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The Yellow Porch Swing

Aimee Klein
Cameron University

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The Yellow Porch Swing

By Aimee Klein

The smell of honeysuckle
carried on a breeze
the soft squeak
of that yellow porch swing,
we would all sit together
and watch the sun go down,
watch the oranges and pinks
and reds fade away
until the stars came out
and crickets chirped
and fireflies flickered green.

My heart would swell
with each sway of the swing,
as we talked and laughed
about everything.
But soon mosquitos
would force us inside;
perhaps if we had known
that the last time
would be the last,
we would have stayed longer.
We didn't know—
how could we?
And now those moments are gone;
that porch is empty.