

SUMMER PORCH

The aura of summer glows lightly on my old-fashioned screened-in porch. Wicker chairs with calico cushions, red geraniums in bright blue pots, and nearby luminous trees, echoing with choruses of joyful birds, all make it my favorite place to relax.

I seek the peaceful moments after dark when the house sleeps silent and still. The soothing hum of warm nights is a serenade of crickets, katydids, and grasshoppers, accompanied by softly calling frogs, and the whispering flow of the nearby brook rippling over rocks.

I am mesmerized by the gaily blinking fireflies, soft slivers of silver moonlight, and the gentle breezes which lightly caress my thankful face, and cause the leaves up high to dance a slow waltz.

My porch summers spin through time bestowing sights and sounds like precious jewels for my senses, and a balm for my restless soul. It's my special warm place where I find the illusive gift of peace.

—Jane Fitzgerald

Jacek Malczewski, *View from the Porch in Lusławice*, c. 1924

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