charcoaled wood stands idle, neighboring the bank of
the creek.
She smiles sweetly as she sits and rocks, her sweat sticking like
melted sugar
for she merely totters. Back she goes, moving, fading…
over the hill with heads made of stone. Far off, the nest gradually
hummed,
while the stings and cries wear on with every groan of the porch
swing.

Days continue to pass like the repetition of a swing.
As the thinning evening air
collects into a veil of mist, the drone of the restless bees begins to
hum.
He stands, toes submerged as she proceeds to creak
while the nature’s gentle hymns continue to play in the fading
light.
He still watches, remembering his Sweet Old Sugar.

Remembering he still does, every so often. She was the sugar
to his salt, forever beaming and swinging
in his tired arms. The sun starts to drain away, over the smoked
mountains, fading
into the darkness blank. He walks up the noisy fronts steps,
welcoming the piercing cold air
across his sizzling skin. On she goes, still creaking
and softly humming.

The gentle evening hums
created sounds as pure as sugar.

Lifeless as Air
By Bailey Badger
Gazing across the trickling creek,
he softly sits, hip to hip, on their chipped old swing.
Slowly he turns to see her melted blue eyes, lifeless as air,
silently praying to the fading summer sky.

As the sky fades
into the misty mountains, a cast of humming
birds break through the evening air
to drink the last of the natural sugar
from the rows of sunflowers lining the back swinging
doors to the shallow ridge of the creek.

His only thought steadily running, like the neighboring creek
was her fragile memory fading.
Forward and back, she tries to remember, just like this very swing.
Across the way she looks deep into the field of lightning bugs,
trying to match their hum,
just as the rising mist sugared through the still night air.

In the faint background, the flow of the creek plays against the mountain’s hum.
Rolling into a distant fade, his sweet southern sugar barely swings by as the last of her memory seeps into the smoking night air.