

JAMES C. KILGORE

Sometimes

Sometimes
When I'm alone
And the sky boils thunder
And lightning streaks the dark,
I hear the liquid laughter
 that might have filled the years;
I hear the cadence of one black voice
And the urgent cries and whimpers
 echoing from the dark green years.

That summer life is dead now;
Autumn streaks and boils
 in the red evening city sky.

It is harvest time in Louisiana,
And I think of all the cane
I could harvest if I could enter that field again—
I taste that sugarcane time—