

Movin' Slow

by John Herm

Seems Spring's jist here w'all its thunder.
But Ma now sez, we slipped into Summer.
I'm tryin' ta figur' the day it came.
Late Spring 'n summer, they seem the same.

The birds bin singin' way fore dawn,
When the sun gits up, B'gosh they're gone.
Gram's up stirrin' that blackberry jelly
'N Sports's diggin' holes ta cool his belly.

Ma cooks lite with barely a fire
'N Pa goes weedin', but gits real tired.
I start chorin' 'n soon I'm sweaty,
Gramps keeps sayin' that air's too heavy.

The heat blurs off the big barn roof,
Horses jist stand 'n lift a back hoof.
The beef bunch up 'neath the wide oak tree...
Seems everythin's frozen with all this heat.

Hawgs're sleepin' all caked with mud,
Ol' Boss jist lays 'n rolls 'er cud.
We're all movin' slow 'neath this white hot sky,
Seems only thing alive'z these no-good flies.

A Bumble buzzes by 'n I stand rock-still,
He stares me down jist' ta check my will,
But I fooled 'im through 'n back slowly away,
Then run real hard 'n go hide in the hay.

I should be chorin', I sure know that,
'Fore I do, I takin' a nap
Right here in the grass to watch the clouds
Make scary critters a'driftin' 'round...
I close my eyes, but she's 'lil too bright
'N kick off my boots... they're feelin' tight.

Jist I git dreamin' in that wide still sky,
A Red-tail screams that piercin' cry,
I know he spies me from way up high,
(He makes me shiver... I ain't sure why.)
He rarely flaps 'n glides on 'n on,
He screams once more... 'n then he's gone.

She's steamin' now 'n we go soak in the creek,
Jist one o'these days seems a winters' week.
Then 'round comes evenin' w'that sky deep blue,
But Pa keeps sayin' there's much more to do.

Soon the sun's all through, but t'ain't over yet,
We go git fireflies with hands fer nets.
The crickets're screechin' that scratchy noise,
We hide 'n seek...girls agin' boys.

'N while I'm hunkered in the black night air,
A big-eared owl hoots me a scare.
He hackled my neck 'n I thought I was chillin'!,
But I settled right down from tha' soft Whip-'r-willin'.

Soon we git tuckered 'n go off to bed,
But Gram's still up, fannin' her head,
Gramps is up too 'n sez with a cough,
He's hopin' a storm'll cool us off.

Me, I'm layin' here jist thinkin' on
What makes these sweltered days so long...
I vision that day I kin smell the fall,
(I reckon my favorit' time of all.)
'N I near-forgit Winter with 'er shiverin' snows,
Since we slipped into Summer 'n we're all movin' slow.

John W. Herm