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Black Dirt Girls

by Sandy Longhorn

Nights we sat on the porch steps and peered out
into the moss-colored twilight. The tall grasses,
bent by heads bursting with grain, were lit
by lightning bugs tilting like drunks.
We kept our voices low, masked by the hum
of mosquito swarms and the staccato slap
of palms on skin where bites festered to hills.
In the window behind us a fan sliced the air's
invisible body and chopped at the dense silence —
he in the den, she leaning over the kitchen sink.
Two miles across the cornfields, truck traffic rattled
over Highway 63, the now-and-then echo
of brakes bringing our eyes up as if we could see
that far into the darkness or the future.

