

The Gourds

"Raining In Port Arthur"

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this afternoon I walked out into a ditch the crawfish
stirred the water the papermill blew in on the
Southeastern wind and it was raining in Port Arthur I
pulled a dead limb from a fallen pine the sun was
dropping on the lower Neches valley I called the dogs
from out of the woods with a hollar and it was raining in
Port Arthur that night my daddy drove us to maw maw's
He and mama wanted to be alone I sat up in that
mimosa tree with my brother and it was raining in Port
Arthur the refinery's hum and glow from the road and I
listen to the dove as she mourns I'm standing in the
rice fields of Beaumont and it was raining in Port Arthur

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