Summer at the Croft

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Five Poems · John Spaulding

SUMMER AT THE CROFT

And the rain came in daysful. Each of us ate what we could—crayfish we caught in a swamp, oatmeal, broth and batter noodles. At evening the smell of wet goats came in the windows and we could see black raspberries hanging like bulletholes through the gray leaves. We would tell ghost stories to scare ourselves and make footprints with toes missing until our minds went flat and we thought of nothing but that big black bed that lay open up the narrow staircase in the attic.
The father meantime emptied the warm milk onto his crumbled cornbread, added syrup and began to sing. It was his soft sounds we caught in our net of sleep just before the screen door slammed and someone yelled that the dogs had tore up a groundhog on the porch. The rains began heavy again next day around noon. But for a few hours then we had the sun and some of it fell in a cup by the window where a stiff dry flower stood like a Scotswoman just stepping from a brown dress.

IN THE WOODS, 1957

I disappear on the way home from school into the woods of the neighborhood, where I have no friends except two cigarette butts and a coffee can. The sky is green, and no one knows I am missing.