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Southern Pines

Three stone steps,
with our back
to 10 foot ceilings,
passing under
four columned porch.

We walk toward
compelling scent
of maturing pine,
on a carpet of brown
long needle straw.

Pine sap scent
sweet to the senses
sticky to fingers
if you dare touch
a wounded tree
or green cone
freshly plucked
by wind and gravity
from overhead
where blue jays
squawk.

Dogwood blooms
in spring forests
still recovering from winter.
Evergreen pines
straight as a spear
pointing to air.

It's been a long time...
as I have been away...
from you, my love.

My home.

My heart's desire.
My southern woman.
Speak to me with
slow soothing words
dripping with sweetness,
like iced-tea nectar.

Let's walk on.
up life's hill
to water's edge
and back home
to french doors
wood floors
and wide porch
with a swing
made from planks
milled of local
growth and hung
with rusty chain links
strong, weathered, well loved.

Like me. Like you.