

Come On Home

Nonie Johns

Come on home 'Honey Chile'
the South calls me in syrupy sweet tones
"Come on to the water."
The swampy air is thick with flying suckers
Attracted to my sugarblood and jizzbo veins
Pecan skin brings em' like iron filings to a magnet
I hate the omnipresent heat and tumescent afternoon funk
That wraps around the lamppost at 3:30 in the afternoon
Sweat and street crud forming and crusting on my face
Her siren song echos across the prairies of my mind
Recalling the salt and wind of the Gulf
How the light changes in Jackson, Mississippi, when the rain comes in
And how heavy the air is in New Orleans
With the spirits of the dead and the voodoo of the living
I've learned to hate something that I've always taken for granted.....
Winter
Always the ultimate survival challenge
The big chill, big snow, no light, and the inevitable 120 days
Of Prozac-treated depression
In Mississippi, spring actually starts in March
Spring storms bring rain.....Not 22 inches of snow and ice
I would miss those northern springs
The riots of lilacs that need the lengthy cold
The fragile plums that assault one with their fragrance
In Mississippi mosquitoes never die
They only hide until the sun comes out again
Seeking innocent tourists to terrorize
Traveling Yankees
Who believe that spring doesn't start until May 24th